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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

VOL. XXIV.

JULY—SEPTEMBER 1906

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INDEX OF AUTHORS

			PAGE
AINSLIE, DOUGLAS	Calypso	July	146
BARBERTON, THE RECTOR OF	Where there is Smoke!	July	17
BASTIN, S. LEONARD	The Effects of Civilisation upon Climate	Sept.	116
BLIND, KARL	Homeric Knowledge of the High North	Aug.	121
BLISS, ARTHUR J.	Hybridisation and Plant Breeding	July	84
BLUNT, F. W.	The Mutiny at Vellore	Sept.	47
BOARD SCHOOL TEACHER	Recollections	Aug.	1
CAMERON, LIEUT. C. A.	The Need for Social Reform in Russia	July	103
CARREL, F.	The Human State	Sept.	125
DOUGLAS, R. B.	The Folk-Lore of Paris	Aug.	99
FISHER, A. HUGH	Jean François Millet	Sept.	135
FORD, S. GERTRUDE	The Poetry of Norah Chesson	Aug.	92
JERROLD, LAURENCE	England, France and Socialism	Sept.	1
"LEMON GRAY"	By an Irish Stream	Sept.	79
MARSTON, EDWARD	How does it Feel to be Old?	July	57
MCCHESNEY, DORA G.	A Leaf from the Admiralty	July	43
MELVILLE, LEWIS	Charles James Fox	Aug.	74
MACDONAGH, MICHAEL	A Night in the House of Lords	July	66
NEWLAND, C. BINGHAM	Instinct in Birds, Animals and Fishes	July	135
On the Line		Aug.	138
PAGET, MRS. GERALD	The Coming Power	July	35
DE LA PASTURE, MRS. HENRY	The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square	July 151, Aug. 144, Sept.	138
REES, ALFRED W.	A Moorland Sanctuary	Aug.	64
REID, HARRIET	Antonio Fogazzaro	Sept.	25

157403

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

			PAGE
SNYDER, DR. CARL	The Quest of Prolonged Youth	Sept.	90
STRONG, HUGH W.	The Coming of the Turbine	Aug.	39
S.A.	Black and White in the Transvaal	July	1
SYMONS, ARTHUR	Walter Pater	Sept.	14
TOZER, BASIL	The Age of Pretence	Aug.	55
TYNAN, KATHERINE	"The Convent's Narrow Room"	Aug.	113
V. DE M.	Clerical Feeling in French Canada	Sept.	63
VACHELL, GUY C.	Day of Reckoning	July	120
"VARSITY"	Cricket Sharping	Sept.	38
WILLIAMS, ERNEST E.	After Capitalism	Aug.	19

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INDEX OF SUBJECTS

			PAGE
After Capitalism	R. E. Williams	Aug.	19
Age of Pretence	Basil Tozer	Aug.	55
Antonio Fogazzaro	Harriet Reid	Sept.	25
Black and White in the Transvaal	S. A.	July	1
By an Irish Stream	"Lemon Gray"	Sept.	79
Board School Teacher, Recollections of a		Aug.	1
Chesson, Norah, The Poetry of	S. G. Ford	Aug.	93
Calypso	Douglas Ainslie	July	146
Coming of the Turbine, The	Hugh W. Strong	Aug.	39
Coming Power, The	Mrs. Gerald Paget	July	35
Clerical Feeling in French Canada	V. de M.	Sept.	63
Climate, Effects of Civilisation upon, The	S. L. Bastin	Sept.	116
Cricket Sharping	"Varsity"	Sept.	38
Day of Reckoning	Guy C. Vachell	July	120
England, France and Socialism	Laurence Jerrold	Sep.	1
Folk-Lore of Paris, The	Robert B. Douglas	Aug.	99
Fogazzaro, Antonio	Harriet Reid	Sept.	25
Fox, Charles James	Lewis Melville	Aug.	74
Homeric Knowledge of the High North	Karl Blind	Aug.	121
Human State, The	F. Carrel	Sept.	125
Hybridisation and Plant Breeding	A. J. Bliss	July	84
How does it Feel to be Old?	Edward Marston	July	57
Instinct in Birds, Animals and Insects	C. Bingham Newland	July	135
Irish Stream, By An	"Lemon Gray"	Sept.	79
Jean François Millet	A. Hugh Fisher	Sept.	135
Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square	Mrs. Henry de la Pasture	July 131, Aug. 144, Sept.	138
Moorland Sanctuary	Alfred W. Rees	Aug.	64
Mutiny at Vellore, The	F. W. Blunt	Sept.	47

Google

			PAGE
Night in the House of Lords	M. MacDonagh	July	88
Nora Chesson, The Poetry of	S. Gertrude Ford	Aug.	92
On the Line		Aug.	138
Pater, Walter	Arthur Symons	Sept.	14
Pretence, The Age of	Basil Tozer	Aug.	55
Poetry of Nora Chesson, The	S. G. Ford	Aug.	92
Paris, The Folk-Lore of	R. B. Douglas	Aug.	99
Quest of Prolonged Youth, The	Dr. Carl Snyder	Sept.	30
Recollections of a School Board Teacher		Aug.	1
Russia, Need for Social Reform in	Lt. C. A. Cameron, R.F.A.	Aug.	103
Vellore, The Mutiny at	F. W. Blunt	Sept.	47

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

JULY 1906

	Page
THE RACE QUESTION IN SOUTH AFRICA:	
(1) BLACK AND WHITE IN THE TRANSVAAL——S. A.	1
(2) WHERE THERE'S SMOKE!——THE RECTOR OF BARBERTON	17
THE COMING POWER——Mrs. GERALD PAGET	35
A LEAF FROM THE ADMIRALTY——DORA GREENWELL McCHESNEY	43
HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE OLD?——EDWARD MARSTON	57
A NIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS——MICHAEL MacDONAGH	66
HYBRIDISATION AND PLANT-BREEDING——ARTHUR J. BLISS	84
THE NEED FOR SOCIAL REFORM IN RUSSIA——Lieut. C. A. CAMERON, R.F.A.	103
A DAY OF RECKONING——GUY C. VACHELL	120
INSTINCT IN BIRDS, ANIMALS AND INSECTS——C. BINGHAM NEWLAND	135
CALYPSO——DOUGLAS AINSLIE	146
THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE (CHAPTERS IV—VI)——Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE	151

No. 70. XXIV. 1.—July 1906

Google

CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (JUNE)

Ibsen as I Knew Him—William Archer

What English Landlords might do—Algernon Turnor

The Evolution of an Act of Parliament—Michael MacDonagh

The Dominion of Palm and Pine (Notes on East Africa)—Moreton Frewen

The Gaming of Monte Carlo—F. Carrell

The Survival of the Otter—J. C. Tregarthen

"Another Way of (Mountain) Love"—F. W. Bourdillon

Three Gardens and a Garret—A. M. Curtis

Character in Letter-Writing—Basil Tozer

The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square (Chapters I—III)—Mrs. Henry De La Pasture

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BLACK AND WHITE IN THE TRANSVAAL

THE LOCAL LABOUR PROBLEM

THE discussions in England during the past three years in connection with the vexed question of Chinese Labour in the gold mines of the Witwatersrand have shown that the whole conditions of the labour question in the Transvaal are most imperfectly understood. This is but natural when it is remembered that before the war the Transvaal was practically a *terra incognita* to the masses of the population in England, and that the very causes, events and results of the war, involving as they did the relations between two dominant white races, tended to obscure entirely the local labour problems. Further, the association in the popular mind of the name of the country with the gold-mining industry suggested a train of thoughts and of recollections of the life of glittering gold in early Australia, California, and Klondyke, which has no connection at all with the actual state of affairs in the Transvaal colony.

It is proposed to show from statistics in the possession of the Government Departments, the Municipalities, the Chamber of Mines, and the Chamber of Commerce, that the labour problems to be met and dealt with in the Transvaal are not such as can be solved (or even appreciated) by any merely *a priori* reasoning, or

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by any generalities based upon or analogies drawn from the experiences of all-white countries. On the contrary, these questions must be studied on the spot and in strict connection with the position of the Transvaal in the general scheme of the South African colonies. Further, the considerations are wider than any mere questions of the method and rate of gold-getting on the mines or the colour by which that operation is effected. It must not, however, be assumed that therefore in the Transvaal there has sprung up a new Ireland, "Hibernia ipsa, hibernior," from which political economy is banished to Mars and Saturn, but simply that in South Africa capital and labour cannot be represented by symbols x and y and treated in their relation to each other as purely mathematical entities. The last and only accurate Transvaal census was held in 1904. From it are taken the following figures:

A. Population of the Transvaal (+ Swazieland).

Whites	298,155	or 22 per cent.
Aboriginal Natives . .	1,021,577	or 75 „
Other Coloured . .	35,612	or 3 „

B. Population of the Witwatersrand.

Whites	92,410	or 40 per cent.
Aboriginal Natives . .	129,361	or 54 „
Other Coloured . .	14,357	or 6 „

C. Population of Johannesburg.

Whites	83,363	or 54 per cent.
Aboriginal Natives . .	62,524	or 39 „
Other Coloured . .	12,154	or 7 „

The respective areas in square miles are:

A. Transvaal .	111,196	equalling a density of	11	persons per mile
B. Witwatersrand	1,653	„	„	165	„ „
C. Johannesburg .	82	„	„	1900	„ „

Compare average density in England, 470 per square mile.

These figures take no account of the Chinamen working on the mines, who did not begin to arrive until the middle of

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1904; under the item of "other coloured," however, is included a considerable number (? 200) of non-indentured Chinamen working in market gardens, laundries, and small shops.

Certain broad conclusions can be at once drawn.

(1) That in the Transvaal as a whole there are nearly four coloured to every white person.

(2) That the whites are concentrated in the town areas, Johannesburg having about 28 per cent. of the whole white population of the colony.

(3) That a large number of Asiatics have already come into the Transvaal as licensed traders or free labourers.

(4) That the Transvaal is a very sparsely populated country, even as regards the black population.

Personal observation will soon make it apparent that Johannesburg is a town of males.

Among the white population over the age of sixteen years the number of males is almost twice that of females. On the municipal voters' roll of 28,888 in 1905 there appeared the names of only 1550 females.

Among the coloured population in the town the disparity is still greater, and while in 1904–5 there were registered 2964 white births, equal to a rate of 35½ per mille, there were only 573 coloured births, or less than 7 per mille, which indicates about ten coloured males to each coloured female in the city.

Therefore, if a portion of the white population can be described as "squatters," the black male population can only be classed as one of "trippers."

One result of such a state of affairs must be to make all labour of a transitory character. The white man seeks to rise, and to rise rapidly, in order that he may return to his family ties in Europe; the black man desires to make money rapidly but intermittently, in order that he may take a holiday at his kraal and thereby increase his family ties.

As regards the white man it will be found, as one would

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expect, that it is chiefly in the more poorly paid avocations and among the least skilled that this lack of family life prevails. Let a white man get into a good permanent position and he either sends for his family or marries locally, and settles down. On the other hand, let a man of any push and capacity see that the job he is working on leads to nothing higher and he will abandon it for another even of a more precarious character, or seek a short cut to fortune by trekking or by speculation. In England a very different state of affairs obtains. The average working man and the average clerk have their family interests, their family surroundings, and to some extent their family traditions; in fact they have near to them all that makes for respectability on the one hand, and secures cheap social recreation on the other. Work of a routine kind at a bare living wage has therefore no terrors for them. They are content to go on in a groove, and to tell the truth they are often persons of but little enterprise. In an old country it is best so. A proletariat of Winston Churchills would be an appalling phenomenon, and would disorganise the constitution of the country. But further, the British working man has all the resources of an elaborate State organisation to smooth his path. Baths, libraries, schools, cheap transit—and cheap beer—are at his door. His wife, and his children when they reach the age of fourteen, can take up unskilled labour without losing caste thereby, and so can add to his income. The fact of his being a married and settled man has a protecting influence over the permanency of his employment, while in a new country it is often the married man with his hostages to fortune who is the first to be "retrenched" in salary, as he cannot afford to kick for fear of having to join the ranks of the unemployed. Again, as a consequence of the preponderance of males in the Transvaal towns, it is found everywhere that white men are doing the more "genteel" but not necessarily highly skilled work which falls elsewhere into the hands of females. The barmaid is practically unknown. It may be said that this is due to the law against their employment, which is so strict

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that it prohibits women who are proprietors of licensed restaurants taking female partners without capital. In reality the law is the effect of the situation (as in Australia, where the state of affairs is very different), for the number of bars is enormous, and even the work in them which does not involve the actual selling of liquor is done by men. Again, in the very numerous "ladies'" shops there is a quite disproportionate number of male assistants. An enormous amount of the shorthand and typewriting work in offices is done by men, while the female book-keepers in shops, so common in England, are almost unknown, or where she does exist is a member of the family which keeps up the establishment. Female white servants are at a premium. Black men act as house- and chamber-maids, often as cooks, or even nurses. When white women do take on any of these occupations, or that of waitress in tea-shops (a favourite occupation, as furnishing one of the shortest cuts to matrimony), black "boys" must be supplied to do the washing up or other menial work. Laundries are run by Chinamen (who do not bring their wives), and the smaller sweetstuff or fruit shops by foreigners or Asiatics, who practically monopolise the door-to-door trade. The female tobacconist is practically unknown, and the female vendor of newspapers and stationery is comparatively rare. It is almost unnecessary to add that in some of the poorer districts the conditions of the mining camp still prevail to such an extent that the young white men do their own cooking and washing, and mend their own clothes.

As regards the black man, it must always be recognised that he has no desire to work, and apart from the presence of white men would not work; further, he has no permanent necessity to work. It is scarcely understood in England that one of the principal objects of taxes like the hut tax, now causing so much trouble in Natal, is to force the black man to do some work which will involve his actually earning some money. Otherwise there would have to be a resort to the old Dutch system of forced labour, if only to prevent the danger to the

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white population which would result from an idle black population living entirely under tribal conditions and blocking the path of civilisation even when not concocting mischief.

The native does not consider work as the normal condition of his affairs, though this does not prevent him from becoming a good workman under proper supervision. He therefore does not naturally leave his kraal and ask for work with a view to making himself a proficient in a life's occupation. His labour is recruited, and an enormous sum is spent every year on this process. In fact, since its inception in 1901, the Native Labour Association has spent about one million of money upon this operation of recruiting for the mines. As the white population increases and life becomes more complex, so does the demand for native labour increase at a rate much more rapid than that of the whites which cause the extra demand. Town and industrial life makes much more exacting demands upon the supply than did the original agricultural and pastoral life. The scattered farms of the Boer farmer gave employment to a very limited number of natives, and these were to a certain extent stable and settled workers. They were (and are still) given a definite position on the farm. Their wages were to a large extent paid in kind. As a part of their payment they had a plot of land given them to cultivate for their own subsistence. This involved a breaking up of the tribal life and the bringing of their wives on to the farm. Hence the tendency to wander at frequent intervals was reduced to a minimum, and by practice, skill in their work was duly acquired. An ordinary "raw" Kaffir was thus converted into a skilled agricultural labourer without acquiring in the process any of the vices or expensive tastes of town civilisation. As of the whole white population of 298,155 in the Transvaal, practically 280,000 are concentrated on the Rand and in the ten other larger towns, it is obvious that the rural population and its needs formed, at any rate until quite recently, but a small part of the problem.

When the mining industry developed there arose at once a

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much larger demand for native labour and for male native labour only. Note the result. Among the white population of the Transvaal there are 66 women to each 100 men, among the aboriginies there are 87 women to each 100 men, and in Swaziland (owing to the withdrawal of the men to the mines, &c.) there are no less than 130 women to 100 men. But on the Rand are 111,027 males to 7280 females among the aboriginal natives, or only 6 women to 100 men. It is thus obvious that although among the natives generally there is an adequate proportion of women to men, yet under labour conditions the women are in one place and the men in another. It must be perfectly plain that such a state of affairs absolutely precludes any stable supply of black labour. It may be remarked in parenthesis that a similar social situation is incident to mining life anywhere. The Chinese coolies in their own country, when they go to the mines of Manchuria, or when they come to this country, do not bring their wives with them. Even the indentured Indians who go to the West Indies for agricultural work adopt the same system. All of these things are quite alien to English ideas of labour conditions, but must be taken into account by English working men before they attempt to generalise about South Africa from their own experiences only.

As already stated, in order to get the Kaffirs to the scene of work, recruiting had to be conducted on a large scale and over a wide area. The Labour Commission in 1903 reported a shortage of labour for the Transvaal of 221,000, and the Native Affairs Commission considered that for the whole of British South Africa this shortage would amount to 800,000. These figures were (or are) much below the mark. In 1904 the natives received amounted to 87,898, while the wastage was 74,579. In 1905, 101,524 were recruited, while the wastage was 93,112, or about 94 per cent. This means that to get one native *for the year* twenty had to be recruited. In four years and eight months, 347,907 natives passed through the Association's books, and at the end of that period (December

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1905) 87,678 were at work. On an average nine months is the leagth of time a native stays at his work, and about 40 per cent. of the old boys re-engage. This tells enormously against efficiency. At the end of his period of work the Kaffir goes back to his family and friends. If he has saved enough money he buys cattle to exchange for another wife. This is his method of old-age insurance. The sooner he can get sufficient wives to work for him, the sooner he can retire into private life. Hence, any increase in his rate of pay only enables him to resume at the earliest possible moment his native condition of idleness. At present on the mines, board, residence, and medical attendance are provided free; his tax of 2*s*. a month is paid for him, and he gets on an average 52*s*. a month. The food, medical and sanitary comforts with which he is provided now were undreamt of in the olden days and are quite above the native level. All the luxuries which his soul desires are going down in price, while improvements in agriculture and the cheapening of the food-supply of the country enables him to live, when he returns to his kraal, at a much lower rate than heretofore. The very efforts which are being made through the advances of civilisation, advances practically entirely paid for out of the profits of the mining industry, tend to cut short the native labour-supply. While agriculture was depressed and harvests bad, as in the beginning of 1904, many Kaffirs were prepared to come in and work on the mines under these conditions of temporarily breaking up their family life. But as mining prosperity returned the prosperity of the agricultural districts increased with it, until now a much higher scale of cultivation prevails, and the demand for agricultural produce in the towns has favourably reacted in the country districts. Hence a demand for further agricultural labour, and a return of the Kaffir to the more natural life. Again, numerous sections of the natives and those most easily available always prefer surface work, and these will suffer loss of pay sooner than go underground. The surface work in the mines is limited, and is diminishing in proportion to the underground

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work, with the natural result that this source of labour-supply is being withdrawn.

Again, as regards the liquor traffic among natives, which was at one time a most serious evil, destroying the efficiency of the workers and making them peculiarly susceptible to pneumonia, the Chamber of Mines have taken stringent steps to effect an improvement. It was largely owing to their exertions that the rigorous laws against supplying liquor to natives were passed, and it is due to their co-operation with the police that these laws are enforced with the utmost rigour. What has been the result? The miners now save the money formerly spent in liquor, and consequently retire from work all the sooner. To effect this particular improvement more native police and their assistants are employed, thus again diminishing the supply of miners.

But other influences are at work in the same direction. Once more owing to the expansion of mining work, the railways and public works are rapidly extending and developing. Consequently these require a further supply of natives, who are thereby engaged upon a highly congenial kind of work. As a result some 16,000 natives are permanently withdrawn from mine work. Thus every advance made by or through the mining community cuts off its own supply of native labour. The net result of all these causes has been already shown, namely, that in the year 1904–05 only 51,001 native miners remained out of 101,524 recruited, 87·7 per cent. taking their discharge, 6·4 per cent. deserting, and 4·5 per cent. dying. It is obvious that no business can be conducted on a sound and stable basis with a labour-supply of this kind.

It must also be remembered that it will take a very long time for the natives to recover from the highly artificed state of affairs created by the war. At that time the closing of the mines not only resulted in Othello's occupation being gone, but destroyed the traditions of native work on the mines at the mines' rate of wages. The "Tommies" fraternised with the natives, gave them a taste for white food luxuries and to some

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extent white methods of life. The pay they obtained for doing odd jobs for the army and for acting as camp-followers was altogether out of proportion to mine wages and to the merits of the work done. Money was made which enabled a long period of idleness to be indulged in, while the Dutch traditions of a white man as a task-master who must be obeyed and worked for were done away with for ever. A great stimulus was given to what is likely to be the favourite occupation of the black man (as it is elsewhere), namely, that of domestic service. When the last census was taken, in April 1904, there were on the Witwatersrand 111,027 male natives, of whom only 70,068 were employed on the mines. Allowing as an outside figure 18,000 for police, railway, and municipal work, this leaves to be accounted for some 23,000, most of whom were engaged in domestic work. This work is particularly attractive and well paid, and the Cape boys and Basutos will scarcely take any other. No skill is required, all the important cooking, &c., being, as a rule, carried out by either the mistress or a white cook. The hours are short and there is much time off, consequently there are numerous opportunities for indulging in the desire to dress up, which is the principal ambition of the house-boy. On Sundays, &c., he sallies forth dressed much better than the white working man. He has all his food, &c., found, and gets wages at the rate of £3 or even £4 a month. When at work he appears in a costume of white linen or drill, and the washing of this even is paid for him. In many cases he has a great part of his day free owing to the absence of his master at business, and is able to engage in some other trade or business involving dealings with his fellows; the making of native snuff is a particularly lucrative business and so is gardening—for some other master. A fine trade also is done in carrying parcels, &c., and running errands for all and sundry. Now as the white population increases and becomes more wealthy there must be a largely increased demand for this class of labour. Naturally "raw" kaffirs are of little use in this sphere and so the more ambitious spirits who

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have served some time on the mines and have been in touch with civilisation take on with the house work. Hence the mines are pursuing and must always pursue this suicidal policy of depriving themselves of their labour-supply, just in proportion as their output increases the prosperity of agriculture and other industries and as it improves the position and outlook of the white man. Consequently the mine-owners have to look further and further afield every year for their supplies. But the other colonies have their own needs and are becoming daily more and more unable to supply labourers for the Transvaal. Last year the Transvaal only supplied 14,199 natives out of a total of 87,677 employed. Portuguese territory supplied the bulk of the recruits, viz., 38,489, half of whom were "old boys." The natives from British Central Africa and Rhodesia cannot stand the winter, and the development of the latter colony is so rapid that its own labour-supply is now short, and no more assistance can be expected from that quarter. The Cape Colony natives are made too comfortable at home, while north of latitude 22° S. the natives are unable to stand the climate of the Transvaal and rapidly die of pneumonia and similar diseases. Further, the relative efficiency of the supply of natives from these various districts is much affected by sickness and mortality. In 1904–5, while the death-rates among the natives from the Cape, Basutoland, the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony varied from 17 per mille to 40 per mille, among those from British Central Africa it was 129 per mille, from Rhodesia 124, from Damaraland and Mozambique 128, and from Quilimane 164 per mille. It is therefore obvious that nature as well as the spread of civilisation has placed limits upon the supply of native labour for the mines.

Throughout this article it has been assumed as axiomatic, and the points already adduced will indicate to some extent the foundation for the theory, that there is, and must be, in the Transvaal an absolute and entire separation between the spheres of work of the white and black man. Lord Selborne has said recently :

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The employment of whites on unskilled work is impossible owing to the feeling of the whites against doing what is called "Kaffir" work. This feeling is deplorable, but it is not fostered by the mine-owners, who would like to see a larger white population; it is due to the traditions of the country.

It is quite easy to show that Lord Selborne's statement of the facts, especially his final remark, is quite correct, without in any way endorsing his view that "the feeling is deplorable." The Right Hon. J. Bryce, M.P., has distinctly stated that white men refuse to undertake native manual unskilled labour; while Mr. T. Burt, M.P., as a result of his visit to the Transvaal, said:

I have never believed that there can be any great employment of white unskilled labour in the Transvaal. I have never myself been under the delusion that the Transvaal is a white man's country, in the sense that it will ever give employment to white workers in any considerable numbers. In fact, I do not think it either practicable or desirable that the gold mines should be worked exclusively by white men in a country where the Whites are so vastly outnumbered by the coloured population.

Now it has been shown already that the teeming black population, by its traditions and by its nature, cannot and will not work in a regular and consistent manner. It is, however, on the spot. South of the Zambesi there are four blacks to every white man. Therefore this black labour must be utilised somehow, and these blacks must be kept from settling down permanently in their original tribal condition. Otherwise there is constituted the organisation for revolt and massacre; a state of affairs being brought within a measurable distance by the pernicious, all-black African theories and the pseudo-Christianity of the Ethiopian Church emissaries. At present in Natal, or on its borders, there is the fully organised Zulu nation in a state of great disquietude. A generation of young bloods has grown up which knows nothing of the prowess of the white men in the Zulu wars, but remembers the feats of the white men with each other, and the defeat of one set by another in the Boer War. The chiefs are only kept loyal by subsidies, and their power over the younger men is

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being broken down as an effect of attempts at civilisation. The Basutos recently received Lord Selborne with an army of 50,000 well-drilled warriors, most of them armed with modern weapons and mounted on excellent horses. It is perfectly obvious that, just as in India, white men can only keep their authority over the native by means of prestige or by continual fighting. If the country is to be kept in peace every white man must always keep the native at his distance and let him see the gap which is between them. This is all the more important since the war, as has been already mentioned. Soldiers who had not lived among the traditions of the country and had not to live in it for good, treated the natives as "men and brothers," with the result that they have in many places become cheeky and independent, and for quite a generation additional efforts will have to be made to keep them in their places. Well-meaning persons of the Uncle Tom's Cabin school forget that there is all the difference in the world between the American coloured person, the product of centuries of oppression living under a *régime* of civilisation modified by lynch law, and the armed and disciplined hordes of unconquered braves ruling their native wilds in South Africa. There is not here even the Russian veneer of civilisation, the Tartar stands out without scratching in the face and passions of even the product of the native schools and seminaries. Even the spread of any kind of education which is not industrial, but which has a tendency to give them (or rather such of them as might develop into leaders) that veneer of literary culture associated with the Indian Baboo, must be rigorously checked; such learning with a native puffeth up but edifieth not. Once let the white man sink to their level by doing the same or similar work and the whole fabric of deference and respect falls to the ground. It would be better (to take an extreme case) for the white population to be starving in the streets and for black convicts to do all the manual unskilled work associated in the native mind with men of his own colour, than for there to be any tampering with the

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principle of strict separation of work. The traditions of the country as established by the Dutch were all in the same direction, and under their rule the natives were kept in strict subjection. The whole trend of labour legislation under the Republic was to make the natives do the work which white men objected to, and to prevent them doing any other work. Scales of wages were instituted to prevent the white man falling to native level. No white man was to be paid less than £1 a day for his work. Natives were allowed to be paid as far as convenient in kind, and the principles of the English Truck Act were entirely negatived. To this day the Boer farmer, no matter how poor he is, sits smoking on his stoep while the whole manual labour on his farm is done by natives. Even such skilled manual labour as sheep-shearing is performed (and very badly) by his Kaffirs. At municipal elections the heckling of candidates who may be employers of labour is on such lines as to whether natives have been allowed, in such trades as plumbing, painting and building, to infringe upon the white man's sphere. Trading by coloured persons is conducted under temporary licences, and is hedged in with severe restrictions. The very cost of living is on entirely different scales, natives having board and lodging provided at a cost of about 25*s.* a month, while a single white working man with the greatest economy cannot secure these privileges under £10 a month. The present ratio of wages is, per week of forty-eight hours:

	£	*s.*	*d.*	
Natives	1	0	0	at outside.
White Bakers	4	10	0	
Plumbers	6	0	0	
Bricklayers and Carpenters	5	15	0	
Engine-drivers	6	0	0	
Plasterers	6	8	0	
Masons	7	0	0	and upwards.

It is therefore plain that there is no gradation of labour, no gradual passage from one grade to another, but a great gulf is fixed by the practice of the country as well as by its traditions.

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The condition of affairs in the Cape Colony, where the barrier has been broken down, constitutes a warning which will not be neglected in the Transvaal. There the "poor white" is a serious problem. He is being frozen out by the competition of the black and mixed races. He has fallen in the scale by intermarriage and his progeny is no longer to be reckoned among the fighting and governing forces essential to the preservation of a free country. The sweating of the labour of women and young children is rampant and demands special legislation. There are, it is true, unemployed in Johannesburg, but nothing like the number in Cape Town. In the former town such persons are either unemployable or are those who have mistaken their avocation and left the land to try their luck on the mines. The recent Government Commission on the circumstances of these indigent whites found but few mechanics among them, and recommended the bulk of them to be returned to the land upon small holdings grouped together, where they could pursue all kinds of agricultural work apart from the Kaffirs. To try a similar experiment upon certain mines from which all natives must be excluded (as suggested by Mr. J. B. Robinson) would be socially interesting, but probably economically impossible as only a few of the very richest could stand the raising of the cost of labour by the amount necessary to provide a living wage for white men.

In what sense, then, can the Transvaal ever be a white man's country? Only in the sense that there be no attempt to apply the principles of democracy as understood in England to black and white alike. At present there is a true democracy among white men, at least as real as that in America, and the black coat and the corduroy men associate for mutual protection as well as for social pleasures to an extent unknown in the old country. "H-es" are not *de rigueur*, but skill in a trade is. To attempt to modify this by the importation in any number of those whose passport to this country is their failure in skill or intellect to make a living at

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home must result in the degradation of the existing white workers in the eyes of those who form the bulk, and must always form the bulk, of a population, which has not yet and probably never will recognise any other qualities as justifying a right to live except superior fighting power, whether in the battle of industry and commerce or on the stricken field.

S. A.

Google

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE!

THE smoke may be the size of a man's hand or as big as a house, a thin spiral or a thick rolling cloud, but when it arises in an unlimited quantity of inflammable material it affords a fair indication of the extent and character of the blaze likely to ensue. In some cases a trained eye is required to detect its presence, in others the most heedless cannot escape observing it. Distance generally modifies the impression of extent, and occasionally removes the cloud beyond the field of vision. This may be the case in regard to the smoke seen of late in Natal. Its ominous character is recognised by almost every white man of some years' residence in South Africa, but there is no general knowledge of the area covered by the smoke from which has shot forth a flame or two. In the absence of this knowledge there is lacking a unanimous and organised pressure of public opinion to insist upon permanent measures being taken to prevent, or eventually cope with the devouring blaze it may prelude. The fire extinguisher has been applied in Natal, and the efforts of the brigade seem to have checked the progress of the flames for the time being. The prompt and decisive measures adopted, leaving no loophole for misunderstanding, were adapted to the native comprehension.

While relieving anxiety temporarily, it would be wise to direct one's gaze further with a view to determining the whole extent of the volume of smoke whence the sparks have sprung.

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These forks of fire have issued from long-gathering clouds, and it is time the white population of South Africa awoke to the fact, and set themselves in readiness to face the danger. To what extent the Governments of the Colonies are prepared, and what knowledge is possessed by Home and Colonial Governments on the question is not known to the public, but it would be reassuring to know that they grasp the situation.

The contumacy of the natives in Natal has partially opened people's eyes to the danger threatening. There is a wide presumption that the disaffection is practically confined to the districts which have already come into prominence in connection with the refusal to pay the poll-tax. This argues ignorance of the conditions that hold generally amongst the natives in Natal and the Transvaal and the countries dependent thereon. Knowledge of these conditions is little likely to be obtained through the regular official channels. Official questionings are calculated rather to result in misleading information and false impressions than true ones. The native mind does not readily adapt itself to straightforward replies on matters affecting the attitude of black towards white. Even an approximate understanding of the native mind and attitude is possible only to the man of long colonial standing with a thorough knowledge of the native languages, with the ability to listen more than talk, and gather information either without questioning or by roundabout methods calling for exceptional patience. He knows the natural suspicion the natives entertain towards direct approaches for information, and the equally natural aversion they exhibit against committing themselves to a direct reply. He also recognises, what is most important to note, the subtle changes in the native atmosphere, warning signals unseen by less experienced men. Intimacy with the natives for many years in many conditions and circumstances has rendered him susceptible to impressions which, trifling in themselves, produce in the aggregate a definite conviction. If the conviction be that all is not well, that danger lies ahead,

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he may be unable to adduce any specific reasons that would carry much weight to ordinary minds, but it would by no means follow that his opinion was worthless or unreliable.

What then do we find amongst the natives at the present time? This much is certain. There is a general feeling of unsettlement from Durban to the Northern Transvaal, from the Western Transvaal and Western Natal to the Portuguese border. Tall talk has gone on increasing for the last two years or so, and has now reached threatening dimensions.

There is a centre round which the talk revolves. The centre is a dusky potentate, of whom it should be borne in mind that he has had the advantage of education, that he has been in the society of white tutors, who would lead him on the right path and not the wrong, for his own good and not for theirs; that he has come under religious influences and had the benefit of advice from people who have been desirous of bringing the native to understand that co-operation with the white would assure his welfare.

Dinizulu is the power among the natives. His is a name to conjure with. Everywhere the impression of his invulnerability and might has gained ground; nothing is impossible for him.

How has he gained this hold upon Zulu, Swazi, Nozingeli, and the Sekukuni tribes?

Granting this influence, what is the object he has in view? Is it his aim to prevail upon all the native tribes to submit cheerfully to white authority, to recognise that their salvation lies in maintaining cordial relations with their respective Governments? Does he discountenance the bellicose ebullitions now and then in evidence? Let the various Governments find the reply. Or has he been reflecting on the departed glories of Chaka? Does he dream of emulating his great predecessor? Such a dream would fire the native imagination.

Against the attempt to realise this dream the argument is constantly brought forward, even by the oldest settlers, that

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the safety of the white population lies in the certainty of the various tribes being so consumed with jealousy and hatred of each other that united effort is impossible. Now the natives know that separate tribal revolt would be useless. Some time ago a store-boy, being chaffed by his baas, said they would never rise against the whites unless they all rose together. Dinizulu sees as far as the store-boy. He has been as much awake to the one-time fact of native disunion as the keenest-sighted colonist. He has employed his freedom in such a way as to first modify this inter-tribal distrust, and now practically to succeed in removing the safeguard on which so much reliance has hitherto been placed. We cannot say that Dinizulu's education has been fruitless.

Small local scares have arisen from time to time in the past few years, but as they resulted in nothing tangible the tendency is to assume that they are merely repetitions of the old cry of "wolf." The cries may have been premature. The point is, have they been without cause?

A few whites, closely in touch with the natives, learned—as probably the Government did—that two years ago Dinizulu had trusty indunas in conclave with the Swazi queen. Why? Other reports passing on native lips are that his messengers have been to and fro in Swaziland since, that in person he visited the Nozingelis twelve months back, that more recently he has been sending messengers to Sekukuni's country, that eighteenth months ago the Zulu king had been in communication with Majaji. Whether the reports be accurate or not, they serve a purpose; the native believes them, and is deeply impressed. He awaits the events they portend.

One effect we may be sure of. The Zulus consider themselves of royal race among natives. Other tribes, if they do not proclaim it aloud, recognise this position of pre-eminence. The attention paid by Dinizulu to the Swazi, Nozingeli, and Sekukuni Kaffirs is no small honour; it is an important factor in the breaking down of the barriers between the tribes. That this is so is apparent from the power of the name of

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Dinizulu among these tribes at the present time. Other factors have been at work to assist in the coalition, making it easier for Dinizulu to pursue his policy, whatever it may be, successfully.

The process of erosion of tribal angularities has been going on quietly and almost unseen for the past twenty years in the employment of so many thousands of boys in the mining industry, and in the rapid growth of industrial and commercial activity.

Effects in the same direction were favoured by the limitless number of boys of every tribe engaged in various capacities with the troops in the late war. More pronounced still is the effect direct and indirect of the schools for natives in lessening the cleavage between the tribes. Whether reliance can be placed or not on the opinion not uncommonly held that the preaching of native missioners is of a predominantly political character, there can hardly be a doubt that the schools built by natives themselves without white supervision are commonly used for this purpose; and this class of school has increased rapidly in recent years. Careful distinction should be drawn between native schools that are entirely independent of white control, and the mission schools conducted either by missionaries or by native missioners as part of the organisation of white denominations. It is probable that most native missioners would disavow the introduction of a political element into their teaching, and it might be their honest opinion that no political influence found a place in their schools. Yet it is as possible for them, as it is for whites, to be in ignorance of what is going on under their eyes. White ministers are often enough in blissful ignorance of many of the under-currents at work in their congregations, and there is no reason for thinking that native ministers possess greater powers of discernment.

A mission school where natives of all degrees of rawness and semi-civilisation assemble, affords a convenient ground for the sower of seeds of political discontent, and one or

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two individuals may exercise a very prejudicial effect on the peaceful inclinations of a great number of their brothers.

It is said that a strange boy putting in an appearance in a school is eyed with suspicion by the rest, and kept at a careful distance until his *bonâ fides* be satisfactorily determined. A reason can be given for such an attitude. He may be an agent of his chief sent to spy out the land; he may be in the service of the Government looking out for trouble, as the boys put it. So they need to be on guard lest they may prove to have incurred the chief's displeasure, or should be found committing an offence, real or fancied, wilful or ignorant, against the law that is continually springing surprises on them. That this has weight with them may be gathered from the reply recently elicited from a good and reliable boy when asked if he knew of anything wrong amongst the natives. He was sad and earnest in his response,—he was afraid to tell the white *inkoos* what he knew, for the *inkoos* would send him to *trouk* for making trouble.

Now it is evident that once a boy acting under instructions from his chief, overcomes the suspicion his appearance creates and establishes confidence, political discontent can be easily introduced into a school, fed for a time, and allowed to ferment. Such may be one of the causes at any rate giving rise to the common opinion that responsibility for much of the unrest lies with the mission schools, irrespective of their organisation.

It is to be noted, too, that at the same school may be seen Zulus, Swazi, Shangaan, Zingeli, and the representative of any other tribe that may be employed in the immediate vicinity. It was once a commonplace that you would never see natives of two different tribes eating out of the same pot. This no longer holds; nowadays natives of tribes once filled with the bitterest animosity may be seen harmoniously gathered round the same pot and helping themselves therefrom like brothers. What has brought them together? Is it the presence of European civilisation, or the pressure of Government legislalation uniting them in the possession of common grievances,

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or the finesse of Dinizulu, or have these several causes combined to bring about this approach to a fusion of the native races?

Whatever the forces in operation, there can be no blinking the fact that the temperamental obstacles to the organisation of the natives on a large scale have been in some manner or other considerably weakened if not entirely removed. And as the pride of the Swazi, the Nozingeli and the northern Transvaal native has been flattered by the attentions of the Zulu king, cohesion round a commanding central figure is virtually secured among elements hitherto regarded as incapable of combination.

We may now consider the part Majaji plays in this smoke-laden atmosphere. Let Majaji be mythical or historical, she wields an influence over the native mind comparable to none other. Her abode is in the fastnesses of the Northern Transvaal. She possesses the secret of perpetual life; she never dies; her power never diminishes; she diappears but returns at will; her co-operation is invaluable; to secure it is to assure success in any undertaking. If an occult power and personality could be conceived as giving effect to the cry in civilised kingdoms, "The King is dead; long live the King," Majaji would fill the conception. The circulation, therefore, of the report that Dinizulu has been to Majaji and obtained *m'lingi* (war medicines) from her produces an electrifying effect on the native mind.

Whether the tale be true or not, its circulation is all the evidence needed for credence to be given to it. Its acceptance, moreover, establishes Dinizulu in whatever pretences he chooses to lay claim to, for he has made an ally of the most powerful force that exists. The war medicines convey to him the gift of invisibility. The wisdom and knowledge he has gained by the ordinary methods of education—learning which in itself is sufficient to earn him a high reputation—is immeasurably reinforced to the point of invincibility and invulnerability.

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He is able to defeat every force that may be brought against him. He has simply to choose to exercise his power, and he possesses at the same time the wisdom necessary to decide when the time is ripe for action. This is in accordance with the Kaffir belief in the magic of Majaji.

By way of strengthening the impression thus created, reports are coincidently current of various incidents confirming the transference to Dinizulu of marvellous powers. For instance, in the presence of his chiefs he slew an ox, and on cutting it open there sprang forth a full impi of warriors. The idea of questioning such a story does not present itself to the native. The information comes to him as the word of his chief, and the chief's word is true; the chief knows. The inference in this case is that Dinizulu is able to provide all the impis he requires to eat up his enemies.

A story of similar quality testifies to his personal prowess. This is of more recent date. He ordered a number of chiefs who were with him to slay an ox that was brought before them. Obedient to his word, one and all flung their assegais into the beast. Pierced with the assegais, it stood as though unscathed. For a moment the royal master eyed the feeble-handed chiefs, and disdainfully regarding the defenceless object of their attack, simply waved his hand at the animal and it fell dead.

These happenings are demonstrations of his power in witchcraft, and their currency gives weight to the reality and effectiveness of his alliance with the great Majaji. Indisputably the possessor of such wonderful powers needs but assert himself to accomplish his designs.

Now it will be urged by the large class of whites who are superficially conversant with native methods that when loud talking is indulged in there is nothing to fear; the time for being watchful is when they are quiet and sullen.

It may be observed then that Dinizulu is not talking loudly in the ears of the white people. No one could desire Dinizulu to be quieter than he has been during the recent disturbances

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in Natal. Take that circumstance for what it is worth. Moreover, the tall talk that has been increasing among the natives is not openly indulged before whites who can understand it. An occasional *umlungu* gathers here and there a snatch of conversation foreshadowing grave issues; hundreds of others might hear the same and be none the wiser. Or portions, very small portions, of information may be derived from a series of questions carefully directed upon other matters than the one on which enlightenment is really sought. But the meaning to an old colonist is as clear as daylight. In the end it spells "war."

The ostensible immediate cause of the truculent disposition recently asserting itself is the discontent and resentment induced by taxation. The incidence of taxation among the various tribes varies to some extent, but everywhere it is viewed as oppressive. When the late disturbances arose in Natal, keen interest was manifested by boys in all parts of the country in the progress of events. In all likelihood the decisive action of the Natal Government has staved off the peril of a general rising. For how long, none can say. But the native understands short shrift. At this time the impression was abroad that Dinizulu was championing the common cause by refusing to pay the poll-tax. "The white man's paper tells us that Dinizulu has paid his taxes," might be urged. "Nxa!" clicks the boy, and with a knowing glance adds "Schelling!" The key to which enigmatic utterance lies in the prevalence of the report that Dinizulu had announced that when the taxes should be demanded the big indunas were to pay a shilling and the heads of the small kralls sixpence—equivalent to a dictation of his own terms, and the assertion of his authority against the Government.

In official circles the belief seems prevalent that the natives are so deficient in arms that they would not attempt a rising. Official opinion may be right! Not a few experienced colonists take the view that the disarmament in Swaziland and the Transvaal was anything but a success; that most of the fire-arms

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given up were old and useless, that the arming of the natives was accomplished before the late war closed through the number of British weapons that fell into their hands from time to time, and that a large number of the effective rifles thus obtained remain hidden and still in possession. This opinion could be tested if figures were forthcoming of the number of rifles issued, and those in service or returned up to the end of hostilities.

Whether any value or not be attached to the persuasion that natives called upon to surrender arms still possess weapons carefully buried, there can be little doubt that arms have long been finding their way into the territories under British domination by way of the Portuguese border. It might be to the interest of the Portuguese authorities to give close attention to this matter. In a plan of campaign, discussed by a small knot of boys some time ago, their baas overheard a statement that immediately the Zulus made their rising, the Zingelis would fall upon the Portuguese. The Banyans may supply gas-pipe guns as dangerous to the marksman as to the foe, but the traffic augurs trouble.

Two years ago the keener-sighted colonials heard clearly the mutterings threatening a future storm, and such as have spoken of it are not the sort of person ordinarily subject to attacks of nerves. They betray no excitability in the prospect that their experience bids them be prepared for. One such came upon a group of his boys in the dark engaged so earnestly in conversation that they did not hear his approach. What subject, thought he, could so engross their attention? He listened: they were canvassing the prospects of a successful attack on Barberton. The pros and cons were logically weighed: one assuming the position of attacker-in-chief, another that of the attacked party. This incident is eighteen months old, but it is an indication as to how the minds of the natives were exercised even then.

Some will ask, if the foregoing reflects accurately the condition of the native mind, how comes it so little is heard about

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it? First, the knowledge of native languages possessed by 95 per cent. of the white population is not intimate. They have sufficient knowledge to enable them to direct the work of the native, to make known their wants; for their immediate requirements their vocabulary is adequate; outside their requirements they are at sea.

Of the remaining 5 per cent., who can converse fluently and have, we may assume, some insight into native habits of thought, the majority are not given the opportunity of knowing what is nearest the heart of the native. It is a serious crime, from the native point of view, to talk among themselves of a nation rising—hence the recognised ominous character of a quiet sullen demeanour. Their conversation on such a theme is guarded, lest they should be considered as handing over the secrets of their chiefs to those who would betray them. Their business is to wait for the word of the chief, and respond when the word is spoken. Metaphors and similes they employ abundantly; and it is possible for the boys squatting round a Kaffir pot to discuss matters of the deepest import in the presence of one well acquainted with their language without giving rise to the faintest suspicion; the turn of phrase gives a special meaning to the native while conveying its commonplace meaning to the white man.

Further, should the man who supervises native workers be a capable linguist, they will be still more guarded about talking in his presence; if they are ignorant of his ability he may pick up many items of information. If he be acute, and intent on finding out things, he will dissemble when going among boys who do not know him, and talk bad kitchen Kaffir to put them off their guard. Here and there you find men who adopt this attitude; it is dictated by experience and the instinct of self-preservation.

It is evident, then, that but a small percentage, probably a small decimal percentage, of the white population ever gets more than an inkling of what is passing in the secretive mind of the native; and of those in constant personal contact with

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the natives the least likely to obtain a full knowledge of their thoughts and intents are the Government officials in the Police and Native Affairs Department. These may be able to report when the general demeanour exhibits discontent and dissatisfaction, but the deeper workings of the native mind are a sealed book to them.

The official mind, moreover, is apparently imbued with the idea that rumours of native risings are a chronic feature of colonial life; they are to be expected; they are of periodical recurrence like the seasons. No doubt this is correct. On the other hand, it is important to note that there is generally reason for the rumours.

For example, when the Swazi scare was on about two years ago, the Swazi queen and her subjects were in so discontented and desperate a mood, that an induna was despatched to a white friend of the Swazis with a message to the effect that as it seemed useless trying to obtain redress of the grievances they considered themselves subject to, the queen was about to "strike her spear into the water," in effect to declare war. A long private indaba with the queen's messenger followed, and the advice tendered by the non-official subject of his Britannic Majesty was that war would bring no benefit, and their country would be altogether taken from them, while they would be no worse for waiting, and the Government would see that wrong was put right. Whatever the means, war was avoided. Yet it should be noted that it was about this time that the word passed among the natives that Dinizulu had had his envoys at the queen's kraal. It is probable, too, that the visit of his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor to Swaziland was not undetermined by the state of unrest then existing. And this was reckoned one of the periodical groundless scares.

When the rumours of strife will justify their existence is the one point on which no definite opinion can be offered. In times past rumour after rumour arose and died before an actual rising took place. The native wars have generally come suddenly, with little or no apparent warning. In spite of all

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the rumours afloat during the past few years, Dinizulu is publicly stated to be loyal to the Government. He would lack the wisdom attributed to him if he gave open cause for doubting his loyalty. Yet there can scarcely be a question as to the trouble brewing. In the complaints of the Swazis there was a genuine ring. They wanted to know why they had been singled out for the worst tax they could have put on them, a tax—so they interpreted it—on their womankind. Was not the queen loyal? Had not the king, her husband, been loyal? Had not the king before him been loyal? Had they not always stood by the white man in his troubles? The Zulus had not been called upon to pay such a tax, nor the Nozingelis, nor the Pondos, nor the Basutos. Why was this burden laid on them? Did the white man wish to eat them up?

Dinizulu no doubt recognised that this was an excellent string to play upon. And now that Natal has imposed a poll-tax, the natives have something tangible to use as an argument to evoke sympathy at home if they resist. They can make use of taxation as an excuse for an effort to realise the aspiration that is not dead yet—claiming their country as their own. In doing so, Dinizulu would display political discernment as did the present Home Government in adopting the Chinese slavery nonsense-cry to secure support.

It may not have dawned upon the intelligence of home politicians that it is possible to regard recent events in Natal as arising from any other cause than taxation. Colonial eyes may see more clearly because they are nearer the object of vision. In the light of what is already written, the refractoriness of the chiefs may be considered as a feeler put forth to test the temper of the Government, to judge what promise of success might attend more serious opposition on a combined basis. So ar fas the Natal Government is concerned, they have emerged from the test satisfactorily. In this regard it is not without significance to note such a native comment as the following: "It has not been known in any history that the

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things that have happened in Natal could have happened without the knowledge of Dinizulu," *i.e.*, without Dinizulu knowing beforehand.

Another probable explanation is that the young bucks had worked themselves up into so high a pitch of excitement at the prospect of a general day of reckoning for the white intruders, that they were unable to bottle up their impatience any longer, and getting out of hand exposed the game before the time was ripe. The comments of the old and staider natives who are not too keen on becoming embroiled in war with the British, corroborate this point of view. "The young assegais are crying for blood": "the young bucks want to show that they are men." In other words, the young men who have not measured strength with the British, and in whom savage instincts have only been temporarily suppressed by the presence and action of civilising agencies, have not had an opportunity in the peaceful times in which their lot has fallen to earn for themselves the title of "men" by distinguishing themselves in fight; and they are spoiling for it.

Were Dinizulu as loyal as he is apparently considered, he would either have offered to send out an impi to arrest the malcontents, or have sent his word ordering the chiefs to submit to the Government. The word would have been obeyed, but Dinizulu spoke not, Dinizulu was asleep.

That trouble is preparing may be gauged from some of the phrases on native lips at the present moment. One is "keep your assegais in order": another, "Now we are to be on the alert"—the particular phrase is one indicating that they are to hold themselves on a war-footing. They do not know, any more than the white man, the exact time they will be wanted. They know that when their chiefs call, they must be ready to respond.

The colonists versed in native war methods rely for one indication of the time on the generally observed custom of rising after, say, a couple of good seasons for crops. This enables them to continue operations, if prolonged, without the neces-

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sity of sowing and reaping to provide for their sustenance. A factor not to be lost sight of in this reckoning is that this precaution may not be deemed necessary in view of occurrences thousands of natives have witnessed in the opening years of the century. They have seen the convoys of the British repeatedly attacked and the commissariat supplies captured. They have the penetration to see that by the exercise of a little ingenuity the same thing would be possible again, that they would be able to provide for their bodily needs without too great risk by raiding the enemy's commissariat from time to time. Consequently in judging the time of rising it would be unwise to place too much dependence on the natives waiting for the ingathering of good crops.

The one sign, however, that may be absolutely relied upon is that any combined aggressive movement of the natives will be heralded by a general exodus from their employers! If Dinizulu's acumen be equal to his reputation, he will be alive to the danger of this fore-warning signal, and will be prepared to meet it. As there is no likelihood of the big centres such as Johannesburg, Pretoria, Middleburgh, Pietermaritzburg, and Durban being attacked in force, it would be easy for boys employed in outside places to act in concert and simultaneously with their brethren without resorting to a general massing. They will not do any daylight fighting by choice; they will not as a body depend on rifles; they will swoop down at night when a club or an assegai is as good as anything else for dealing destruction. The danger is that if they once start they can keep the country in a state of alarm and terror for years if they want, while leaving the big towns alone. They know well enough now how to cut wires, lift rails, place obstacles in the way of traffic and transport, and upset lines of communication equally as effectively as ever the Boers did.

If the outline of Dinizulu's policy be correct, it is no use depending upon the need of the employment of boys of one tribe in the capacity of policemen over another tribe, as, *e.g.*, the Zulu police-boys stationed on the Swazi border. Swazi intentions

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are little likely to be divulged by Zulu police-boys, should such be known to them, and *vice-versa*, when friendly relations are acknowledged to exist between the heads of the tribes.

This is a point to be given heed to.

Now the position may or may not be critical, but at least it is disquieting. And we may rightly ask what are the steps taken to protect the white population of the Transvaal, particularly in the country districts? Here and there troops are stationed; here and there volunteer corps exist; and scattered police posts are to be found all through the country.

Against this, the rural inhabitants individually have up to the present experienced the greatest difficulty in obtaining permits for rifles; ammunition is difficult to obtain even where rifles are possessed; rifle associations have been consistently discouraged in the hope of making the volunteer movement a success, so that men have had no other course open to obtain the means of self-defence than to join the volunteers. Only a week or two ago a man thirty miles from a small volunteer centre applied to join the corps with the avowed intention of getting arms to protect himself; he felt his position was unsafe in the present temper of the natives. Under existing conditions, if the natives chose to rise in a body, they could wipe out the scattered police posts, farmers, prospectors, and traders, and make havoc in the small dorps before any effective alarm could be given. There never existed so general a state of unpreparedness for such a contingency under the late *régime*.

But it may be urged, the country is surely quite safe with the presence of so many British troops; and the result of the late war is certainly not lost on the natives.

The proper disposition of troops in the country is useful, particularly if the natives know them to be on the alert; the result of the war is not lost on the natives, but the broad impression created is not calculated to act as a strong deterrent. They have been impressed; what they have been impressed by is not success, but the extraordinary numbers opposed to the Boers. "*Fana ne skonyan*" is their constant simile—the soldiers were

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like swarms of locusts; had they simply walked through the country, the Boers would have been trampled under their feet. Numbers, and not fighting capacity, gave them victory. That enormous numbers were needed to keep open the lines of communication is an idea that is not grasped. A native will tell you, if there had been equal Boers and equal British—an expressive gesture and exclamation indicate a clean slate where the British were. It is not complimentary, but it is the native view. Not that they question the bravery of the British soldier; they have seen him, and they know he will stand up to be shot at every time, but they do not look upon that as fighting. Consequently their regard for the rank and file exhibits something very nearly approaching contempt, a condition of mind that does not augur well for peace, and does not say much for the deterrent influence of the war waged under their eyes.

Whether then it be wise to continue the irksome restrictions in force in a country where every British subject in the outside districts and small towns should certainly be armed, and under a penalty should be able to produce their arms for periodical inspection, is a question for the Government to determine.

If a black day come, then to some one it will be reckoned little short of a crime that a needlessly large proportion of the population is defenceless through no fault of their own. The ultimate outcome of a native insurrection would never be a moment in doubt; but it is dreadful to think of the blood that might flow before a wholesome check could be administered.

The Government must be on the *qui vive*. They should have a first-class system of intelligence—not magistrates, police officers, and sub-native commissioners—but men who are in touch with the natives, who can find out what is going on and watch developments. Such men are to be had if they are sought.

What other steps should be taken, either to allay the general unrest, or to cope with it should that unrest reach a climax, is a question of statesmanship, and statesmanship based on colonial experience.

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A more efficient state of preparedness is imperative. In that alone lies the safety of the country, for the natives discontented as they may be, will hesitate long in attacking a watchful and ready foe. The time they will choose, unless their grievances be in the meantime mitigated, and their minds set at rest, will be the time when the British sleep.

J. Benson Knowles.

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THE COMING POWER

LET it be said at once and so get it quickly over, that what is here meant by the coming power is the coming voting power of women. To say that is but to pass boldly by the fearsome phantom which ever holds illusory guard between the shadows and the light. Let us leave the tangled forest of obstruction, and pass on.

It is the point at which we must part with the man of muscle and might, the hero of many a single-handed fight. We thank him for past favours conferred upon himself; we admire his courage, his self-confidence, his conquests, his strength; all the glories of his glorious days: we see all that and we appreciate it. But we cannot keep him for ever for himself, nor can we suffer him to undertake so much. For after all it is *we* who are the mothers and the housekeepers of the State; it is *we* who are for ever up-building, re-making, preserving, repairing the waste of the makers of millions and empires, the wasteful ways of their making.

In addition to the presentment of a great god of battles it has taken us women two thousand years to overcome the fashionable prejudices of a certain man whose name was Paul. The Master stood for the elevation of women; Paul and Paul's times required their subjection. It was Paul who won. The victory would have been assured and easy anywhere. But there? and in those times? . . . We can see the haughty stare of disapproval with which the dominant male must have

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received certain indications of the Saviour's mind. We can imagine the blank look of incredulity which must have greeted the Master's subtle introduction of an equal standard of morality; the distrust, the rage, the hatred which must have pulsed through the multitude as it assimilated the daring challenge: "He that is without sin amongst you let him first cast a stone at her."

The victory of the nature of man over the divine nature of the Saviour was absolute. The magnetism of His personal influence once removed Paul did the diplomatic thing; he conformed to the popular policy and preached the subjection of women. Possibly he thought to strengthen his cause by so doing. We see now that it was the greatest mistake in the world to attempt to elevate humanity by making one half of it subordinate to the other. The effect was to encourage all that was least Christ-like in man and to lower the standard of life for women. It is a consolation to know that if there are still women in the world who can read of the abasement of their sex without distaste, their standpoint is one which will not be accepted by future generations. It was perhaps this tendency of former days to lean more upon dogma than upon the spirit of the Christ-life which led many women, otherwise pious and good, to obstruct the progress of the free woman; little suspecting that they were thus postponing a sane interpretation of the Saviour's designs for humanity. For it is only since the responsible influence of women began to make itself felt in responsible ways that we have become conscious of a universal striving after the Spirit of the Christian Creed. We feel it in the decay of the cult of war. We recognise it in the growth of the principle of Socialism—the Socialism, we mean, which pervades the soul of the people, not necessarily that which obtains within a party or faction. There are other indications of the Socialistic spirit pervading our midst; but the impetus of those two forces alone seems to be carrying us further and further from the limitations of man, nearer and nearer to the ideals of the Lord.

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It is here that we begin to ask ourselves what the coming voting power of women really means. To us it seems to mean more than a mere tardy act of justice to the mothers and housekeepers of the State. It seems to us to herald the fulfilment of the Law—the Natural Law—which, according to some scientists, makes the female sex the beginning: makes woman, in short, not merely typify the race, but *be* the race.

Let us, however, return to modern days, the days of some sixty years or so ago.

It was a mere handful of women who first thrust aside the veil. The status of women had then reached its lowest ebb. Gradually they had been jockeyed out of every power, every right they had ever had. The State was motherless. The housekeeper was despised. She was not looked upon as the indispensable administrator of the home, but as a chattel of the man's house. The mother was not cosseted, educated, trained as an invaluable asset of the State, she was just tolerated as a plaything or neglected as a drudge—according to requirements. Her efforts to raise herself from the abyss towards which she was tending were hampered in all their stages by composite hostile forces. In 1849 the first woman's college was founded, to be followed at extremely respectable distances by others. Then the sap began to stir; almost immediately it became apparent that women were over-ripe for instruction. When that is the case education generally leads to something. The education of women led upwards and onwards through many failures, through some successes to the developments noticed during the last twenty years; these, in their turn, became largely responsible for the amazing electoral turnover of 1906. It was at this date that the Conservative party became aware that there really was a woman's movement.

It is surely the curse of the Conservative Party, so much to be admired in other ways, that it is so often fated to be taken by surprise at the success of enterprises which do not seem to it to be of great importance. The success of the Labour

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Party at the polls, the totally unexpected power of the women's organisations, are cases in point. It seems natural to link these two successes in this manner because they are inevitably connected with each other. It is indeed the open friendliness of the Labour Party to the claims of women which has given these last their final impetus. Conservatives, we feel sure, can never have been so surprised in their lives. "All this," some of the more belated ones must certainly have exclaimed, "all this carries with it a preposterous echo of Hyde Park palings. Why! Good God, sir! the combination spells Revolution!"

It is unnecessary here to enter into the various phases of the Woman's Movement; to show how it has, with a very few notable and comparatively recent accessions, emanated exclusively from middle class centres; to show the different methods whereby the women who engineered it have managed to capture the men of the Liberal, Radical and Labour parties; to show how they have contrived to cram the House of Commons with their supporters; to show how in their own minds they have divided the wheat from the tares: the essential point is that they have done these things, and in view of the coming voting power of women they assume an arresting importance. For it seems to us that the brains of the country (the female brains, if you please) have ranged themselves on the Liberal, Radical and Labour side. It is apparent also that the woman's vote will be a valuable asset to the side which pushes along—or tries to. But that is not all, nor would it so much matter if it were all. Votes are mere shuttlecocks at the best of times: votes are for the masses, brains are to the few. It is the few, who having achieved results, take the high places resultant from the vote. Who can stop them? Who should? It is brains, therefore, that it is not so easy to heave from one side to the other.

Why, then, have these comfortable gentlemen who talk so much about revolution, why have they during the last ten years by three specially arbitrary and capricious legislative acts,

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driven the brains of the country over to the side from whence revolution comes? Time was (I remember it well) when men argued that it would never do to enfranchise women, because they would all vote Conservative and *that* would destroy the balance of parties! But in those days it had not occurred to anybody, especially not to comfortable gentlemen, that by the time women obtained the vote they would have learned to use it, not in the interests of Conservative men alone, nor in the interests of Liberal men alone—but in the interests of women *tout court*. No one had reflected, in short, that whilst men were dallying with justice, women would be taking lessons in self-protection; incidentally that they would be learning the art of government, that they would be not merely over-ripe for the vote, but quite ready also for active participation.

But will Conservative women (the mass of Conservative women) will they, when they find themselves enfranchised, vote for the interests of women *tout court*, which include of course, the interests of children? This seems to us to open up a most interesting field for speculation. For if they do, they may, and they probably will, strengthen the Radical side as against their own; and if they do not, they will at once come into collision with the Party which has pushed along and will so create automatically two opposing camps. For it is Liberal, not Conservative women, who have taken the trouble to ascertain what women want; which requirements do not always run on all fours with Conservative systems of government. Which of these two opposing camps is likely to win in a contest of brains? The side which has transformed those first few despised whispers into the living, palpitating force of to-day, or the side which is now being whipped to attention under the goad of unaccustomed masters? For the Labour man now surveys the women of what used to be called the "governing class" with an air of half-amused, half-cynical patronage, *He* is for equality. "Come on, my lady Clare," he says, "we'll see you get your rights with Martha here and Jane."

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It is a situation which could so easily have been avoided. It only needed a little sympathetic insight on the part of those men and those women whose special privilege it was to have effective sympathy to offer. It was, perhaps, difficult for ancestral types of men, obsessed as they have always been by the demon of physical force, to keep themselves keenly alive to necessities and requirements which could not obtrude themselves upon their notice in the shape of blows and damaged park palings. But their women? Why was it not possible for their women, who did the mothering and housekeeping of their estates under the Feudal System so excellently well, why was it not possible for them to emerge from this crumbling fortress at the necessary time, to remain mothers and housekeepers, but mothers and housekeepers translated into the service of the State? Had they done so, we think they might have remained leaders instead of being, as now, amongst the led; we think they might have given the aristocratic order a new lease of effective life. It seems possible that these women, who of necessity contain within their own order some of the best material, the best controlling force in the country, would have obtained their own enfranchisement long ago. Enfranchisement and expert knowledge combined would have gained for women and children reforms necessary for their protection and the protection of the State, and they would now be wielding power wisely and gradually, which at a time when so many classes of women are over-ripe for the vote, may never again be so wisely and gradually wielded.

As to the question *why* they did not aim at maintaining pride of place under changing conditions, it would be necessary to enter into the history of their training, tradition, economic position, surrounding influences and prejudices to find an answer to that. We could hurl a whole volume of indictment at the heads of men for their culpable compression and waste of these women, their wanton waste of this the best material in the country. We could upbraid them for the vain folly of aspiring to do the work of women instead of remaining content

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to do the work of men. But it would be superfluous. These things are rapidly passing away from masculine direction: we are confronted with women working out salvation for themselves; we are conscious of a new spirit entering into schemes for futurity, a spirit which is entirely hostile to conventional bogeyisms.

A point for serious reflection is that the women of the aristocratic class stand alone as the only body of women who are not working out salvation for themselves.

We turn to them inquiringly. We find some of them still unconscious of this great and sane development; some of them feebly resenting it; many scoffing at it; some coming helplessly in at the tail of it. The whole conveys a deplorable impression of futility: for these women of the governing class, who must surely still possess the germs of the governing instinct, have shown themselves incapable either of effective assistance or effective resistance.

It looks as though with the final overthrow of the Feudal System feudal women subsided into a more or less general condition of apathetic surrender of the principles which formerly justified their dominion. There entered into them the demons of sloth, self-indulgence, luxury. They lost interest in their people, in themselves. They abdicated pride of place. Spasmodically they continued, it is true, to do many gracious acts, but also they did many things which were not so gracious. Of all the ungracious things they ever did, however, the most impolitic, the most unwise, the most unwomanly was to shriek at the "shrieking sisterhood." For the "shrieking sisterhood" has justified its shrieks and made of theirs an empty babble of idiot sounds. It is much to be feared, and a thing much to be deplored if it be so, that women of the aristocratic class have lost the confidence and the love of the striving masses of women.

For the last twenty years Liberal women have been patiently digging and trenching in hopeful anticipation of the harvest. It is this magnificent spade work which has arrested

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the attention and commanded the respect of the men of their side. It is the earnestness of their purpose, the purity of their aims which is reviving a long-forgotten reliance on the mother and the housekeeper; faith in her instinctive wisdom, appreciation of her practice of thrift. Man, encumbered with his assumption of feminine attributes pauses oppressed, irresolute; he seeks for relief: he welcomes and responds to an appeal to his reason, learns to honour woman for her womanliness, ceases to persecute her for her sex.

It is in the year 1906, when we turn from the obsequies of the era of physical force to greet the advancing Spirit of the Christian Creed, that we discover Man making an honest effort, for the first time, to accept his help-meet.

LUCY GARDNER PAGET.

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A LEAF FROM THE ADMIRALTY

LYING beside me as I write is a yellowed sheet of paper, closely written in a clerkly hand. It looks a slight bit of flotsam to have drifted down the unreturning current of time, yet the unfolding of it suffices to build anew old walls and set ancient ships once more in line of battle. The document is concerned with the claims of twenty soldiers of Captain Barton's company, who had served in his Majesty's ship *Antelope*, and who clearly had not been paid their due. It is to be hoped that they received their money, as this paper commands; but, whether or no, Captain Barton and his men "home have gone and ta'en their wages" these two hundred years and more, and his Majesty's ship *Antelope* sails no more the narrow seas. Derby House itself, whence this order went forth—its stately halls and fair gardens are but shadows, trodden by shades; and the men whose names are written here have left signatures, bold or faltering, on a larger page and, their work at the Admiralty being done, have

Launched forth upon an undiscovered sea.

More than twice a hundred years have darkened the paper and dimmed the ink of the stray record beside me, and yet how vital and significant a group is called out of the past by the chance linking of names! Looking at it, one may look no less on the world out of which it came, on the men who set quill to paper on behalf of twenty soldiers of Captain Barton's company, on that 31st day of January in the year 1678.

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There are five names in all—the first is a strongly marked signature, with a half-foreign twist to the first and last letters —Rupert, P. Below it, in curious contrast, a tangle of slender lines falls into shape as Monmouth; Latimer, Anglesey, and G. Carteret complete the group. Out of the encroaching dimness look the faces which bent for a long-ago moment over the paper. Derby House stands again for an hour as it stood in the time of the second Charles, a building redeemed to loyal service after many vicissitudes in the days of the Civil War, when the Derby House Committee swayed the fortunes and suggested the movements of the Parliamentary army. Within these walls John Pym, "the Commons King," had held state in death, and from Derby House had gone forth many a letter over which Cromwell bent rugged brows. It is not the place alone which has turned from rebellious uses; for Arthur Annesley, Earl of Anglesey, though now he writes his name beside Rupert and Carteret, yet did his part as surely as Pym's self to doom the Earl of Strafford, the great "Protomartyr" of the Royalists, did it, doubtless, in bitter remembrance of what his father, Viscount Mountnorris, had suffered at Strafford's hands. But Annesley, wise in time, turned with the turning tide, and welcomed Charles II. back to his own, so his work as a Parliament man must be duly forgotten. Anglesey and Latimer do not hold their own to the mind's eye, and even George Carteret falls into the background beside the others in the far-away scene.

The others—they have been limned for us by so many a hand and not on canvas alone, though therein Van Dyck and Lely have done their part. From the sweeping line of Clarendon and Dryden's superb brush-stroke to the biting acid of de Grammont and the captious scribbling of Samuel Pepys—they have been depicted by many artists and in many moods. And out of these conflicting records they emerge with a vividness altogether convincing; or does the document itself bear some impress of a long past moment, some hint of what befell on the day it was glanced at and signed?

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What if, instead of comparing historian with poet, or setting the eulogies of Evelyn to counterbalance the sneers of Pepys, one should yield to the mood roused by this actual fragment of the past, and seek to look in on the chamber in Derby House, in which, so at least fancy may decide, five high personages are discussing graver matters than the wages of Barton's company?

The room, then, looks garden-ward, towards the Thames, and the Lord High Admiral of England, having signed and flung down the quill, stands gazing out to the river, and in his reverie, it may be, looking on the shipping at its mouth. Prince Rupert, *mon Cousin*, as the Court calls him in mimicry of the King, wears no unclouded brow in these days of intrigue at home and doubtful alliance on the seas; his sombre eyes and sardonic lips confess to the bitterness with which he looks on his kinsman's Court, on the triumph of that cause to which he has given a life's allegiance. Small wonder that the sight of Rupert's tall figure and worn and haughty countenance brings dismay at times at Derby House as at Whitehall. But there is one at least who does not fear him, and that is the beautiful youth seated at the heavy table, trifling with his quill, forgetful of the business in hand. Monmouth is in the flush of his young comeliness, with his wistful eyes and lips alternately languorous and petulant. He is in the heyday, no less, of his martial achievements: his campaign in the Low Countries, whither Charles had despatched 6000 men to serve in alliance with the French, won golden opinions for the young leader, opinions to be confirmed by that daring attack on the trenches and ramparts of Maestricht which is to win him Louis' diamond-hilted sword and the dearer praise of Turenne. Perhaps it is his early valour—valour to be so shamefully quenched in the dark years to come—which has roused in Prince Rupert a "great reality of affection" towards his young kinsman. Or it may be that Monmouth's ardent Protestantism wakens memories in the older man's mind of the far-away time when he himself, in the brilliance of his early youth, suffered three years of imprisonment for his Protestant

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faith. The zeal of the "Protestant Duke" has not been so harshly tested, it is true, though it serves to make him a popular idol and a dangerous rival—despite his bâton sinister—to James of York.

One is moved to wonder whether his Highness Prince Rupert, whose probing glance spares few at his cousin's Court, discerns the weakness of the youth beside him, whether he is fain to save that wayward and hesitant spirit from the snares which he can so well understand. For just at this moment, it so chances, fortune being as freakish as even his Majesty King Charles, that popular enthusiasm is singling out Rupert's self as the hero of the hour, fired by his naval exploits and his dangerously outspoken distrust of the French alliance. Never a man so little fitted to take advantage of the favouring wind as my Lord Admiral, skilled though he may be in seamanship. Monmouth may be thinking as much as he glances side-wise at the tall figure and disdainful face; has he not heard delicate implications concerning the Prince's impracticability uttered by the Earl of Shaftesbury, who is by way of being the ally of both? Assuredly, however, the young Duke will venture no such comment to Rupert's self, for though the years have brought about a cynic tolerance in the fiery leader of long ago, yet his Highness can at times flash from his indifference into an anger which no man cares to brave. The King himself, who can smile away most difficulties, takes care, when his cousin is in his formidable mood, to "sweeten him by letter all he can" before a personal encounter. And none cares to put before the Prince in plain words the chances of power which he is letting slip for sake of a scruple of loyalty sadly out of date. So his Highness will dismiss the plaudits of the London crowds as scornfully as he dismissed their curses in the days of the Civil War, when citizen and 'prentice wrought at their barricades in hourly terror of Rupert's onset, and no name was so hated as that of the invincible young chief who led the Royalist cavalry charge.

These old days are far enough in the past, though three of

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the men gathered here have reason to remember them. Only Monmouth, with his deep intrigues, his light amours, is wholly and happily of the present—King's bastard at a Court where bastardy is the fashion. He will not linger in the precincts of Derby House, whether he be summoned away to a masque at the Court, to a meeting of malcontents at Thanet House, or perchance, to an astrological conference with my Lord of Buckingham, since both these errant spirits love to hold their stars responsible for their fates. So Monmouth saunters out of the picture and in due time his gorgeous barge shoots across the water. His Highness from where he leans by the casement can see the flash of colour, though it is too far for even his eye—famed once for its keenness—to make out the emblazoned escutcheon—the Royal arms are crossed by the *bâton sinister argent*, since Pepys and other onlookers commented earlier on the absence of any mark of illegitimacy on Monmouth's sumptuous quarterings.

His Grace having departed, there is a chance for Sir George Carteret to step forward. There is, or should be, much in common between him and the Prince, though Rupert in his embittered seclusion pays scant honour to old-time ties, unless his former comrade be on the brink of starvation or a debtor's prison, in which case his Highness has a long memory, inconveniently long, thinks his cousin the King. Worthy Sir George is in no such uncomfortable plight; he has thriven since the days when he upheld his King's cause as Lieutenant Governor of Jersey, and incidentally did a good deal of what the Roundheads termed piracy. The Prince certainly should have a fellow-feeling for Sir George on this point, for he himself has not always been undisputed Lord High Admiral, with an Admiralty behind him, to say nothing of a fleet. In those stormy days of the Civil War and the Commonwealth, when Carteret was entertaining the Prince of Wales' vagabond Court at Jersey, was fortifying Castle Cornet, Elizabeth Castle and Mont Orgeuil, and harrying the Puritans with his privateers, Rupert, his cavalry charges being ended and the Standard of

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his King laid low, set out on his adventurous career on the high seas. Sir George may look back with satisfaction on those years when the island rock of Jersey was the only refuge England could afford to her fugitive King, when in his little Court of Elizabeth Castle Charles II. issued his maiden proclamation and claimed his inheritance; where he held such pathetic pageantries as his threadbare state allowed, touched for the King's evil, bestowed honours and estates often nominal enough, and indulged in love-affairs which could not be so characterised.

The Carterets were great folk in the annals of the island; there is a picturesque glimpse of Sir Philip of St. Ouens riding out girth deep into the sea to welcome his King and thus fulfil the terms of his feudal tenure—and Sir George, in alliance with the reefs and currents round his home, proved himself indeed a stay to his sovereign. When his Most Sacred Majesty quitted Jersey he left a silver mace as a memorial to his loyal subjects there—one surmises the precious metal may have been furnished by one of Carteret's cruisers—and he endowed Sir George with "a certain island and adjacent islets near Virginia in America, in perpetual inheritance." The geography of the grant appears a trifle vague, but in the event New Jersey came into being, and the Carterets met overseas with some of the problems incident to an estate developing into something like a kingdom. Yes, Sir George has prospered, and even Pepys allows him to be an honest man and a bold, though so deplorably ignorant that he does not know the meaning of S.P.Q.R., "which ignorance I do take to be disgraceful in a privy councillor what a school-boy would be whipped for not knowing."

Carteret exercised his piracy and his colonial enterprise without wandering far from the painted cliffs of Jersey, or in these later peaceful days from London town. Prince Rupert looks back on a wider course and across stormier seas. In this England of the Restoration the Prince is little at home, though he accepts the recovered ease and pomp of life with a

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certain sardonic satisfaction. Like his cousin he has no great desire to set forth again on his travels, but unlike his cousin holds certain antiquated ideals and scruples dearer than the peace of Windsor or the splendour of Whitehall. For the most part in the glittering pageant of court life, Rupert is visible, but in passing, a rebuking shadow of older and noble days. And since shadows cannot rule the destinies of their time, his Highness pays the penalty of his disdain, and other often lesser men wield the power he lets slip. Shaftesbury, the many-masked Buckingham, gallantest of all mountebanks who ever took the world for his booth, these and their likes sway the fortunes of Court and cabal, while the man loved by the people and trusted even by the trustless King, lifts his eyebrows and draws back among his memories. "Prince Rupert do nothing but laugh a little, with an oath now and then," observes Pepys, that shrewd observer of the outside of things, who could certainly not be expected to detect bitterness in the laughter. True it is that in these bewildering days there is no place for that service, sharp and sure as steel, which the young General of the Horse rendered to the first Charles. Fitly to serve King Charles the Second a man should discard not a few of the intractable opinions and nice points of honour which went not amiss with loyalty to his father. Rupert is all Protestant, and King Charles—well, there are strange rumours abroad concerning his Majesty's faith, while James of York is an avowed Papist. And the secret treaty of Dover is but two years back, the dishonouring alliance with France is a present danger. To serve the King and the Protestant faith together requires the flexible skill and no less flexible honour of Anthony Ashley Cooper, and his Highness' views on such policy are as uncompromising as when in his vehement youth he over-rode the King's councillors at Christ Church, in loyal Oxford. So he plays with his chemical experiments and his engraving in the great round tower at Windsor, enforces fair dealing with the Indians in his capacity as Governor of the Hudson Bay Company—he is a careless

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man of business, his colleagues find, though keenly interested in the wide lands overseas which are being wrested from the hold of the great Louis—and leaves the game of politics to other hands. It is not easy, studying the face with its disdainful reserves—beautiful still, though so changed from the countenance recorded by Sir Anthony Van Dyck—to read the inner meaning of that withdrawal, to divine whether the Prince stands aside resentfully, in the grip of a twofold and irreconcilable allegiance, or has accepted his spectator's part in mere indifferent scorn of the game, its players and its prizes. In either case he is altered from his early impetuous self, and those half forgotten ardours only flash out when there is battle on the sea. Then, when "his loud guns speak thick like angry men," Rupert can forget the thing he fights for in the joy of the fight.

Rupert, the cavalry leader, learned his seamanship in a strange but very efficient manner, by taking command of the few ships which revolted from the Parliament and went over to Prince Charles not long before the death of the King. A forlorn little fleet it was, with ill-found, unseaworthy vessels, and sailors seldom well paid or fed and often mutinous, and the Prince, even by the testimony of Hyde, his stubborn enemy, acquitted himself gallantly in the charge which none other was bold enough to undertake.

The sea has not many sadder or more stirring tales to tell than that of the tiny navy with which the Lord High Admiral of England upheld the standard of the King. Across these quieter days of peace or of ordered warfare, across the documents of Derby House, must come sometimes flashing, stinging memories of those uncharted days. Lingering by the storm-swept Irish coast in the vain hope of joining hands with Ormond, till the word of the King's death ended striving for the moment, baffling the Parliament fleet which hemmed him in, so Rupert, with Maurice his brother, swung his ships out to the high seas. Years followed of desperate and futile daring, unless, indeed, the Prince could have found reward for

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his efforts in the fact that his prizes and their cargoes helped to keep alive Charles and his Court, cheerfully starving and intermittently revelling at the Hague. But Rupert's dream was of gathering force enough to hurl against the squadrons of Blake, backed, as they were, by a rebel England, and that dream, like many another, was unfulfilled. Skirmishing with the ships of the Parliament, skirting the hostile coasts of Spain, and finding shelter in the friendly harbours of Portugal, wheeling, attacking, evading like any sea birds, it was a restless course which was held by the royal wanderers. Admirals of England in the eyes of the loyalists, they were the frankest of pirates to any ship which they might encounter flying the flag of the Commonwealth or any country friendly to that usurping Government. Ships of Powers favourable to Charles II. were in theory and usually in practice strictly respected, and the privateering admiral was true to a sort of irregular justice in dealing with his captives. The present unchallenged Admiral of England has no acts of cruelty to recall and repent when he looks back to those freebooting days of his. For the rest, far sailing by strange shores, a glimpse of Africa; then the palm-plumed Islands of the West Indies, set between sky and sea of burning blue; captured cargoes of spice and ivory; the flight of poisoned arrows, snatched hours of peace in island harbours —bright, broken memories those, "scenting of rich gums" from the tropic distances. But there were other and darker recollections of hardship, almost starvation, of purposeless beating by hostile shores, of the welter of tropic storms which snatched brother and comrades from Rupert's side, of final frustration when, broken in strength and hope, the Prince returned from his venturings to a King still in exile.

At least in this England of the restored King his Highness is no longer expected to uphold the cause, as a poet of his time phrased it, with

> A fleet of shattered hulls and shivered sails.

The King is Stuart enough to love his navy, and he really spends what he can upon it when he has met unavoidable

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expenses, such as the jewels of the Duchess of Cleveland and Louise de Querouaille, and the last whimsy of Nell Gwynn. It is true even now the sailors are not always decently fed or armed, and the ships are sometimes "crank-sided"; still, the King occasionally visits Woolwich himself and puts matters to rights by personal inspection, especially when Rupert, roused from his ironic indifference for sake of his men, bears down on his cousin with uncourtly candour of admonition. "The Prince storms exceedingly," smile the courtiers, who do not understand such disproportionate heat of temper. There is too often good reason for his Highness to storm, for the naval department is mined through with peculation and corruption. The inner history of the Admiralty and its work forms no pleasant reading; yet across the records of bribery and sloth, of petty rivalries between the followers of Rupert and James of York, breaks the superb clangour of the great sea-fights which Dryden has celebrated in his resounding verse.

Off Lowestoft and on the Texel in 1665, again in 1666, when for four endless days the fleets grappled on the Downs. Rupert took up the unfinished work of Blake, the Admiral of the Parliament, in his conflicts with the Dutch. Blake had Cromwell behind him, and Rupert had Charles II.; and though the Prince's traditions of loyalty would have forbidden him to draw the parallel, he must often have been tempted thereto. The fellow Admirals, with whom Prince Rupert shared a sufficiently thankless task, might stand as no inapt types of that age of complexity and reaction; James of York, bigot and profligate, his valour as yet unflawed by the fatal weakness which, in his days of kingship, was to make him fly from England and turn bridle at Boyne Water; George Monck, Duke of Albemarle, twice-turned traitor and the restorer of the King—these were strange brothers in arms for the man who had never swerved from his course nor forsaken his cause. Yet neither James nor Monck lacked qualities of seamanship, and afloat on the narrow seas they displayed the best of their stronger selves. And in the list of those who fought beneath

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their banners we find many a name that rings trumpet-wise. There is Holmes, rescued by Rupert long since from under the musketry fire by a French stream side, and gaining equivocal renown by his gallantry in fight and by his raids on the Guinea coast; Holles and Spragge; Ossory, worthy son of the noble Ormond; Captain Legge, son of "Honest Will," the Prince's life-long comrade. Brave names all, and bravely borne. Whatever folly and weakness might do at home, English valour acquitted itself well in the hour of conflict. "We learned," wrote de Witt, the Dutch statesman, "that Englishmen might be killed and English ships burned, but that English courage was invincible." Very significant, too, is the comment of an eye-witness: "Their front is perfect, and thus an enemy who comes near them has to undergo their whole fire—they fight like a line of cavalry."

Like a line of cavalry—not in vain had Rupert trained and led his terrible Horse on the fields of the Civil War; not in vain had he skirmished with his forlorn hope of three ships against the embattled power of the Commonwealth. The time was to come when he and Monck, the cavalry leaders, were to meet, and more than once to worst Van Tromp and de Ruyter, descendants of a line of sailors, on the battle-ground of the sea.

Dimly out of the past those struggles show for a moment the mortal purpose of war masked in them by irrelevant splendour; the carved and gilded *Neptune* and the enwrought laurel wreath of the *Royal Sovereign* holding the eye in passing from the belching guns. Magnificent the array of those old warships with towering poop and prow, slanting perilously under the press of sail, marshalled in order, crescent-wise, sometimes, as Dryden knows, for does he not tell of the dispersal of the Dutch fleet in the battle of June 1666:

> Still hotly plied as when the fight begun,
> Their huge unwieldy navies melt away;
> So sicken waning moons too near the sun,
> And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

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Somehow the fine, lawless metaphor serves better than much naval history to flash out the picture of the encounter, the fierce, balancing pause while ship locked with ship and muzzle fronted gun muzzle, and the disarray of the broken and yielding line, blunted, indeed, on the edge of the English advance.

It is all a vague dream-picture, it may be, but I am trying to see pictures and deliberately put aside the detailed narratives of those fights which could so easily tempt the reader into long dwelling on the struggles and achievement of one who has never been accorded his true place among England's "Admirals All." The far reverberant memory of Rupert's cavalry charges has drowned the echo of his guns at sea, and yet the Admiral who defended England's coasts from the Dutch and attacked the enemy among their own sand-flats deserved remembrance no less than the leader who taught to friend and foe in the Civil War the lesson of his resistless charge.

Time moves quickly at the Court of the Restoration, and already the fights of '65 and '66 are ancient history, like the Plague and the Fire of London. The new Dutch War is unpopular with the nation, and the French allies are distrusted. The Prince shares both sentiments, nor is his work made easier by the jealous hostility of the adherents of James of York, now an avowed Papist, and incapacitated by the Test Act from public service. The Admiralty has witnessed stormy scenes of late, and Rupert has not scrupled to declare that he will never thrive at sea till some have been hanged on land. If his Highness could foresee what this year of 1673 is to bring forth, he would find his bitterest forebodings justified. For the summer is to witness a grim and tenacious struggle, made brilliant by acts of individual heroism, in which the ill-equipment of the English and the treacherous supineness of the French is to snatch from the Admiral the prize of a complete victory. "The Prince performed wonders, though his vessel fetched so much water that the lower tier of guns could not be used" is to be the report of an onlooker. Such is the outcome of the

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policy of the Cabal and of the King's adroit fashion of tying the hands of those who serve him.

In January 1673, all that is still unknown, nor can any forecast the last sea-fight of August 7, which is to end the war and to be the last of Rupert's battles. "An engagement very close and bloody" it is to be, a day of treachery and doubtful issue, and yet in its display of superb valour no unfitting close to the Prince's many strivings. It is a worthy last glimpse of Rupert as Admiral, which shall show him steering between the enemy and his own disabled ships, bearing the brunt of onset and turning utter defeat into all but victory.

So far the name and date on a bit of paper can carry the fancy, away from the quiet room in Derby House, out to the unquiet waters and "sea-built forts" which reel in the reeling air and show through the smoke faint flashes of colour from their defiant flags, gleams of gilding dimmed and riven by conflict. Yet this single sheet draws together suggestions of wider seas and coasts more remote than those where Dutch and English grapple for the mastery. Monmouth's journeyings shall lead him to the steps of a throne, to the shameful rout of Sedgemoor and to the atonement of Tower Hill, leaving a pathetic memory of his banner of blue to haunt the West Country which loved him. Prince Rupert, baffled in his service in England to England's King, could scarce have guessed to what other ampler lands he opened the way when he won from Charles the charter for the Company of Merchant Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay. The name, which had rung as rallying call in so many a futile struggle for a fore-doomed cause, was stamped peacefully and deep on virgin soil—and Canada still holds the record in Rupert's Land. And Carteret, what of his colony over-seas, with its constitution influenced by Shaftesbury's astute brain, its Quaker life, akin to that in Penn's territory of brotherly love, its widening lands obtained from James of York, its name given in honour of the island of Jersey, which offered sanctuary to a King amid its cliffs and currents? Truly, from the narrow seas and the

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white headlands of England, the trackless snows of Canada, the feudal fastness of the old Jersey, and the growing life and liberties of the new, from battle-field and council-chamber and prison, come the memories evoked by this wandering leaf.

It is time to take up the paper and have done with the dream. As for Derby House by the river—perhaps the King will come sauntering thither from the Sun Dial Lawn at Whitehall. At which prospect the King's cousin smiles cynically. His Majesty hath never money to waste, so 'tis as well that before he come Captain Barton and his twenty men should be assured of their dues. At all rates the paper is signed.

DORA GREENWELL MCCHESNEY.

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HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE OLD?

> Dr. Johnson: What, sir, would you know what it is to feel the evils of old age? Would you have the gout? would you have decrepitude?

WHEN I was young that question was one which oftentimes came upon me. It is a long time since, and I am of opinion now that in those days respect and even a kind of veneration for the old was by no means uncommon among the youth who were young when the nineteenth century had not long begun its marvellous career; but I speak not for others, I shall only attempt to express, *more meo*, my own youthful feeling towards old age. I confess at once that it was a feeling of profound veneration. It seemed to me that an old man must in the course of his life have gone through most of the experiences which for me were yet to come; therefore, that he *knew* what I could only speculate on with doubt and uncertainty, and so he was entitled to my respect.

The following oft-quoted lines do not favour my assumption that veneration for the old was more common in the old days than it is to-day:

> Young men *think* old men are fools;
> But old men *know* young men are fools.—Chapman.

That is a sweeping assertion, not altogether true at any time;

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but now that I have passed through the experience of a long life the impression has forced itself upon me that there is a growing truthfulness in the double assertion. Homer, in the Trojan Wars, puts into the mouth of the goddess of wisdom this saying: "The young men of this age generally believe themselves to be better men than their fathers or than any of their ancestors." Being old, and remembering that I once was young, I do not desire to speak disrespectfully of the present generation of young people, but I will venture to say that this saying of the ancient goddess is quite borne out nowadays, and doubtless has been through all the generations; it is only when the young grow old that they discover its truthfulness. There are vast numbers of young people of both sexes who mistake self-conceit for wisdom and self-reliance. They have no regard for those who have grown old in another order of things; they look on old people as a set of fogies to be tolerated, but whose opinions are to be contemptuously disregarded; they only realise their own foolishness when they become old; then, in their turn, they look back on their own youthful conceit with proper contempt. Dryden truly says:

Men are but children of a larger growth.

Time's Footsteps.

What are the stages of life in which one can physically trace the insidious footsteps of Father Time? When one is tolerably free from bodily ailments life's progress glides on from day to day, from year to year, imperceptibly. In our infancy all is brightness, cheerfulness, and hope. The spring is the youth of the year, "its flowers are the flowers of promise and the darlings of poetry." Autumn is the youth of old age; it too has its flowers, but they remind us too much of the sere and yellow leaf and the near approach of "change and decay," and the winter of senile apathy.

Years rush by us [says Sir Walter Scott] like the wind; we see not where the eddy comes nor whitherward it is tending, and we seem ourselves to witness

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their flight, without a sense that we are changed; and yet time is beguiling man of his strength, as the winds rob the woods of their foliage.

"Our ancestors," says Malone, "considered men as old whom we now esteem as middle-aged. Every man who had passed fifty seems to have been accounted an old man."

Sight—Spectacles.

In a very early stage of one's pilgrimage one is surprised to notice just a few white hairs conspicuous among the dark brown. Year by year they steadily increase, but one regards them as nought; for we fancy, and believe ourselves to be, as lithe and as active as we ever were, and as equal as ever to all kinds of vigorous exertion. Life marches on, and perhaps the first time we feel ourselves really pulled up, we, amazed, cry out, "What can be the meaning of this?" How is it that we cannot read this very small diamond print? We, who had always prided ourselves on our long sight as well as short sight. There is surely something wrong, not with our eyes of course, but with the light; some defect in the gas or lighting of the room; a slight mist, which prevents our seeing this very small print. We inquire. We are assured there is really nothing wrong with the gas or the light; and at last we are driven back to the conclusion that the defect must be in our eyesight! Then it was that, at about two-thirds of the way on life's long journey, spectacles had to come in to repair the ravages. Long-distance sight apparently as good as ever; later on came a time when one pair of spectacles was needed for distant sight, and another pair for reading or writing. That was a stage distinctly marked and acutely felt. No longer could we walk through a picture-gallery with any sense of pleasure. The near-sight glasses were too near, and the distance glass looked too far away; it was found difficult to get the pictures into a proper focus for the eye. That was a distinct deprivation; and yet we found it difficult to accept the fact that we were growing old! The truth really must be

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that we do not "see ourselves as others see us!" We fancy ourselves to be still young and gay, whilst young folk see us from a totally different standpoint. It is a curious fact that the other day only, when there can no longer be a question about our *growing* old, seeing that we *are* old beyond all discussion, we found we could discern objects in the far distance—the time on a church-clock tower for example—far more distinctly by looking over the top of our long-distance glasses than by looking through them.

Hearing.

Up to the time of this present writing we have no consciousness of any diminution in the sense of hearing, though many people seem to have assumed that we *ought* to be, and therefore that we *must* be, deaf, and accordingly shout in our ears in a very unnecessary way. Mine ears, I think, have hitherto performed their natural functions with satisfaction to myself. If one's ears were to be taken as a test of youth or age we would be pleased to fancy ourselves still on the very youthful side of old age.

Memory.

Ah! here one's self-confidence is apt to break down! If one could, as Hamlet says:

> From the table of our memory wipe away all trivial vain records,

it would in one's old age leave a little room still for making a more permanent record of things and names and events, and persons as they duly present themselves to us, but which have now such a sad way of escaping. It is, doubtless, owing to the fact that during the lapse of many years "the table of one's memory" has become so overladen with "trivial vain records" that there is no room left for further records; and consequently one reads a fascinating novel, for instance, with much satisfaction; and for a day or two afterwards one could remember

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all the characters, plot, and events, heroes and heroines—then they gradually fade away; there is no room on the tablet to hold them permanently. Such forgetfulness would be of small moment, or, indeed, a blessing; but when one forgets and cannot in any reasonable time recall the name of an intimate friend with whom we dined only a week ago, and we suddenly meet him, it becomes really embarrassing—such things are convincing proofs that old age is upon us.

This lack of memory, however, is not peculiar to old age. Dr. Johnson gives us this consolation:

> If a young or middle-aged man, leaving a company, does not recollect where he laid his hat, it is nothing; but if this same inattention is discovered in an old man, people will shrug up their shoulders and say, "His memory is going."

Sleep and Sleeplessness.

"Now blessings light on him that first invented sleep," says Sancho Panza. I am not one of those "sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights." I am a bad sleeper. I sometimes comfort myself with the reflection that the older one grows the less sleep one requires—the less sleep the more time to improve the short balance of life before the final plunge into eternity. In the course of my life I have had many a long night of anxious worry about worldly affairs, as most people have had; but such nights were only occasional. I think it must have been in the days now long past, when I had reached the span of three score years and ten allotted by the Psalmist, that I found this sleeplessness becoming chronic, and that not from worldly worry or from pain of any kind, but simply that I lay abed in ease and comfort, yet wide awake hour after hour. At first I made all sorts of efforts to beguile sleep, hundreds of times have I counted a thousand backwards and forwards. Many a night have I fixed my gaze on one spot of light; but sleep would not be wooed that way. I have repeated over and over again many an old and favourite hymn of other days; but nature would not be won. I heard the clock strike every

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hour, and sleep came not. Boswell states that Lord Monboddo was in the habit of taking what he called an air bath, naked and with his window open; well, even that I have tried, and with a rough towel, and found it though not a particularly agreeable, yet a fairly effective, means of inducing sleep. Then, years ago, I took to that baneful habit, as most people would call it, of reading in bed.

Reading in Bed.

And I now say, with dear old Sancho, "blessings light on him who first invented" electric lighting. With a light above my head and a switch close to my hand, I read all kinds of literature—sacred and profane. The Bible and fiction, sermons and poetry, not be it remembered, so much for edification, as to invite sleep and to pass the time. When I begin to feel drowsy I switch off, and then sometimes I sleep, and sometimes the very act of switching wakes me up and I read on. This has now become a habit, whether for good or ill. I retire about 10.30, and from that time till about 2.30 sleep is banished from my pillow, four hours at least I have to get through as best I can. Then I sleep sometimes for an hour, sometimes for two or three hours without a break, then follows another spell of wakefulness, and not unfrequently do I find myself fast asleep when my hot water knocks at the door. Very often in such a case I am driven to cry out, "A little more sleep, and a little more slumber, and a little folding of the hands in sleep!" and I jump out of bed.

If out of eight hours of bed I get four hours' sleep I am thankful. I am aware that this continuous broken sleep cannot be regarded as an indication of good health. I only state it as a fact, and that I do not feel the deprivation as a burden. I do not offer these remarks by way of advice or caution to others, I only relate my own experience. I indulge in no fads, either in eating, drinking, or sleeping. I am aware that many of my habits of living are quite against and contrary to all authorities—but here I am, enjoying very good health in

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my *eighty-second* year, as a proof that my *régime* suits myself —it may not suit others. My own opinion is that it matters very little *what* one eats, so long as one does not eat too much.

I will enliven the dulness of what I have written by quoting a few lines from Miss Christina G. Rossetti, whose poems I find, in certain moods, very great pleasure in reading:

> Man's life is but a waking day
> Where tasks are set aright;
> A time to work, a time to pray,
> And then a quiet night.
> And then, please God, a quiet night
> Where palms are green and robes are white.
> A long drawn breath, a balm of sorrow
> And all things lovely on the morrow.

Walking and Running.

Here are two more indicators on the road of life. In the early and middle stages outdoor exercises are common to us all; walking long distances and running upstairs three or four steps at a time are indications of exuberant health, and sometimes these accomplishments pursue us into the early stages of old age; the time, however, inevitably comes when one's feet seem to cling a little to the ground; the springiness and elasticity of arms and legs and feet are on the decline of the road. No longer can one venture upstairs three steps at a time, and even two steps are a little hazardous, but at this stage the performance was continuous with us for many years; so that between the years fifty and, say, seventy-five, judging ourselves by ourselves, no difference was perceptible, while others may note in us a difference we have been incapable of discerning. During this latter period one's personal and social feelings had undergone a gradual if imperceptible change; the implicit faith one may have been too apt to place in one's fellow creatures has been somewhat shaken. It has, however, been reserved for a later period even than that of seventy-five to convince us that

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we are growing old. When we go a-fishing, for example, we can still handle our rod and cast a fly with as much precision as ever, nor does it fatigue us more than of yore; but stiles and fences and barbed wire! these are our stumbling-blocks; we cannot get over or through them with our former agility, and we hate to exhibit our little weaknesses to our friends, and to be *helped* here and there. "There is nothing," says Johnson, "against which an old man should be so much on his guard as *putting himself to nurse*," and I agree with him. Again, the time does not seem far distant when we scorned to hail an omnibus; it was our pride, or rather folly, to run and jump on the foot-board: the same on getting out while the 'bus went bowling along; but we did the latter once too often. On descending one day from a going 'bus, one foot touched the ground whilst the other unaccountably clung for a second to the foot-board, and we fell sprawling across the road, and a hansom cab dashed by within a few inches of our head. That was an instance of the rash folly of old age, and it taught us a lesson of humility, for it is never too late to mend our ways.

I will give one other instance which has occurred since the foregoing lines were written, and I give it not as an instance of rashness, but as a singular proof of one of the real infirmities of old age which seem to encompass us on all sides. Only yesterday I was passing along the Strand, somewhat overladen with books and other small packages. Just on crossing the top of one of those narrow streets which branch from the Strand a cab suddenly turned into it, and rather missing the turn dashed on to the pavement and sent me reeling on my back; my head most fortunately struck the leg of a man who was leaning on a post—a lucky "leg hit"—and I happily escaped with a severe shaking. It was just one of those accidents which might have happened to any one—but what struck me at the moment of the collision was that I went down like a ninepin just touched by a ball, without the power to help myself. I asked myself even as I was falling why I didn't get out of the way, and the answer was, "because you

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couldn't, my boy—you *are too old!*" Any way, it was an affair for which one may feel most thankful that it was no worse!

Old age, after all, is not a thing to boast of, it is the heirloom of all who live long enough; and it is well to remember Lord Bacon's words: "A stout, healthy old man is like a tower undermined"

> The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
> Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
> Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
> As they draw near to their eternal home.—WALLER.

E. MARSTON.

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A NIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

I

AS the visitor mounts the staircase to the Public Gallery of the House of Lords he sees the following warning painted in bold letters on the wall:

> NOTICE.—Strangers are cautioned that demonstrations in the Gallery are out of order, and must be treated accordingly.

Strangers have been expelled from the Gallery of the House of Commons for disturbing the proceedings. There is no case of a visitor having to be turned out of the Gallery of the Lords. As he surveys the House of Lords he finds much to charm his eye, to kindle his imagination, and even to stimulate his sense of reverence. He feels humbled, if not intimidated, by the almost religious solemnness of the place. "The Gilded Chamber!" Gladstone's descriptive phrase springs at once to the mind. It is glowing in gold and colours. All the glory of the "tiger moth's deep damasked wings" is seen in its splendid decorations. Yet there is nothing gorgeous in the scene. The subdued light of a cathedral—"dim and yellow" as Shelley found it at Milan—prevails, making things that might otherwise strike upon the senses as garish a delight and refreshment to the eye. Everything heightens the impression that one is in the beautiful shrine of an ancient cathedral rather than in a modern Legislative Chamber. The

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lofty stained-glass windows have blue and crimson figures of the kings and queens of England. Worldly-minded men and women were most of them, but like saints they look in their antique garments, seemingly deep in rapt meditation and ecstatic introspection. On pedestals between the windows are large bronze statues of knights, telling of times when the battle of principles was fought, not with words employed by subtle-minded and ready-tongued men in frock coats and silk hats, but with sword and battle-axe, wielded by brawny soldiers in armour on prancing steeds. These are the barons who, in the dawn of English freedom, beat out the eternal provisions of Magna Charta with their mailed fists. Bold men they were, and wicked too, many of them. But here they look like patriarchs and apostles.

At the top of the Chamber is the imposing canopied Throne. Superbly carved, glistening with gold, sparkling with precious stones, it looks like an altar, flanked on each side by magnificent candelabra of brass, having wax candles in their elaborate branches. The Throne of England is often spoken of constitutionally or in the historic sense. If there be a real, tangible material Throne of England it is surely this imposing structure, for here the Sovereign sits at the opening of Parliament in presence of the three Estates of the Realm.

There are two Chairs of State under the canopy. Formerly there was but one. The old chair was designed by Augustus Welby Pugin. It has been in the House of Lords since the Chamber was first used in 1847, and Queen Victoria sat in it on the occasions that she opened Parliament in person. But an historical innovation marked the first opening of Parliament by King Edward VII. on February 14, 1901. By command of His Majesty the Throne was provided with a second State chair for Queen Alexandra. It was the first time, perhaps, in English history that a Queen-Consort accompanied the King in equal state to the opening of Parliament. The new State chair—that on the left of the Throne—is almost an exact replica of the old in design and

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ornamentation, the only difference being that it is an inch and a half lower. Both chairs, with their fine carvings, gilt with English gold-leaf, and the rich embroideries of the Royal Arms on their crimson velvet backs, greatly enhance the imposing splendour of the Throne.

Everything in the Chamber helps to indicate the large place which the House of Lords has so long filled in English history and tradition. You feel in the presence of an institution of which ages are the dower. Here is manifestly a survival of an ancient constitution of society. "There is no more reason in hereditary legislation," said Benjamin Franklin, "than there would be in hereditary professors of mathematics." How is it then that this strange anomaly, this curious hereditary ruling Chamber, this assembly of men who are law-makers merely by the accident of birth, still lifts its ancient towers and battlements high and dry in an apparently secure position, above the ever rising tide of democracy? Perhaps in the lessons which are taught by the frescoes in this temple of the hereditary principle the explanation of its survival is to be found. There are three above the Throne, set in archways with elaborate gilt mouldings. The centre one is "The Baptism of Ethelbert," and on either side are "Edward III. conferring the Order of the Garter on Edward the Black Prince," and "Henry, Prince of Wales, committed to prison for assaulting Judge Gascoigne." Behind the Strangers' Gallery are three other frescoes of the spirits that are supposed to reign over the deliberation of the Peers—"Religion," "Chivalry," and "Love." This order of patricians has survived because it has taken to heart the lesson of a time which smiles at the claims of long descent—the constitutional as well as the religious lesson of the native equality of men.

II

It is only when the Lord Chancellor, a severely judicial figure in big grey wig and black silk gown, takes his seat on

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the Woolsack—that crimson lounge just inside the light railing which fronts the Throne—that the illusion of being in the splendid chapel of a great cathedral is destroyed. Seated at the table fronting the Lord Chancellor is the Clerk of the Parliament, and his two assistant clerks, in wigs and gowns. Next, in the centre of the floor, are three or four benches which are known as "the cross-benches." On the first the Prince of Wales sits, when present in the House. The others are used by peers of "cross-bench mind" (as Earl Granville once happily described them), who owe no allegiance to either of the two great political parties. This is a fact of considerable significance. It indicates the independence of the Lords, to some extent at least, of the Party system. In the House of Commons there are no cross-benches. Nor are they needed. There is no such thing as an independent member. All the elected representatives of the people are pledged Party men. Even in the House of Lords the non-Party men are easily counted. I have never seen more than six sitting on the cross-benches. The peers temporal are divided into dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons—titles which take precedence in the order given—and certain of the crimson benches on each side of the Chamber are allotted to each of these grades of the Peerage. But except when Parliament is opened by the Sovereign, this arrangement of the peers according to rank is not observed. They sit indiscriminately, dukes and barons cheek by jowl, on the right or on the left of the Lord Chancellor, according as they belong to the Party that is "in" or "out." The Spiritual peers, however, always occupy the same benches on the Government side of the House, and close to the Throne, no matter which Party may be in office. In the popular fancy, fed on fabulous novelettes dealing with high-born society, the peers are glittering beings, always clad in magnificent robes and each with a golden coronet flashing with jewels upon his head. That notion, of course, is entirely erroneous. The Lords attending to their legislative duties wear sober suits of customary black or grey, just like the Commons, and when

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a Joint Committee of both Houses sit together for the consideration of a Bill there is nothing—no, not even a strawberry mark—to distinguish the hereditary legislators from the elected. The Lords dress simply and quietly, just as they speak and do all things. There is no ostentation of demeanour. Indeed, personal simplicity is perhaps the most marked characteristic of these noblemen. But the Spiritual peers are distinguished from the Lords temporal by their flowing black gowns and their ample lawn sleeves.

The presence of the Bishops harmonises with the religious atmosphere of the Chamber. But they are rather an anomaly in this sanctuary of the hereditary principle because they are but life peers. To the eye of the stranger they may also seem an obtrusive element, on account of their distinctive garb. But really they play a modest and retiring part in the work of the House. It is true that in times past the Bishops, mitre on head and crozier in hand, led the cohorts of the peers in stubbornly contesting every effort of the Commons to sweep away the disabilities, constitutional and educational, of Roman Catholics, Jews and Dissenters, to make civil and political rights independent of creed, to guarantee to all subjects perfect liberty of conscience and worship, in the odd conviction, it would seem, that these things of evil were the stoutest fortifications of the Church Established. They also strongly opposed the Reform Bill of 1832. But it would be impossible now to deny that their influence on the whole is most beneficent. For years they have ceased to act the part of narrow sectarians. They have been touched with a new spirit, singularly worthy of their great office as pastors. Politics give them no concern. But they are deeply interested in Bills which affect in any degree the morals, the fortunes, the comforts, and the pleasures of the disinherited and the poor. Everything that tends to spiritualise the national life, every effort to lessen the sufferings of sobbing humanity, may count up their fullest support.

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III

What a contrast is presented by the two Chambers of Parliament in deliberation! The House of Commons is a responsive, emotional and boisterous assembly. Humour it most indulgently encourages. Any joke will dissolve it into smiles and laughter. Party statements are punctuated with shouts of approbation or vehement dissenting retorts. There are even disorderly scenes. The atmosphere of the House of Lords, on the other hand, is ever calm and serene. How quietly and reposefully are discussions conducted! There is little rivalry or competition. The attendance is scanty, except on an occasion when urgent summonses are issued for an important Party division. The House is composed of close on six hundred peers; but three form a quorum, unlike the House of Commons where forty members must be present to "make a House." It is, however, provided by the Standing Orders that if on a division it should appear that thirty peers are not present the business in hand must be adjourned. But on normal occasions ten or twelve peers scattered over the expanse of red benches is a common spectacle. Oftentimes the low-voiced peer addressing them in the solemn hush of the superb Chamber might be likened to some lonely and isolated being talking to a strange and indifferent company on a topic far remote from the realities of things. The nobles are politely listening to the speech, certainly. If there is no imperious haughtiness in their demeanour, there is what, perhaps, is worse —a coldness which nothing, seemingly, could melt. Their way of listening, some with an apathy chilling but well bred, others with a lounging listlessness, adds to the curiously unreal effect of the proceedings. The restlessness and aggressiveness of the Commons are here unknown. Nothing heartier than a faint and perfectly polite laugh disturbs the solemnity of the Chamber. A low murmuring "Hear, hear" does duty for a shout of approval: The stirring sense of life that pervades the representative Chamber is usually altogether

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wanting. It is only on the faces of the Bishops that you will find that look of anxious sympathy which is the secret of those who come into close contact with people and things. On the episcopal benches there is usually a glow of apostolic zeal.

No wonder, then, that over the visitor in the gallery, especially if the spell of the past be strong upon him, there steals a sense of loneliness and solitude. The strange and beautiful Chamber seems to become filled also with the immensities of time and space. And are not these placid, irreproachable, and intensely modern gentlemen in frock coats and tall hats sitting on the red benches below, but the statues, and the barons on the pedestals above arrayed in all the panoply of combat, from plumed crest to spurred heel, the living, pulsing things? See, the heads of the knights are bent as if they were listening with the deepest attention. Surely, if they were but addressed by an orator of intense and glowing mind, they would raise their voices in tempestuous uproar and shake their swords and lances with thunderous menace!

The difference between the House of Commons and the House of Lords is vividly presented in the diary of the Earl of Shaftesbury. He had had the advantage of many years experience in the House of Commons as Lord Ashley before he was called to the Upper Chamber on the death of his father. On the evening of the day that he took his seat in the House of Lords, June 23, 1851, he wrote in his diary:

> It seems no place for me; a "statue gallery," some say a "dormitory." Full half a dozen peers said to me within as many minutes, "You'll find this very different from the House of Commons. We have no orders, no rules, no sympathies to be stirred." Shall I ever be able to do *anything*? They are cold, short, and impatient. But God has willed it, and I must, and by His grace, will do my duty.

He spoke the very next day—though briefly and with apologies for addressing their lordships so soon—on the second reading of his Bill for the inspection and registration of lodging-houses, which he had carried through all its stages in the House of Commons, and was now—an unprecedented occur-

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rence—to conduct through all its stages in the House of Lords. In the course of the debate which ensued the Marquis of Lansdowne expressed the hope that Lord Shaftesbury might pursue in the House of Lords the career of philanthropy and social reform he had followed in the House of Commons. Commenting on this in his diary the earl writes:

> It is, however, a totally different thing and far less stirring, far less gratifying. Success here is but a shadow of success there, and little can be gained, little attempted. . . . One of the most striking effects to me on removal from the House of Commons is my absolute ignorance of the political movements, thoughts, and facts of the day. Everything of importance revolves round the centre of the Commons' House. Unless you be there to see it, hear it, feel it, you get it at second-hand, and then only half.

Two days later he writes:

> The difficulties of the House of Lords seem to thicken as I survey them. Everything must be done between five and half-past six, or you will have no auditory; consequently there is an unseemly scramble for the precedence, and a terrible impatience after you have got it. Yet I have received many expressions, and heard of more, that I should rouse them, and give them business to do, and in some measure "popularise" the House.

He achieved one success, at any rate. On July 8 of the same year he made a speech in favour of giving to local authorities powers for the erection of model lodging-houses, which was well received and even cheered. "My surprise knew no bounds," he writes, "I had warmed Nova Zembla!" The Commons are often in the Session summoned to the Bar of the Lords. Should the Commons ever summon the Lords to their Bar it will be a stern and strenuous call to the reality of life.

Yet it is true that on great Party issues, or on subjects of high national importance, debates in the House of Lords are often sustained throughout at a higher level of ability than debates in the House of Commons. Discussions, of course, are of shorter duration in the upper than in the lower Chamber. The Commons take a week or a fortnight to thrash out a topic which the peers will exhaust in a single sitting.

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More eloquent speeches are made in the representative Chamber; but there are also long intervals of dull and pointless talk. In the hereditary Chamber, on the other hand, only the ablest and most distinguished peers venture to take part in a big debate; and the speeches give the impression that they are delivered because there is really something to say, and not —as is too often the case in the House of Commons—because something has to be said in order to get into the newspapers.

The debates in the House of Lords are not only models of grave discussion. In them is displayed to a remarkable degree matured statesmanship and administrative experience. Archbishop Magee remarked that nothing struck him more in the House of Lords than the large amount of special knowledge it possessed. No matter how generally little known the subject of discussion might be, he said, some obscure peer was certain to rise on a back bench and show that he had made a special study of it. The House is not composed entirely of landed aristocrats, of great hereditary magnates, who are lawgivers only by the succession of lineage. In it also are merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, soldiers, bankers, civil servants, administrators of distant portions of the Empire who have been promoted to the Peerage for their success in business or their services to the State. Moreover, many of the peers who succeeded to seats in the House have had the advantage of previously serving in the House of Commons. John Wilson Croker, in a letter written shortly before his death in 1857, mentions that going over to the Lords from the Commons one evening he noticed, as a fact, "not unimportant to constitutional history," that every one of the thirty peers then present had sat with him in the House of Commons. "It shows," he says, "how completely the House of Commons has been the nursery of the House of Lords." There are usually in the House of Lords about two hundred peers who have sat in the House of Commons.

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IV

But it is not alone the difference in the demeanour of their members that accentuates the contrast between the two Chambers. In forms of procedure also there is a wide divergence between the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Although the Lord Chancellor presides at the deliberations of the House of Lords he possesses none of the duties and powers which are vested in the Speaker of the House of Commons. The Speaker must be a member of the House of Commons. The Lord Chancellor need not necessarily be a peer. Brougham presided over the House of Lords in November 1830, when the patent of his creation as a peer had not yet been issued. The Speaker is elected by the House of Commons. The Lord Chancellor is a Minister in the Government. In the House of Commons a member speaking addresses "Mr. Speaker." In the House of Lords it is not the Lord Chancellor who is addressed, but the whole House—"My Lords." Another curious distinction between the Speaker and the Lord Chancellor is that while the Speaker cannot take part in debate—"he must not sway the House by argument," as the old order has it—the Lord Chancellor joins in every important debate in the interest of the Government.

You will notice that when the Lord Chancellor rises to speak he moves away from the Woolsack. There is a special significance in that movement. The Standing Orders of the House directs that if the Lord Chancellor intends to speak on any question for himself, and not as the "mouth of the House," he is to go to his own place as a peer. Hence, the Lord Chancellor's action in stepping aside from the Woolsack.

The Speaker is the sole judge of all questions of order in the House of Commons. The Lord Chancellor has no authority to rule a peer out of order. In the House of Lords, if there be a conflict of opinion, the matter is decided by the whole House and not by the Lord Chancellor. When several members rise simultaneously to take part in a debate, as is

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the custom in the House of Commons, the Speaker decides which shall speak first by calling on him by name. But if two or more peers rise together in the House of Lords, each insisting on speaking, the Lord Chancellor has not the power of deciding who shall first be heard. It is the voice of the House which determines the question. The Lord Chancellor, powerless to interpose effectively, must content himself with looking silently on at the scene with severe solemnity. Of course, if it pleases him the more, he may give vent to his feelings by joining in the hubbub, like any other peer.

Happily, so strong is the sense of order and demeanour in the Upper Chamber, it rarely happens that when the House expresses its desire to hear one of the peers contending for its ear, by calling out his name, the others do not at once resume their seats. But some years ago there was a notable scene involving a Party wrangle over the question which of two peers, who had risen simultaneously, one from the Liberal benches and the other from the Tory benches, should speak first. Neither peer would give way to the other. To bring the curious situation to an end, Earl Granville, the leader of the Liberal Party, moved that the Liberal lord be heard. The House divided on the motion, and decided by a large majority that the Tory peer should be the first to speak. During the Session of 1870 Lord Campbell moved the adoption of a new Standing Order giving power to the Lord Chancellor to decide the succession of speakers in a debate; but he ultimately withdrew it as the discussion showed the existence of a widespread feeling among the peers that the ruling of questions of order should remain vested in the House as a whole. But with a view to the avoidance of scenes, it is the custom when a long debate is expected for the Whips of both sides to arrange the order in which peers who desire to take part in it shall speak.

It may be asked—why should not the Lord Chancellor be allowed to exercise the authority which lies in the chairman of every meeting of determining the order in which those desirous of joining in a debate shall address the assembly?

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There is a Constitutional point of importance involved in this procedure of the House of Lords which, at first sight, seems so inexplicable. All the peers are equal. In no one of them can authority over his fellows be vested. In fact—as the Irishman said—one man is as good as another, and twenty times better. Therefore, when a point of order is involved, it is the whole House and not the Lord Chancellor that must decide the issue. The only right the Lord Chancellor possesses is the right possessed by every peer to call attention to irrelevancies. In the course of a debate on the importation of Chinese coolies for employment in the Transvaal mines, on June 28, 1905, Lord Chancellor Halsbury called attention to an irregularity in the discussion. But he was careful to say, at the same time, that in doing so he was but simply exercising his right as a Member of the House. "Of course," said the Marquis of Ripon, "the authority of the noble and learned earl on the Woolsack is great, but I wish to point out that as a matter of order he has no more right to call anybody to order than any other, even the youngest, peer in this House." "No, but I have the right to protest," said the Lord Chancellor. "I said I had no greater but no less a right than any other Member of your lordships' House." "I do not deny," said Lord Ripon, "that the noble and learned earl has the same right."

Should the proceedings in the Upper Chamber become very disorderly, all that is provided for the quelling of the disturbance is the reading by the Clerk of the Parliaments of two old Standing Orders dealing with asperity of speech and personal quarrels. In Committee on the Ballot Bill of 1872, the discussion became so inflamed that a motion was made to have these Standing Orders read. The Clerk of the Parliaments did read them, and, lo and behold! the demon of unruliness was exorcised, and the debate was resumed in an orderly and amicable manner. Quaint and curious, indeed, are these Standing Orders for soothing the ruffled tempers of the peers. The first, which was passed so long ago as June 18, 1628, runs:

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To prevent misunderstanding, and for avoiding of offensive speeches, when matters are debating, either in the House or at Committees, it is for honour sake thought fit and so ordered that all personal, sharp or teasing speeches be forborn, and whosoever answereth another man's speech shall apply his answer to the matter without wrong to the person: and as nothing offensive is to be spoken, so nothing is to be ill taken, if the party that speaks it shall presently make a fair exposition, or clear denial of the words that might bear any ill-construction; and if any offence be given in that kind, as the House itself will be very sensible thereof, so it will sharply censure the offender, and give the party offended a fit reparation and a full satisfaction.

The Second Standing Order, which was passed August 9, 1641, says:

For avoiding of all mistakes, unkindnesses, or other differences which may grow to quarrels, tending to the breach of peace, it is ordered that if any lord shall conceive himself to have received any effront or injury from any other member of the House, either in the Parliament House or at any Committee, or in any of the rooms belonging to the Lords' House of Parliament, he shall appeal to the Lords in Parliament for his reparation, which if he shall not do, but occasion or entertain quarrels, declining the justice of the House, then the lord that shall be found therein delinquent shall undergo the severe censure of the Lords' House of Parliament.

Yet what potentialities of disorder and uproar in the House of Lords lie in the hereditary principle—in the immense privilege that certain men, solely because they are the eldest sons of their fathers, without any regard of their morals any more than of their mental capacities, become, indefeasibly, members of this ancient Legislative Assembly. There is only one bar, be it remembered, to the right of succession to a seat in the House of Lords, and that is bankruptcy. It is not so very long ago since English law regarded property as more sacred even than human life. The English Constitution still disqualifies its hereditary legislators for want of financial integrity, but not for lack of character. A bankrupt cannot sit in the House of Lords; but a blackguard may.

Conduct undignified need not be feared from the few aged and high-minded peers of whom the House of Lords in Session is usually composed. Nothing can disturb the habitual self-

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possession of these elderly and sedate gentlemen, nothing can discompose the fixed decorum of their looks and demeanour. However wistfully they may look back upon their own stormy youth, they may always be relied on in their old age to treat the House with reserve, respect, and dignity. But, then, there are the young and frivolous bloods of the Peerage, who are so noted for their physical virility and their high spirits? Supposing they were to bring into the House of Lords the traditions of levity and wilfulness and violence in which they have been nurtured—the wild practical jokes and fisticuffs of the public schools, the rowdy diversions of the Universities, the "ragging" of the Army? How they could turn the solemn House topsy-turvy! Unhampered as the play of their caprices and antics would be by rules of order, what a disruptive and demoralising element they might introduce into this select and tranquil and most ancient circle of dignified legislators. What a spectacle, if under the eager gaze of the crowded reporter's gallery they first were to lock up "Black Rod" in his box, overpower the Sergeant-at-Arms with a knock of his own mace, and then—in imitation of the Irish tenants of old who used to compel the process-server to swallow the latitats he came to serve them with—proceed by force to feed the unhappy Lord Chancellor on the Woolsack with slips of the pious maxims of the seventeenth-century Standing Orders. What splendid news-paper copy! What public sensation! What notoriety for the young scrapegraces! They could not be haled before the police magistrate. If they were brought to justice at all it could only be through the splendid, stirring ordeal of an impeachment before their peers. They could not be expelled the House. Its doors could not be even temporarily closed against them. Nor need they have to fear being brought to account by constituencies justly inflamed by their outrages on the sanctity and dignity of Parliament. In all seriousness, this, it seems to me, is the one real peril of the hereditary principle. At any rate, a few young irresponsible peers, united in mischief, could easily turn the staid and solemn

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House of Lords into an Assembly more unruly even than the House of Commons.

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The division which follows a debate in the House of Lords brings out another distinction between the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker. The Speaker is debarred from voting in a division. The vote of the Lord Chancellor is taken, though he does not pass through the division lobby like the other peers. The Lord Chancellor, however, has no casting vote. If the numbers in a division should be equal, the "Not-Contents"—or those who support the negative—prevail. In the House of Commons the issue, in a like contingency, would be decided by the casting vote of the Speaker.

The only function of a chairman which the Lord Chancellor is empowered to perform is the function of "putting the question." This is done in the same form as in the House of Commons, save that "content" is used for "aye" and "not-content" for "no." "As many as are of that opinion say 'content,'" says the Lord Chancellor, "the contrary 'not-content.'" A division is challenged on the motion. "The Contents will go to the right of the Throne," continues the Lord Chancellor, "and the Not-Contents to the left of the Bar." Two tellers are appointed on each side, carrying white wands, and the peers pass through the division lobbies, just outside the Chamber, to have their votes counted and names recorded, as in the House of Commons. When the tellers return to the Chamber a slip of paper containing the numbers is given to the Lord Chancellor, who thus announces them: "Contents, 89; Not-Contents, 16." "The Contents have it," adds the Lord Chancellor, and so the motion is carried.

VI

But what, after all, is the main distinctive difference between the two Houses of Parliament? It was the custom

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at one time to describe them officially as the "Upper" Chamber and the "Lower" Chamber. The terms are still in use, though more for convenience sake than in the sense of implying superiority and subordination. Bills which originate in the Commons are "sent up" to the Lords. The Lords, however, are careful to endorse these Bills with the simple words, "Brought from the Commons." On the other hand, the Commons, when issuing a new writ for a constituency vacated by the succession of its representative to a peerage, describes the outgoing member as "called up to the House of Lords." Thomas Creevey relates that, discussing with Wellington the relative positions of the two Houses, the great soldier declared that able men were lost by being in the House of Lords. "Nobody cares a damn for the House of Lords," said he. "The House of Commons is everything in England aud the House of Lords nothing." That was in 1818. Much has occurred since then still further to emphasise the distinction between the two Chambers. Every one knows that the House of Commons has absorbed in itself all the main powers of the State. Every one knows that the House of Lords fills but a secondary position in the Constitution, though by its suspensory veto, by which it can delay the passing of great changes until they have been directly sanctioned by the country, it still exercises considerable influence on the course of legislation.

I shall not venture to institute any comparison as to the relative importance, politically, of the House of Peers and the House of Commons, or to attempt to settle the question which Chamber is in these democratic days constitutionally "the upper" and which "the lower." It is interesting to note that, structurally, the two Chambers are in a state of equality. Passing from one to the other you have neither to go upstairs nor downstairs. A long corridor separates them, but should their doors be open the Speaker and the Lord Chancellor may see each other across the level distance. But there can be no dispute that in the æsthetic point of view the House of Lords is on a vastly higher plane than the House of

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Commons. This must always be a great advantage in a country like England, where there is so little to feed the imagination and the love of colour of the man in the street. What, perhaps, first strikes the visitor to the House of Commons is its air of drabness. It is difficult to understand, for one thing, why its walls should not be hung with portraits of its great members or pictures from its storied history. But the tendency of the representative Chamber is more and more to break with its mighty past. At least it is indisposed to enter into rivalry with the peers in their stirring invocation to the spirit of history, tradition, and romance. The Commons appeal to the business instincts of human nature, the peers to its softer and more poetic side. The House of Commons is pushful, eager, striving, noisy. The House of Lords is quiet and calm and dignified. The qualities that find the greatest play in the House of Commons—energy, resolution, enterprise —contribute, perhaps, in a higher degree to social efficiency; but their operation hardly tends to distinction and refinement.

Carlyle in "Sartor Resartus" suggests the scene of "a naked Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords," only to be appalled by the stupendous spectacle. "Imagination," he adds, "choked in a mephitic air recoils on itself and will not forward the picture. The Woolsack, the Ministerial, the Opposition, Benches—*infandum! infandum!*" In the same work Carlyle asserts that "the Philosophy of Clothes takes scientific rank with political economy and the theory of the British Constitution." It is a wise remark in relation to the House of Lords.

The House of Lords has often been doomed to extinction. "I am quite certain," wrote Macaulay from Calcutta in 1836, "that in a few years the House of Lords must go after old Sarum and Gatton." How vain is political prophecy! Macaulay lived to take his seat on the red benches twenty-three years afterwards as a Peer of the Realm. Ah, the irony of life! Many political principles have been swept away. Many political gods have been cast down. The House of

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Lords still survives. But should the Lords ever again come into serious conflict with the Commons over the amendment of the Constitution they might do worse than summon to their aid the popular love of spectacle and reverence of venerable customs. Let them restore the olden habit of debating in the trappings and suits of the Peerage. Let them crowd the galleries with their wives and daughters, sparkling in their jewels and still more radiant in their beauty. Let them fill the House with the spirit of action and affairs, and its attendant sprite, excitement. Let them allow the fullest possible facilities to the public for witnessing as the supreme justification of their existence, these impressive spectacles of superb elegance and lofty pride, and of hearing oratory of a pomp worthy of their beautiful and stately Chamber. What possibilities there are, in the artistic and dramatic development of this idea, of restoring the House of Lords to its due rank and power in the Legislature! Do you not hear already the tumultuous shouting of the masses in the streets, kindled to imagination and beauty by the enchantments of the House of Peers, no longer dim and cold but stirring and inspiring—"Down with the drab House of Commons! Up with the lustrous Lords!

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

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HYBRIDISATION AND PLANT-BREEDING

CONCURRENTLY with the present notable revival of horticulture and widespread taste for gardening there is evidence of a renewed interest in the work of the hybridiser and plant-breeder; and not only in the work itself and its practical results, but also in the problems with which it is concerned in their wider bearing on evolution in general.

The importance and value, both scientific and economic, of the plant-breeder's work is perhaps not very generally recognised. But we need only turn to Darwin's works, and especially to his "Animals and Plants under Domestication," to see how largely it has contributed to the establishment of the theory of evolution. For the practical results we have but to look around our gardens and orchards, where most of the flowers, and all the fruits and vegetables, bear witness to the plant-breeder's labours; while the value of the improvements effected in our chief food and economic plants it would be impossible to estimate.

Plant-breeding—at any rate, one of its two chief operations, hybridisation and selection—is doubtless as old as agriculture. So soon as primitive man began to collect the wild berries and seeds, not merely for food but to sow and cultivate them, he would, at first unconsciously, and later consciously, choose the best, the finest, and largest seeds. Soon he would learn to save his seed for further sowings from the finest plants. And

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this is selection; and by this means alone so great an improvement has been effected during the past centuries in some of our staple food-plants that it is difficult or impossible to determine the original species from which they were derived. Hybridisation on the other hand—in so far as it has been deliberately practised by man—is quite recent. The nature of the sexual organs and the processes of fertilisation of plants were not understood, and probably artificial fertilisation was not practised previous to the beginning of the eighteenth century, the plant-breeder relying solely on selection of the variations arising from the natural cross-fertilisation, brought about by insects or the wind, for the improvement of his stock. The first record of an artificial hybrid, which was a "Mule" Pink—a Carnation (*Dianthus Caryophyllus*) crossed by a Sweet William (*D. Barbatus*)—raised by an English florist, was in 1789, though it was actually produced some years previously. About this time Kolreuter was investigating the subject, and making experiments in artificial fertilisation; his work appearing in 1761. It was not, however, till the beginning of the nineteenth century that artificial hybridisation played any great part in plant breeding. Gaertner, Naudin, Wichura, and others on the continent experimenting chiefly on the scientific side, and Knight and Herbert in England more on the practical side of the subject, and numberless hybrids and cross-bred races of horticultural and economic value were raised during the first half of the nineteenth century. About the middle of the century the first artificial orchid hybrid was flowered. The great possibilities in this Natural Order were quickly recognised, and already a number of beautiful and remarkable hybrids have been raised, while many of these will be surpassed by some among the thousands of seedlings as yet unflowered. Moreover, from the facility and certainty with which orchids can be fertilised, from the wide range within which intercrossing is possible, and the care with which they have been recorded, they are of especial value and interest to the scientific student.

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The steady progress which plant-breeding had thus made during the past century was appropriately crowned in 1900 by the rediscovery and publication of Abbé Mendel's experiments, and the conclusions drawn from them, now known as Mendel's Laws of Inheritance. In the same year Hugo de Vries announced the results of his experiments on the nature and origin of variations, and especially of those comparatively large and sudden variations, or breaks, to which he has given the name of "Mutations," confirming and amplifying views which Bateson had been urging for some years previous in England.

Lastly, and not least, among the many causes that have contributed to the advancement of hybridisation and plant-breeding is the wise and fostering policy of the present Council of the Royal Horticultural Society, and their consistent encouragement of the science as well as the practice of horticulture. Recognising the great importance of the subject and the advantage of recording the work already done, a Conference on Hybridisation was organised by the Society in 1899. This was followed in 1902 by a Conference on Plant-breeding in America, held under the auspices of the Horticultural Society of New York. These two Conferences have been of much interest and value in bringing together a great body of information on the subject, and in recording the work in progress. A third Conference will be held by the Royal Horticultural Society in July and August of this year, at which, besides matters of general interest, the important results of the many experiments made during the past few years on the lines of research opened up by the discoveries of Mendel and De Vries will no doubt be communicated.

There are two aspects to the work of hybridisation and plant-breeding, the scientific and the practical or economic, but they are so closely connected that it would be impossible to consider them altogether apart. On the practical side the aim of plant-breeding may be summed up in one word, "improvement"; the improvement of all the qualities and characteristics that already exist, and the production of

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new qualities that are as yet latent in plants in a state of nature. And, since men's ideals are not always the same, we get also variety. Among flowering plants marvellous results have been achieved, often in a very short space of time, in size, in symmetry of form and in the increased brilliancy and range of colour of the flowers, while at the same time great improvements have been effected in the habit and free flowering qualities of the plant. Among fruits and vegetables, in addition to the great variety we now possess, the improvement in flavour and in quality has been enormous—from the crab-apple to Cox's Orange, from the weed on our coasts to the seakale of our gardens. And besides these more obvious objects of plant-breeding there are many others, both special, such as the increase of the sugar contents of beetroots, and general, such as the production of earlier, or hardier, or of disease-resisting varieties. One of the American State experimental plant-breeding stations is at present engaged in the attempt to raise a hardy, or comparatively hardy, orange; at another a rust-proof wheat has already been obtained. But with all that has been done there is a boundless field for further work; every advance gained is but a step towards further improvements, new possibilities appear and new ideals arise.

It may well be asked how are all these results obtained? Out of what material and by what methods have all these varieties of plants been produced? Many factors are, of course, concerned, but primarily all plant improvements are derived from the surplus forces of life, and the variations they give rise to, and these variations are induced and controlled, intensified and fixed by cultivation, hybridisation, and selection. Under natural conditions plants are in a state of equilibrium. All their surplus vital energies over and above what are needed for mere assimilation and growth are absorbed in the struggle of the competition with their neighbours and in adapting themselves to the pressure of their environment. So long as their environment remains unchanged they vary but little, and hence species are practically constant. When, however, the

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environment is changed, when a plant is brought into cultivation, this close concentration of all its energies to the vital point of mere existence is no longer necessary, food and air and light are all provided for it without any other exertion on its part beyond mere assimilation, and it is free to employ its surplus energies in other directions—in the development of those potentialities of size and form and colour that it may possess. It is this superabundant vitality—this overflowing metabolism—ever pressing outwards and seeking new channels of development that is the cause of all the diversity of Nature. It is, so to speak, the material out of which all plant-improvement is produced, for it is the source of all the variation which forms the groundwork of the plant-breeder's operations.

No two plants are exactly alike. The descendants of every plant differ from their parents, and among themselves within certain limits. Besides those large differences between groups of plants, which form the basis of botanical classification, there are an infinite series of minor differences, which constitute the fluctuating "indefinite" or "continuous" variations upon which Darwin chiefly relied for the origin of species under the action of Natural Selection. In addition to these fluctuating variations there occur from time to time comparatively large and sudden "breaks"—"definite" or "discontinuous" variations (the Mutations of De Vries). These are sometimes large and distinct enough to take specific rank, a new species being thus evolved in a single generation. Of the causes of these discontinuous variations or mutations, we are at present entirely ignorant, but recently De Vries has shown that they occur with much greater frequency than has hitherto been supposed. Furthermore these discontinuous variations are generally stable and constant, and are inherited fully and unimpaired. Hence they cannot be swamped by intercrossing, and can only be eliminated by the destruction of the plant itself. In a sense, therefore, they are indestructible.

Since these variations, definite and indefinite, large or small, are the material out of which all plant improvement is effected,

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the first aim of the plant-breeder is to "break the type," that is, to induce his plants to vary, and, since we do not know how to produce variation in any particular direction, to induce them to vary as widely as possible, so that among the many individuals some may be found which will possess in some degree the desired combination of characteristics.

The two chief methods of doing this are cultivation and hybridisation (using the term here to include cross-fertilisation in any degree). Sometimes cultivation alone is relied on, especially in the first stages, when varieties for intercrossing are as yet non-existent, and there are no other species possessing any desired characteristics, or near enough allied to permit of hybridisation. There is no doubt that great advances have been effected by cultivation and selection alone, and sometimes in a comparatively short space of time. To mention only one instance, the present race of Shirley Poppies has been evolved from a single flower of the scarlet poppy of the cornfields since 1880. But generally the process is a slow one, and it is necessary to work with enormous numbers; and since, owing either to the difficulty of manipulation or the magnitude of the work, the fertilisation of the selected varieties is left to chance—insects or the wind—as in the case of Dahlias, Chrysanthemums, Asters, &c., the proportion of varieties showing a marked advance is very small, from one per thousand to as low as one in five thousand. Moreover, besides the impossibility of recognising small differences among such large numbers of plants, it is often difficult to realise the future possibilities of the first minute variations that appear, and many a promising improvement has been literally nipped in the bud. When, however, the plants are more under control, as in the case of florists' flowers cultivated under glass, such as the Persian Cyclamen, Cineraria, Carnation, &c., then to cultivation and selection definite cross-fertilisation can be added. The advance is then more rapid, fewer plants are required, they can be studied more closely, and their good points more carefully estimated. The selection

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can therefore be made more accurately, and the selected varieties can be crossed with certainty and with definite aims. Any plant showing even a small variation in a new direction that gives promise of future possibilities can be at once isolated, self-fertilised, and tested. Even in these cases, however, where there is but one species to work from, the rate of improvement is still comparatively slow, the range is limited, and as the limits of variation are approached it becomes more and more difficult to obtain any marked advance.

But when more than one species is available then the full effects of hybridisation come into play, a much wider range of variation is generally possible, and remarkable improvements have often been effected in a very few generations. Perhaps the most striking instance is the modern race of Tuberous Begonias, in which six species have been combined, and which has been brought to its present pitch of perfection in about twenty-five generations. In the Daffodil, besides three or four distinct species, many sub-species and geographical varieties have been employed, and some of the finest seedlings we already possess probably do not represent more than four or five generations.

But the value to the plant-breeder of hybridisation, that is, of working with two or more species or strongly marked varieties, does not lie only in the degree of indefinite variation which it induces. Of still more importance is the opportunity it gives him of quickly introducing new characters into his strain; he is not confined to the narrow groove which the limitations of a single species enforces, and instead of waiting for variations to arise in any desired direction, or building them up slowly from small beginnings, he can at once start with definite combinations of the desirable characters which may be in the two or more species employed. Nor is the instability, which often occurs in hybrid, and still more in cross-bred races, any longer a disadvantage in the light of the recent knowledge of the working of heredity embodied in Mendel's laws.

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As no two plants are alike in outward appearance, so it is certain they must differ inwardly, that is, the forces which determine the outward characteristics must be more or less differentiated in each plant. Moreover, every plant is made up of, or contains, a certain number of distinct characters, which are, of course, not interchangeable; for instance, it may be tall, have broad leaves, and red flowers, and so on. Each of these characters however has a certain range of variation, and forms one of a series or category of minor differences within that range which are interchangeable. Thus, the different colours or degrees of colour of two varieties are interchangeable, likewise the varying degrees of height, and so on. When, therefore, two species or varieties, containing one or more pairs of such differential characters, are crossed, there must necessarily be a conflict between the forces which determine the ultimate characteristics of the offspring. In some cases, *e.g.*, where "continuous" variations are concerned, they will blend; in other cases they will not, and one of the two characters is then selected, and appears in the progeny to the total exclusion of the other. Or again, the incompatibility may be so extreme, or may perhaps extend to so many of the characters, that the determining forces of the germ plasm are unequal to the work of selecting and building up the structure, and this probably is the main consideration that sets a limit to the intercrossing of species. We may thus realise how the union of two dissimilar parents—that is two plants having differential interchangeable characteristics—may give rise to offspring with a considerable range of variation. Each seedling will be the result of a certain combination and compromise between the competing characters of the parents, and among the possible combinations individuals may arise which, outwardly at least, will appear quite unlike either parent, and so form the starting-point of a new variety, race, or species.

So far we have seen how variations in plants may be induced by cultivation, or change of conditions; and though as yet we

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do not know how to produce any particular variation, we have seen how such as may arise can be accentuated and combined by cross-fertilisation and hybridisation. But the production of a variety is not always the ultimate object of the plant-breeder: he may desire to perpetuate it, to fix it, so that it will breed true, or to use it as the foundation of a more or less distinct strain, and he has then to deal with the problems of inheritance. Hitherto the only established principle of heredity on which we could rely was the universal experience that "like begets like," —that the offspring tend to resemble their parents—with its corollary, the law of regression to a mean, that is, that the descendants which depart from the type in one generation tend to revert towards it in subsequent generations. When therefore we are dealing with fixed races, or stable and constant varieties, and either self-fertilisation is practicable, or two closely similar individuals can be mated, there is no difficulty in perpetuating any characteristic, and improving and fixing it, by careful selection. But when breaking new ground and endeavouring to start new strains by combining dissimilar characteristics, or when dealing with unstable hybrid and cross-bred races, plant-breeders have hitherto worked largely in the dark. Until the recent rediscovery of Mendel's experiments they have had no other guidance than their own incomplete experience, and have been compelled to rely chiefly on large numbers and on careful selection.

Considering the importance of these principles of inheritance which are now known as Mendel's Laws, to the student of heredity as well as to the practical breeder, it is strange that, though formulated more than forty years ago, they should not have been appreciated by his contemporaries, and should have remained practically unknown until their rediscovery and publication in 1900. In the short space of time that has elapsed since then they have been confirmed and amplified, and further investigations on similar lines are at present being instituted into other as yet unsolved problems of heredity.

Mendel's main discovery was of the definite proportions in

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which the characters of the parents are distributed among their descendants. To take the simplest case, and ignoring for the moment all disturbing factors—when hybrids or cross-breds resulting from the union of parents, having each one of a pair of differential interchangeable characters, are self-fertilised, of their offspring some will contain one only of the characters of the original parents, some will be intermediate or will contain both characters, and some will contain the other character only; and the numbers of the individuals composing these three groups will be in a definite numerical ratio of 1 : 2 : 1. Thus for a pair of simple characters A and B, of every hundred seedlings twenty-five will have the character A, fifty will be "intermediate," and twenty-five will have the character B. This is Mendel's "Law of Segregation," or of the distribution among the offspring of the characters of the parents.

If individuals from these three groups are selected or "extracted" and again self-fertilised, those which contain either one or the other only of the original pair of characters will respectively transmit that character pure to their offspring, *i.e.*, they will breed true to that character, and their descendants will continue to do so in every subsequent generation. On the other hand, the offspring of the "intermediates" will again split up into three groups as before, which will behave in future generations as in the first, *i.e.*, "intermediates" of every generation will always produce offspring half of which will be similar "intermediates," while the other half will be composed of equal numbers containing one or other of the characters respectively, and which will breed true to that character. This is Mendel's "Law of Purity."

When working with more than one pair of characters the results are, of course, more complex, but by applying the laws, the proportionate distribution among the offspring of the two or more characters taken together, and the subsequent course of their breeding can be readily calculated, and will always be found to agree with the actual results, if sufficient numbers are employed. There are furthermore some characters which are

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apparently of a compound nature, and though on inbreeding they may act as simple characters, when crossed they split up into their component characters, which then form other combinations. From such cases, however, as have so far been analysed, there is no doubt that they follow the same laws, but the results are so complex that it is impossible to do more than allude to them here.

Whether these laws are of universal application time and further investigation will show; in their present form they have as yet been established only for discontinuous characters.

There is, however, one important phenomenon, by which the working of these laws is frequently obscured—that of Dominance. This phenomenon of dominance seems to be very generally associated with discontinuous characters, and as a matter of fact Mendel in his experiments, working chiefly with fixed races of Peas *(Pisum Sativum)*, deliberately chose such characters. In these cases the seedlings of the first cross of the original parents exhibit one of the two characters only—the dominant one. These when "selfed" produce offspring which exhibit the respective characters in the proportion of three dominants to one recessive. The recessives breed true from this generation, while further breeding shows that the dominants are composed, in the proportion of one to two, of pure dominants (which thereafter breed true to the dominant character), and impure dominants which contain the recessive character also, though latent (and which split up in future generations in the same proportion of three dominants to one recessive). It is shown, therefore, that, though one character is latent, the actual ratio is one pure dominant to two impure or hybrid dominants to one recessive, or D: 2 DR: R, as required by the general law. What is the cause of this phenomenon of dominance we do not know; it may be connected with the phylogenetic origin of the character, or it may be due to molecular structure or composition in some way akin to the atomic structure of stable chemical compounds. It is an interesting problem awaiting solution.

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Of other disturbing factors I will only mention one—that of correlation of characters, as it is, perhaps, of all the unsolved problems of heredity of most importance to plant-breeders. At present our knowlege of correlation consists only of a scattered mass of unconnected and often contradictory facts, and the breeder, when introducing a new character into his strain, has no idea, beyond his immediate experience, whether it will carry other characters with it or not. For all he can tell it is as likely to be correlated with an undesirable character as not; or it may carry a character with it in one combination and not in another. If by the study of such authentic cases as are on record, and by further experiments, some general law could be evolved which would co-ordinate the facts and provide some guidance in future, apart from its scientific interest, it would undoubtedly be of the greatest value to the practical breeder. Here, as with the phenomenon of dominance, is an almost virgin field for the labours of the scientific horticulturist.

Beside these laws of heredity, which are, of course, the expression of the actual observations, there are furthermore certain theoretical conclusions that can be drawn from them, some of which are of considerable importance to the plant-breeder. From the invariable numerical proportions in which the characters of the original parents appear in their descendants, it follows that, though a plant or individual may contain more than one differential character of a category, the germ-cells, or "gametes"—at any rate at the period of union—carry only one; and that, therefore, each germ-cell is pure for one such character. Consequently, when a plant contains two or (as in the case of compound characters) several characters of a category, it follows that these characters must segregate, or be distributed in equal numbers among the germ-cells; *i.e.*, if the plant contains two characters, half the gametes will carry one, and half the other character, and so on. These are Mendel's theories of gametic purity and segregation.

The practical value of these laws and theoretical conclusions is obvious. When once a variation has been obtained

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(if discontinuous), the breeder may be reasonably assured that it will not be lost, and may confidently proceed to use it in the establishment of an improved variety, or as the foundation of a new race. If his object is to combine the desirable characters of two or more plants in one individual, he has a reasonable certainty beforehand of the results, and can therefore make his crossings with more definite aims than hitherto. The varieties he obtains can be fixed with the least expenditure of time and material, since, if the characters are simple, by applying the laws, a few experimental breedings will enable him to find the individual which carries the desired character or characters pure, and which will then breed true. If the characters are compound, though more experimental breedings and an analysis of the results will be necessary, his object will be none the less surely attained. In short, he has obtained a clear insight into the capabilities and potentialities of his material—of the plants that he works with—a more thorough appreciation of the problems involved, and a firmer grasp of the essential conditions of success in his operations.

Before leaving this portion of the subject it may be well to point out that, though plant-breeding can be carried out by any one, it is not mere routine work, but an art, and therefore not the least important factor in it is the artist—the breeder himself. A general knowledge of botanical classification and the affinities of species and an intimate acquaintance with the structures and organs of all the flowers he works with are essential. He must be a good gardener and know the requirements of his plants and how to supply them. He must have an eye for beauty of form and colour, a broad and catholic taste, and a power of appreciating many different types of perfection. He must have judgment in making his crosses and patience in awaiting the results. He must acquire that almost prophetic insight into the possibilities of his plants which can only be fully attained by continual and close observation and comparison, and an appreciation of even the smallest of their special points. Above all he must have imagination,

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and not be afraid to use it—anybody can raise plants, but it is the man with imagination who will raise the flowers of the future.

To turn now to the actual results and future possibilities. Though any general survey of the achievements of plant-breeding would be quite beyond the scope of this article, a few special cases may be given, each typically illustrating the most salient lines of improvement in flowers—size, colour, form, and doubling. Size is generally the first advance to be obtained, then colour variations, while doubling is a teratological phenomenon; but new forms and perfection of form are, of all plant improvements, the most difficult to attain.

Size.—Though mere size alone is not necessarily an improvement, when it is accompanied by good form and substance, and involves no loss of brilliancy or depth of colour, it constitutes a desirable advance, and can always be appreciated, even by those to whom the more subtle refinements of form and colour are not so immediately apparent. It is, moreover, especially useful in estimating the amount of improvement attained, as it can be definitely measured and expressed, and the results gained in any one case can, with due consideration of the differences involved, be applied to estimate the possibilities of an as yet undeveloped species or variety. To take two examples, a Cyclamen and a Cineraria—the one a simple and the other a compound flower. In the Cyclamen the length of the segments from the point where they turn upwards is in the species (*C. Persicum*) about 1⅜ inches, in the latest improved forms it is over three inches. The comparative breadths of the petals are ½ inch and 1½ inches. The advance here in size has therefore been as much as sixfold in the latter respect, or combining the two and taking the average there has been an increase of four times. In the Cineraria the flower of the species (*C. Cruenta*) measures just one inch across, with ray petals ⅛ inch wide, while its present day descendant is a comparative giant, measuring 8½ inches across, with petals almost an inch broad, an extreme advance of eight times, or an

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average advance of five times. When double flowers are compared with the species, or single varieties, from which they have been derived, the difference in bulk is much greater—even with simple flowers such as the Rose, while with compound flowers, such as the Dahlia or Chrysanthemum, the contrast is enormous; but such comparisons are not of the same value, since the increase of size is due partly to the conversion into petals of other organs of the flower, and is therefore not a real comparison of the same parts.

Colour.—In many large groups and genera nature seems, so to speak, to have attended strictly to business, and in these the species are comparatively few, and usually of no very striking appearance. On the other hand, there are some where nature seems to revel in adornment, at one time launching out into fantasies of form as in orchids, and at another experimenting in every combination of colour. Though other genera may exhibit exceptional development in some one or two colours, in none is there so great a range of colour as in the genus Gladiolus (and its near allies Ixia and Sparaxis). There are about one hundred and sixty species, the majority differing chiefly by their colour and markings—for they vary comparatively little in form: they hybridise with the greatest freedom, and there are therefore endless possibilities of colour combination. Most of the finest species have been introduced to cultivation, and from their union several distinct races have been formed which display such a wealth and variety of colour disposition as to baffle all attempts at description. Besides the less important early flowering races there are the four well-known main races flowering in late summer and autumn. The Gandavensis, with tall spikes and large flowers; the Lemoinei, (including the blue section), with generally dark blotched flowers; and the Childsii and Nanceianus, produced by crossing these two races by *G. Saundersi*, with enormous side-spreading flowers, beautifully spotted and speckled. Yet another race, of which the striking variety Princeps is the first example, is being evolved by the addition of *G. Cruentus*, and

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two or three more promising species are at present being experimented with. The colours of all these varieties range from white and primrose, through pink and salmon and rose, to crimson, scarlet, and the richest velvety carmine; from lavender and heliotrope, through every shade of violet, mauve and purple, to blue and indigo black. In addition, the lower petals are blotched and spotted and speckled, or flamed, or barred with almost every combination and contrast of colour. In fact, though much remains to be done in the improvement in form and habit of the flowers and spike, with regard to colour there is indeed little to say as to further possibilities; a pure golden yellow, an orange, and a bluer "blue" are yet wanted. We may glance therefore at the possibilities of a few other flowers. Of colour variations white is generally the easiest to obtain, while blue, except where already fully present in one of the original species, is the most difficult, and there are certain highly developed flowers in which a blue variety would yet be an acquisition, not merely as a variety, but for its intrinsic beauty. There is little doubt that a blue Rose, a blue Dahlia, and a blue Carnation—not, of course, the ultramarine blue of a *Salvia patens*, but the rich royal purple-blue of a *Pleroma*—are attainable. The blue Carnation, however, will probably not come direct from the true carnation, but through the hybrid race of Marguerite Carnations. It may, perhaps, be objected, if these blue varieties are possible, how is it that they have not yet been produced. In the first place, it would take more than one man's lifetime, at any rate to raise a blue rose. Moreover, speaking from some experience of carnations, a blue variety would only be arrived at through a series of magentas that would discourage any but the most enthusiastic and confident of breeders. And it is this probably that deters the commercial plant-breeder from making the attempt, in spite of the value of the ultimate result; for he looks to recoup himself for some of his labour and outlay by being able to dispose of at least some of the intermediate forms, while as a matter-of-fact these magentas are always looked upon as

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"rogues," and rigidly destroyed lest they should contaminate the general strain. A blue Pelargonium is not impossible, and a yellow will yet be attained, though there has been indeed little advance since Donald Beaton relinquished the work some forty years ago. A crimson Flag Iris has almost arrived, and a scarlet Chrysanthemum may be reasonably hoped for.

Doubling.—Double varieties in flowers are produced either by the reduplication of the parts of the corolla or by the conversion of the stamens into petals, or, as generally in Composites, by the substitution of sterile ray or guard petals for the fertile flowers of the disk. Doubling is not always an improvement; the double varieties of irregular or tubular flowers are certainly seldom pleasing, but among regular flowers, such as the Rose, Camellia, Carnation, and perhaps Begonia, the double varieties are often more beautiful than the single. It is, however, among Composites that we obtain the best results, and it is to those composites which are as yet undeveloped that we look for further productions in this direction. *Arctotis* and *Gerbera* and *Senecio pulcher* are promising material, but perhaps the most important development in the near future will be in the *Aster* (Michaelmas Daisy). Already the work has begun, the flowers have been increased in size, and semi-double varieties have been obtained, and we may be sure that eventually the perfected Aster will rival the Chrysanthemum in size, with flowers of shades of blue that are probably unattainable in the latter.

Form.—Though there is an infinite diversity of forms among flowers, there are two principal types—the polypetalous, having separate petals like the Rose, and the tubular, where the petals are joined to form a tube, as in the Campanulas and the Foxglove. The Daffodil combines both these types in one flower, and, though not lacking beauty of colour as well, appeals pre-eminently by its refinement of outline, and the symmetry and balance of its parts. Hence, with the exception, perhaps, of orchids, it offers a greater scope for improvement of form than any other flower. All the species of

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Narcissus intercross freely, but we need only concern ourselves here with three: *N. Ajax*, or the Trumpet Daffodil; *N. Poeticus*, with fine rounded white perianth segments and small red or red-rimmed crown; and *N. Triandrus*, with white bell-shaped cup and reflexed segments. From the various sub-species and varieties of *N. Ajax* the three main divisions of Self-yellow, Bicolor, and White Trumpet Daffodils have been derived. Among these there are several types of trumpets; some are flanged with lobed or undulating margins, as in Obvallaris, Emperor, and Lord Roberts; in some the mouth is widely expanding and frilled and serrated, as in Maximus, M. J. Berkeley, and that finest of all the Self-yellows, King Alfred. Among the Bicolors there is further the straight, unflanged, and more or less smooth-edged type of trumpet, as in Grandis, derived probably from *N. Muticus;* and, lastly, among the whites we have the most beautiful of all trumpets in Mme. de Graaf, with rolled back rim, and still unsurpassed in refinement of form, though the flowers of Peter Barr and the new Pearl of Kent are larger and of a purer white.

These varieties of Trumpet Daffodils, crossed by *N. Poeticus*, have given us the intermediate races of Incomparabilis, Leedsii, Barri, Nelsoni, &c., with white or yellow perianth segments and cups of varying size and form, long and narrow, or short and rounded or spreading, fluted, crinkled, or smooth. Sometimes, too, they are deeply rimmed or wholly suffused with scarlet or orange, as in the varieties Lucifer and Will Scarlett. In the Leedsii section the whole flower is often pure white. By crossing these intermediate races again with *N. Poeticus* further varieties have been produced, chiefly remarkable, as in Firebrand, for the intense colouring of some of the smaller cups. *N. Poeticus* itself has been largely improved in substance and form, and a deeper red infused into the crown. The crossing of the beautiful little bell-flowered *Triandrus Albus* and its fine variety *Calathinus* with the Trumpet Daffodils has given us some exquisite white and primrose snowdrop-like flowers with delicate smooth-edged

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trumpets of beautiful form, some tending to incurve at the brim, and we may expect to get among these varieties some with semi-globular cups like the enlarged flowers of some of the Cape heaths. Besides the work that has been done in perfecting the form of the trumpet, and infusing more orange and scarlet into the cups of the intermediate races, the perianth segments have been broadened and stiffened, and the whole flower increased in size and substance, Van Waveren's Giant, the largest variety yet in existence, measuring as much as six inches in diameter, and two and a half inches across the mouth of the trumpet. But though we already have so many fine varieties, there are yet endless possibilities in store, for the improvement of the Daffodil is only just beginning, and thousands of seedlings are being raised every year. Perhaps the most ambitious of the breeders' aims at present is a Daffodil—say a King Alfred—with a scarlet trumpet. We may not see it, for the raising of Narcissus seedlings is slow work, and each step means eight or even ten years. But the wonderful improvements already effected in this and many other plants, of which but a mere outline has been possible here, warrant us in our assurance that the Scarlet Trumpet Daffodil will eventually be attained, and in the gardens of some future generation, with the Black Tulip and the Blue Rose and many another flower that to-day is but an ideal, will witness to the skill and patience and enthusiasm of the plant-breeder.

ARTHUR J. BLISS.

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THE NEED FOR SOCIAL REFORM IN RUSSIA

A CONTRAST BETWEEN THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE RUSSIAN AND EUROPEAN PEASANT, AND SOME OF THE PROBLEMS WITH WHICH THE FORMER IS FACE TO FACE

I

THE peasant of Western Europe enjoys the reputation of a conservative, engrossed in his own agricultural business, and not playing an active part in the political life of the country and the eager struggle for those broad social reforms which are the aims of the Labour Party. The Western European peasants have acquired such a political reputation because they have not suffered from an insufficiency of land; and, up till now, as a consequence of the absence of the congestion of their field of action and thanks to the help of science, they have been able to realise, to a very great degree, their natural desire for the improvement of agriculture and their own personal fortunes. They have concentrated their attention and resources on agricultural exploits; in this respect they have made considerable progress, and have acquired a good position, while the more enterprising have made themselves into small landed proprietors. In Russian society there exists a broad-spread opinion that the Russian peasantry will become a similarly conservative class when their crying need for more land has been satisfied, either by purchase from the Government, or from private landowners, and when the place

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of the old Bureaucracy has been taken by a Constitution under which the peasant will receive the full rights of a free citizen, and will become more developed and more advanced. When these reforms are effected, then the peasant will feel himself sufficiently strong to improve his position by his own personal work; he will give up politics to the freer class, and the struggle for the broad social reforms to the Labour Party, and he will only take part in political life in so far that he, once in five or six years, will record his vote for some or other Parliamentary candidate.

In order to answer the question how far possible is such a supposition, it is necessary to know whether there is much hope that the Russian peasant, by his own personal labours, can attain that position of comparative wealth which is enjoyed by at least a part if not all of those Western peasants who, besides agriculture, have hardly any other occupation, and who form an immense majority of the agrarian population. The Western European peasantry has attained comparative prosperity, thanks to many causes and to culture, political and economic. We cannot here discuss all these causes, but let us consider the chief one of a purely economic character.

Only a short time ago, in many countries, the peasant was not only a tiller of the land but also an industrial trader; in the summer, he and his family occupied themselves with various forms of field work, and in winter manufactured raw products into finished articles (such as cloth, rope, &c.), destined either for their own use or for sale. But the development of a country receiving financial help from capitalists brought gigantic factories and works, covered the land with a network of railways, and brought steam and machinery into extensive use. Such a development of a country little by little wrested from the peasant first one then another of his winter occupations. At the present time in a large number of the great States a large majority of these peasants for whom agriculture represents their whole means of livelihood, buy in shops almost all the necessities for their

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dress, their implements, and home requisites; in a few isolated places the old *régime* still goes on, but every year the home-spinning of cotton, yarn, &c., diminishes. In proportion to the advance of this process of the freeing of the peasants from absorbing winter occupations—or, as it is called, the process of dividing manufacture from agriculture—the labour of the peasant becomes more and more restricted, and finally it remains only that of field agriculture. This process of diminution and eventual complete destruction of the peasants' winter occupations is naturally accompanied by a lowering of their incomes and a corresponding lowering of their welfare. So we see that in order to stop this pauperising of the agriculturists and to raise their incomes, it is necessary to reform agriculture so that the labour of the farmer is in constant request the whole of the year. Thus, if the peasant could produce farm-products for sale not only in summer but also in winter, and would not be exposed to the diminution of his income (which we have shown to be a natural consequence of the destruction of his winter occupation of a purely industrial character) we would see the entire cessation of these winter industries. Such a problem presented itself in due course to the European peasant; the Russian agriculturist has also long been face to face with it. But whereas the Western peasant solved this problem well for his own interests and attained a comparatively high level in the scale of prosperity, the Russian peasant remains before it in a helpless condition and is forced to content himself with the income earned only in the summer months and every year approaches nearer and nearer to absolute beggary. Such a difference in regard to the above problem between the Russian and the European peasant does not depend on the disparity of their capabilities, but on the different conditions under which they severally have had to live. Let us here pause for a short time to consider the various economic reasons for this fact.

The advantageous condition for the development of the peasant agriculture in the West is dependent, though it seems

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a paradox, on the very extent and prosperity of those manufactures which destroy the winter means of earning money by the agriculturist and threaten him with poverty. The manufactural development of Germany for example has during the last fifty years rendered her absolutely unrecognisable. Factories and works have sprung into existence during that time, railway lines of communication have been constructed, and towns, unknown even as villages previously, have been created with almost magical speed; in other words, a world of factories and works rose out of the ground and attracted to itself the greater part of the population, leaving in the villages not more than one-third of the whole population of the land. Enormous wealth was concentrated in the towns; thither the most enterprising inhabitants streamed; there comparatively large prices were paid for labour and for service, and the various new means of entertainment and diversion were indulged in by the inhabitants unused to the glamour of a town and the luxury of a town life. The extensive trade development of Germany acted on the peasant agriculture only for good; this agriculture acquired in the town, in factories, and workshops a broadened market for its special productions. The census for 1895 showed that for every agriculturist, besides his family, there were more than two families of dwellers in the town and factory hands, for whom he had to provide the necessaries of life.

These users and purchasers of agricultural products are of great importance in that the enterprising town and trading population present a good market for the expensive and delicate products of agricultural life—meat, fowls, milk, butter, fruit, &c. The demand of the trading population of Germany for the necessaries of life is now so enormous that German agriculture cannot entirely satisfy it, and consequently a great part of the necessary goods is imported yearly from Russia and from other States.

The German peasant takes advantage of this and has taken upon himself the supplying of the towns with the products

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giving a greater chance of gain, chiefly those food necessaries which demand manual labour not only in summer but also in winter. He diminishes the growing of grain and leaves great tracts of land under grass which serve as grazing-ground for cattle, he breeds more cows and pigs, and does not sell as much grain as living cattle, meat, milk, butter, cheese, &c. Thus by means of such an application of agriculture the German peasant has assured himself a lucrative occupation during the whole year, and an income from labour not only in the summer but also in the winter months.

The extensive trade development has rendered the Western peasant yet one other tremendous service. It has freed the villages from those people who were not necessary for the needs of agricultural labour, but who could not make a livelihood by trade, and who would insist upon a division of the father's fortune, and would not develop a thoroughly advantageous tilling of the land. The town, with its higher wages, its higher culture, its freer life, and the possibility it gave to a clever man to get out of the common herd so to speak, attracted the young and energetic population of the village who had no independent property.

This method of "enrichment," indeed, was very popular among the whole rural population. Thus, during the thirteen years divided by the two last censuses (1882 and 1895) the number of people in Germany living by agriculture had positively decreased, and the trading population (those occupied with service and so on) had increased by seven millions or thirty per cent. The departure from the village of the unnecessary population has allowed the Western European peasant to maintain without division that property which has for many generations supplied him with work. In Germany it is even the custom to hand over the whole property, after the death of a peasant, to the eldest son, who must by degrees pay back the legacies due to his brothers. Thanks to such a custom, a profitable farm is not divided into two average ones, or one averagely good farm into two poor ones. Here agriculture

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has acquired an assured position. And so the Western European peasant—we are not speaking of those with a very small quantity of land, whose chief income does not consist in tilling the land, but of perpetual labour for some other proprietor—has managed to create for himself a sufficiently assured position, and to make it possible for him to further perfect his own land. This he owes not only to his own personal labour, but also to those social conditions which make it easier for him both at the beginning and after. Among the peasants exist unions, of very extensive activity, for the mutual encouragement of the various agricultural aims —for the buying of implements, stock, and seed giving the most prolific results, for the advantageous sale of products of agriculture, for the erection of milk store-houses in the towns and so on. The many-membered Farmers' Society, a society subsidised by the Government, sees that the peasant, robbed, through ignorance, of participation in the benefits of agrarian science, has the advice of competent specialists. After all we have said it will not be difficult to understand the main cause why the Western European peasant has hitherto taken such a weak part in the political life of the country, and does not interest himself in the struggle for sweeping social reforms. Naturally every man is more interested in that which affects him personally or his surroundings than in any other subjects. His own work is of course the nearest and the most interesting subject, but it demands from the peasant much labour and leaves little spare time. And if under the existing circumstances agriculture progresses favourably—that is if the peasant sees that with the necessary labour he can raise his property in value and improve his position, if taxes levied on him are not too heavy, and if the Government not only does not impede his activity but is ready to encourage it—then he is satisfied with the existing state of affairs and with the Government, and he does not consider it necessary to endeavour to change these conditions, nor does he wish to depart from his personal work to take part in the political

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struggle. The German peasant is in this position—but in no sense of the word does the Russian small landowner work under such conditions, nor is such the result of his agricultural activity.

II

The life of a Russian peasant would be greatly improved if he could reform his agriculture on the German pattern. As matters now stand, he grows grain almost exclusively, and his land only finds him occupation during the summer half-year. As regards the winter work in looking after his horses and cows, it is so light that the female part of his household can easily cope with it. In order to assure himself a profitable occupation the whole year round, the Russian peasant should, like his German *confrère*, reduce his crops of grain stuff, arrange larger tracts of grass and pasture land, keep more cattle, and not sell chiefly grain, but also meat and milk-products. It is not possible, however, for the Russian peasant in this manner to change the uses to which he has put his land. We are not referring to the present political and educational conditions, or to the elements unfavourable to the development of national resources; these will naturally improve with the change of the existing governmental state of affairs. A more serious impediment to the above-mentioned reform is found in the fact that in Russia, purchasers for that enormous quantity of meat, milk, and other products which the many millioned agricultural population could produce, are not forthcoming. In the districts near the towns the peasants do, at the present time, keep large quantities of cattle and sell in the towns milk and butter. There are certain districts where the peasants slaughter oxen for sale, where they keep milch kine and send their milk to cheese- and butter-making factories. In districts near the capital towns the peasants have market- and flower-gardens. All these facts point out that wherever possible the peasants endeavour to take advantage of local conditions to produce the

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more profitable products and to increase the incomes they get from the tilling of their land.

However, the proportion of peasants engaged in the production of these products giving better chance of profit to the producer, is very small. One must take into consideration the millions of peasants who are compelled by force of circumstances to produce the less advantageous grain products even when local conditions would permit of their turning their attention to the production of meat, butter, milk, cheese, and so on. It is not surprising that the German peasant finds an ample market for the sale of his agricultural products constituting the necessities of life, and seeing that (by figures quoted in Part I.) one family of agriculturists has two families of dwellers in towns to whom to sell his goods. On the other hand, in Russia three-quarters of the population live in the country or agricultural districts, thus three farmers must compete for the orders of one buyer; and to carry on a large trade in, for instance, cattle, is, under such conditions, absolutely impossible. The insufficiency of the number of the factory population is accounted for by the weak development of Russian industries; factories and works are present in Russia in small numbers, because it is only the penniless inhabitants of the Russian Empire who form the market for the manufactured articles, the export trade not being in a flourishing condition. An extensive development of industries is only to be seen in those countries where the manufactured articles find a market, not only in the country, but also abroad. We see in the Germans, in the English, in the French, real industrial nations, and they, besides selling their products in their own lands, send them to Russia, to Asia, to America, and to all parts of the world. This makes it possible for them to develop their industries to a greater extent than that required by their own internal markets; the factory and town population therefore soon increases, and the demand for meat, milk, &c., increases in proportion; the local peasants are given the chance of devoting themselves to the production of the more

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advantageous products, instead of confining their attention solely to the culture of grain-stuffs. However, we find that the great development of industries in these countries acts unfavourably on their development in other countries. If Germany sends her manufactured articles to Russia, it necessarily follows that in like proportion so must the industries of Russia suffer by having a smaller market for her own goods. Nowadays, it is not feasible to look on every country as a separate world, independent of each other as regards trade resources, &c.; they work for themselves and for each other, and should be regarded as one immense whole. Some of these countries develop their industries chiefly by sending their products abroad, as well as by selling them at home, and in exchange for these goods they receive food-stuffs and raw material for their factories. These come from other countries, which are consequently compelled to give the first place to their agricultural trades in order to receive these manufactured goods. An industrial nation is, generally speaking, richer than an agricultural nation, which fact is explained when we return to the old cause that factories and works give the population work the whole year round, in opposition to the summer activity and winter inactivity of the farmer on which we have already laid such stress. Again, the great technical developers are machinery, steam, and electric engines, helping to increase enormously the output of a fixed amount of labour. These we find very extensively used in industry, and, in Russia at least, very little used in agriculture. For these reasons every nation strives towards industrial development, and does its best, so that by its industrial products it can not only supply the demands of its own people, but also export them. It is not possible, of course, for every nation to fulfil that desire, and seeing that perfection and success in industry call for knowledge, energy and enterprise, then the victors in the industrial market will undoubtedly be the more educated, advanced and enlightened people, the remainder supplying the agricultural wants of their more fortunate competitors.

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Thus we see the reason why the premier States, such as England, Germany, and France, have reaped the advantages of an extensive industrial development, and to Russia has fallen the lot of remaining an agricultural nation. But the Russian peasant, not having to provide for a large population engaged in industries which would require the products of his agriculture, cannot reform himself on the pattern of his German *confrère*, and is forced to grow chiefly crops of grain, in doing which he only gives himself occupation for the summer portion of the year. Therefore this peasant cannot thrive, even if he had as much land as he could work. But if all private and government land were in his hands and under his legislation, could the Russian peasant have this quantity of land?

To answer this question we must bear in mind the following fact. At the present time in European Russia it is estimated that under peasant landowners, government and other cultivation there are 70 million désiatins [1] (189 million acres) of land. In order to compute the number of hands necessary for the culture of this area we must know the number of working days spent on one désiatin of cultivation and the number of désiatins that one man with the help of women and youths can successfully cultivate. This number of désiatins is not constant throughout the Russian Empire, owing chiefly to the difference in duration of the harvest time, which, generally speaking, is very short. In the southern districts the harvest time is longer, and the labourer can cope with more land there than in the north. As a general average one may say for the whole of Russia that one grown man, with the help of the female and young members of his family, can till, sow, and reap six désiatins. Consequently, for the culture of the 70 million désiatins of land in European Russia, less than 12 millions of grown men are necessary, whereas 18 millions of such men, or half as many again, are employed in this way. The six million unnecessary workers take away a part of the land from the 12 million whom it is capable of supporting, and instead

[1] One désiatin = 2.7 acres.

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of the six désiatins, which we have shown one grown man can cultivate, he has on an average to be content with four désiatins, or two-thirds of what he can comfortably do. This leads to the fact that in addition to having no work to do in the winter half-year, during one-third of the summer he is also forced to be idle. Agriculture therefore brings him in the income arising from four to five months' work, on which he has to subsist for twelve months. This excess of labourers employed in agriculture has arisen in Russia then owing to the fact that the industries of the country cannot and do not employ the immense remainder for whom there is no other means of livelihod than the land. The small demand of Russian industries is not, however, a matter of chance. The factories, works, railways, &c., are not able to use up this waste population in spite of the fact that the Government has done everything possible to encourage their development. It has protected them from the foreigner by duties on imported manufactures, it has attracted from abroad capital which the country could not supply, it has constructed tens of thousands of miles of railways so as to give more demand for the output of the factories and so as to enable the factories to send their goods to the most out-of-the-way parts of the empire. These efforts have not been fruitless. Factory products have reached the most out-of-the-way spots, but yet the demand by these factories for workmen is still very much less than the excess population. The explanation of this is to be found in the fact that the strength of a factory lies, not in its number of employed men, but in the perfection of its machinery and labour-saving devices, tending of course to cut down the demand for labour. A well-equipped factory with the same number of employés will produce many more goods than one that is indifferently equipped. Thus, the erection of good factories in place of bad has led to a lowering of the demand for labour, if we take it that the demand by the population for some article has remained constant. The development of industries with modern machinery is accompanied by the widening of the demand for labour only in the case where those

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industries have many markets for their productions, and especially if foreign markets are also forthcoming. Russia has lost this possibility, and Russian industry cannot give employment to a large number of workers, and does not demand a rapid increase of its working *personnel*. The population of Russia is ever increasing. Taking into account Russia in Europe alone, the population of which has already attained over one hundred millions, by the laws of natural human increase the number of its inhabitants will increase each year by one and a half millions. And the main part of the population having no other means of subsistence turns to the land, thereby further diminishing the share of every agriculturist. So it is happening at the present time, and what must we expect in the future? We see that the giving over of every part of the land will not solve the problem of national welfare. Immediately after such a transition the poor peasant would feel his position better and more hopeful. He would not be crushed by an almost unbearable burden of taxes, representing rents, &c., he would not fear that land which he is renting to-day would be taken from him to-morrow, but into his hands for his own good would pass that land at present belonging to the "pomiershik" or squire, which in former times had been wrested from him by a more successful serf proprietor. But when he had got somewhat accustomed to his new situation, had satisfied his hunger, and had become more of a human being, out of his very good fortune would arise new demands, of which by reason of his poverty there could formerly be no thought or word, and then it would be evident that in reality his income is not sufficient. This would take place all the sooner as he would have to pay out a considerable portion of his hard-earned income for general and State requirements, and not be able to spend it all on the satisfying of his own and his family's personal needs.

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III

In those wishes which are now finding voice from the midst of the peasant world in Russia, by the convening of peasant meetings and unions, the hope is expressed that under a new political *régime* the people will be freed from direct and indirect taxes, which will be replaced by a progressive income duty. It is doubtful, however, if these expectations will ever be fulfilled. The Russian revenue has reached 2000 million roubles (£208,000,000), and, not counting revenue from the railways, the vodka monopoly, government land, and so on, there remain 1300 million roubles arising from direct and indirect taxation, duty from Customs, &c., and other levies on the population. Besides this, the people pay taxes for local needs—land taxes and rates in the towns—all of which total up to 200 million roubles. In all, the people pay about 1500 million roubles towards the State and local demands. A guess at the yearly income of the factories, works, and industrial establishments, the town property and capital would put it at 200 million roubles, or a little more than that which the whole Russian people pay towards the needs of the State and society. State and local expenses could, therefore, be entirely met by the income from these factories, &c., if they all or nearly all passed into the hands of the Government. But as this capital and these industrial establishments are in private hands, the State can only get a portion of the income accruing from them. It cannot take any percentage it likes; private undertakings must bring in to their promoters a sufficiently big income to warrant the use of their capital and its expenditure for the improvement of industries.

In Europe a certain tax is placed on incomes from capital, but if one supposes an almost impossible thing, *i.e.*, that Russia should take as an average 25 per cent. of the capitalists' earnings, then only 500 million roubles would be the outcome. Adding to this sum the 700 million roubles obtained from the railways, vodka monopoly, &c., it

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would still be necessary in this case to get the remaining 800 million roubles demanded by the State from direct and indirect taxes levied on the people; this would put 7–8 roubles per annum on the individual. But Russia could not be satisfied with this income for long. If she wishes to guide her people into that state of prosperity existing in the States of Western Europe, she must increase her income several times and expend it in a similar manner to her neighbours. How enormous that expenditure is may be gathered from a glance at the Budgets (State and local) of the chief States. They fluctuate from 40 to 60 roubles per head of population, whereas in Russia the total of all incomes (including income from Crown lands and levies on the people) is about 2200 million roubles, or 15–16 roubles per head of population. The Budgets of the Western European States, judging per man, are therefore three to four times bigger. But as national finances in Europe are under the control of the people, they are actually spent for the good of the people, thus by the magnitude of these incomes it is possible to judge what expenditure is necessary in Russia if she wants to become as flourishing as her Western neighbours. In addition to the growth of the State expenditure and consequent demands on the individual, the incomes of Russian agriculturists will also display an inclination to decrease, firstly, owing to the fact that the greater part of the rising generation will have to remain living on the land and will still more diminish that portion of land now held by the peasants, and secondly, because those people who do not succeed in finding lasting employment in various other professions will come back to it. One cannot exaggerate the importance or lay too much stress on this question of the land trouble. In all things there is a limit, and it will soon be reached. But one cannot solve the problem or prevent such a diminution of the peasants' share by the introduction of the German methods of the passing of all the property to one son. The adoption of such a policy would result in the formation of an immense body of people having no means of

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existence. This, of course, would inevitably happen, because, as we have already stated, the industries can only give work to a part of the rising generation. The adoption of the German methods, for another reason, would not solve the problem. If one provided untenanted portions of land to assure the peasant a sufficient quantity, then these portions would have to be of such a size as to give the peasant and the family sufficient work for the year. By the figures we have already given, every grown man must have 6 désiatins (16 acres), and as only 70 million désiatins (189 million acres) are under cultivation, therefore only 12 million men can be employed; but as 18 million are employed in agriculture, then 6 million men, or with their families, 25 million people of both sexes, would, on the adoption of the German system, be thrown into absolute beggary. From this we see that this method of assuring the position of the peasant is inadmissible in Russia and would not lead to the desired result for two reasons. First, that the population over and above that necessary for the culture of the land could not find other occupation. Secondly, that in the present bad state of the market for food-stuffs, the millions of peasants engaged in agriculture could not find enough employment to keep them occupied, not only in summer but also in winter. A still greater diminution of employment is threatening the Russian peasant owing to this rising generation seeking its living on the land. These conditions do not hold out much hope that in Russia peasant farming will now acquire that necessary degree of prosperity, but rather the reverse, that the peasant will become poorer. However, the Russian peasant does not bow down to such a fate everywhere, and is beginning to look for a way out of the difficulty. A few enterprising ones do very well under these conditions. In a few small districts, where good conditions prevail for the sale of products, agriculture is by no means synonymous with practical pauperism. But that state of affairs of which we have spoken is threatening the majority of the agricultural population, and especially that

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in the Black Soil Governments. Thus, having no means or possibility to get out of this state by their own efforts, this majority must look for the solution in social reforms. It must not only look round itself, it must look afar—where the representatives of the country are gathering together to discuss questions as to the combination of general strength for purposes of common weal, where individual efforts do not suffice for the attainment of the wished-for result.

But these representatives of the people cannot by themselves solve such important questions or decide such important issues; these questions must first be discussed in the country in the presence of all interested parties, that is—the local peasants and "intelligents." Even the decision of the representatives should, in their turn, be subjected to trials and discussion in the various districts. Granting the presence of this distraction from private affairs to those of social importance, the peasant takes part in the political life of the country. He cannot cut himself off from politics. The material prosperity of an immense majority of Russian peasants cannot be assured by their own personal efforts, and consequently the peasant will not be satisfied and is not satisfied with the present bureaucratic form of government, but will strive towards the attainment of broad social reforms. Among these reforms, a conspicuous place will belong to the problem of the insufficiency of land for agricultural purposes on which we have laid so much stress, and which ends in the separation of agricultural pursuits and industries.

But this is not the only question closely connected with the peasant's existence, necessitating these great reforms. We can name the questions about the division[1] of the peasant's lands by strips belonging to other owners; about the disadvantages of the expenditure of the labour of two men

[1] In Russia, the case of the Communal land being divided up, not by hedges, but by narrow strips of land belonging to other proprietors, is frequently met with. The proprietors, of course, little by little, encroach on the peasants' land, thereby causing great discontent.

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and two horses for the cultivation of two allotments of ground when one man and one horse could cope with both; about the means of satisfying the cry of the rising generation for land without an excessive partition of the allotments, and so on. These questions have arisen, or will soon do so, in the minds of the population. A satisfactory solution, without harm to any one, is only possible by means of a reformation of the method of peasant agriculture, by the reversion from individual cultivation to that by the community. Questions like these are not to be solved without great experience of the peasant's life, and it has been our intention to give the reader some idea of them, rather than suggest, except broadly, any solution.

Adapted from the Russian by
C. A. CAMERON.

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A DAY OF RECKONING

"CASPITA! May God destroy him!" exclaimed José Martinez, savagely. The sorrel mustang he was riding threw up its head and snorted, expecting the sharp sting of the leather quirt to follow quick upon the oath; but José only patted its neck, as, dropping the reins over the horn of his saddle, he stopped to light a cigarette.

Day was dying; the fog from the Pacific rolled up the narrow valley in masses of white vapour, which clung to live-oak and sycamore, till, shape and colour almost obliterated, they loomed out of the obscurity dim grey forms, unfamiliar—immeasurably far off. The sea breeze behind the fog blew cold and damp. José's fingers shook, as he tore off a match from a cheap bunch and struck it. The flame spluttered, burning low and blue, reeking of sulphur, then burst out brightly, lighting up the pale face and black beard of the Spaniard and the straw-coloured cigarette between his lips.

"*Vamos*," he said out of a blue cloud, and the horse jogged on, but, suddenly, pricking its ears, it broke into a canter; from behind came the dull thud of other hoofs. José turned in his saddle, his face clearing as he recognised Tom Drew, a neighbouring rancher.

"Hello!" exclaimed the new-comer, "goin' home?"

José nodded.

"We missed ye to-day; where were ye? Been sick?"

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His keen eyes scanned the man by his side: puny, emaciated hollow-chested: a true type of the decadent Spanish-Californian: feverishly alive, a bundle of nerves.

"I'm all right," said José.

"How's yer cough?"

The Spaniard shrugged his shoulders.

"Good *rodeo?*" he asked inconsequently.

"Naw; nothin' to speak of."

"See anything of mine?"

"Hadn't ye an old bob-tailed cow, ear-marked with a swallow-fork? Yas; wal, she's dead."

"Dead?"

"Yas. She made more cussin' 'mong the boys than the hull band; if she broke back once, I reckon she did a dozen times."

"Dead, you say?"

"You bet. Onluck'ly for her, she tried to hook Jabe Pike."

José looked up quickly.

"Eh! what?"

"She mighty near hooked your brother-in-law. I'll be doggoned if she didn't rip his *chapareros* clear to the knee. Holy smoke! how he did cuss!"

"Bah!" exclaimed the Spaniard, "that man, Pike, never get hurt, never."

"Wal, your old cow did. Blame me, if he didn't draw his gun, and let her have it. He was mad as a hornet, but there warn't no reason to shoot down her calf, and so we told him."

"He shoot my calf too?"

The other nodded.

"What'll ye do about it?"

The Spaniard said nothing, and Drew continued hotly:

"Gol darn it! ye can't let that pass, José."

"Ay! What can I do—*I?* You," he spoke passionately "are young—strong—brave—full of life, I—I am useless—worn out—a shadow of a man, I——" he was seized with a fit

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of coughing which seemed to rip the lungs out of him, and made the sweat bead on his forehead.

"Poor devil," muttered Drew, under his breath. Aloud he said:

"Jabe was drunk again last night."

"I know it, somebody told me."

"If he ain't the ugliest man when in liquor——! I'm real sorry for Mrs. Pike."

He tried to see his companion's face, but it was too dark. They rode on in silence, the American wanting to say more, but words failing him. He liked José, but intuition told him he might be dropping salt into an open wound. Finally he blurted out:

"D'ye know what the boys are sayin'?"

"No."

"It ain't none of my business, but they keep tellin' how Jabe, the swine, mistreats your sister somethin' awful. Mebbe it's a d—d lie, prob'bly is, but, accordin' to my way o' thinkin' ye ought to know it. Anyways, I've told ye."

"Thank you," said the Spaniard.

"Comin' down town?"

"No; I go home. Adios!"

He leaned down to open a gate on his right.

"So-long!" Tom Drew cantered away, the dust rising heavily behind him in the foggy air. José watched him till he was out of sight, and then picked his way up the little knoll, crowned by the old Martinez adobe.

Putting his horse in the barn, the man stumbled wearily into the kitchen and dropped into a chair. His eyes wandered over the untidy room, from the stove vomiting cinders, stained with grease and rust, littered with dirty pots and pans, to the table covered with oilcloth, fouled with coffee dregs and black with flies. On it stood a cheap lamp, José rose, lit it, and opening a door opposite went in with the lamp in his hand. This room was clean and neat. There were curtains, and on the walls a few family portraits in gilt frames, carefully

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protected with pink gauze. A round table, covered with a green chenille cloth, a sofa, and some horse-hair chairs, divided the scanty floor-space. The fireplace was filled with strips of coloured paper, and near it stood a low rocking-chair, with a guitar in it. José, putting down the lamp, took up the guitar and sat down.

"Dios!" he said, with a curious break in his voice. "What trouble—what trouble! Poor little Tita, and I—I am afraid of the beast."

Tita Martinez had married Jabez Pike a year ago. She had been the prettiest girl in the little town of Montecita, numbering her lovers by scores. Unfortunately the physical strength of one man had bewitched her. Jabez Pike stood six feet three inches in his stockings, a Titan: two hundred and twenty pounds of bone and muscle. Once he had wagered fifty dollars that, taking his horses from the plough, and putting himself between the traces, he could turn over half an acre of stiff clay. Before night he had not only won the dollars, but drunk them up with a chosen band of admirers in Dana's saloon. When Jabe fell in love with Tita, other men held discreetly aloof. Even José, who loathed the giant, hesitated to express disapproval, devoted, as he was, to his young sister. Although racially lazy, he had worked furiously to give Tita a better home and pretty dresses. The year before she had been elected Queen of the flower festival. José, bursting with pride, had spent the night before the inaugural ceremonies in decking the royal float with blossoms, and, next morning, the sight of his little Tita, arrayed in white and silver, but blushing crimson with pleasure and excitement, enthroned and surrounded by kneeling attendants, overcame him completely. He wept, to the amusement of the by-standers. As a matter of fact, there was cause for tears.

A young son of the Golden West, in the exuberance born from a consciousness of freedom, which, with the pursuit of his own happiness, is the birthright of every American citizen,

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flung a squib under the float. When the squib went off the horses did the same, breaking into a mad gallop. The little Queen and her twenty maids of honour screamed shrilly, their faces as white as the lilies festooned about them; a babel of voices rose from the street; windows were flung open, advice given. To make matters worse a mighty jolt of the big waggon over an ill-laid car-line jerked the driver from his seat like a shot from a sling. As Tom Drew remarked afterwards, "a man could smell death in the air."

At this moment the swing-doors of Dana's saloon opened and Jabez swaggered into the street. With a glance he perceived the emergency and prepared to meet it; let it be said that no fear of man or beast ever thrilled a nerve of his great body.

"Jerusalem!" he exclaimed.

By his side, against the wall of the saloon, stood an American bootblack's stand. Looking round for a weapon, Jabez snatched up the heavy piece of wood, which serves as a foot-rest, and, so armed, sprang into the middle of the street. As the huge car came hurtling down on him he struck the off horse so shrewd a blow on the nose that it sank back upon its haunches; then Jabez seized the bit of the near mare. A hundred willing hands were willing to help now the danger was over. The giant, who had a sense of the dramatic, bowed low to the frightened girls; his hat lay some yards off in the gutter; his face, where a buckle had grazed it, was smeared with blood; his eyes were congested and inflamed, for, as he expressed it, "he'd had a hot time the night before"; but to the maids of honour and to the little Queen he appeared a Paladin.

So began the wooing of Tita Martinez by Jabez Pike, which ended in matrimony three months later.

José sat in the low rocker by the fireplace with the guitar on his knee, and the past came back to him with visions of other days. First, a picture—blurred and faded—of a little child—was it himself?—being lifted up to kiss his mother, who

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lay, breathing so strangely, in the big bed; then he saw himself —a big boy now—riding with his father, Don Pio, over the great ranch, granted to the Martinez family for service rendered. Bands of cattle were being rounded up; men, young and old, exhibited their horsemanship in friendly rivalry. He saw vessels lying at anchor in the harbour of Santa Barbara, and foreign-looking men haggling with his father, bartering wine, silks, a piano, mahogany doors, and furniture for the hides and tallow of the ranch.

The scene changed; a pitiless sun was transforming that fertile ranch into a desert, blazing down on red-brown hill and dale, over which stumbled gaunt creatures, gnawing at the dust to find a hidden root, or licking feverishly at earth from which flowed formerly an abundant spring. How many years ago was that terrible drought of '64? Now he saw fields green again with grass that grew thick and rank in countless spots, where rain-washed bones gleamed white, and he knew the fortunes of his family lay there also. He saw his father, in order to pay the exorbitant interest charged on the sum loaned for restocking the ranch, working furiously, unceasingly, under adverse conditions, till finally, discouraged—desperate, he flung caution to the winds, raised loan on loan, lived idly, and married again.

Then he saw Tita—a baby, a child, a maiden; always dainty, pretty, precocious; loving him imperiously, but exacting homage. This picture, the brightest of all, was succeeded by that of his father's deathbed, and the ruin that followed—ruin, which left them nothing but the adobe homestead, which broke the Señora Martinez' heart, and sent her to lie by the side of Don Pio; ruin, which drove him, José, to take any work he could find in order to keep Tita from starvation. What years of leanness had followed, what dreary days, when the hard, physical work required of a ranch hand had left his body weak, faint, incapable of assimilating the food which would have checked the consumption he inherited. Yet love —mutual love—had lightened his burden.

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Then, he remembered that day of the flower festival, when the shadow of the giant, ominous, horrible, had loomed across his path, and brought anticipation of deeper sorrow. Why had he been singled out to taste such bitter misfortune? He recalled the infatuation of his sister, who refused to hear anything not to the credit or glorification of her lover; her fierce anger when he hinted that Pike was a drunkard and a ne'er-do-well. She taunted him as being a gossipy old woman, dared him to say a word against Jabez to his face, laughed as she mocked, and José, snatching up his hat, went out—silenced: for bitter are the dregs of truth. He shrank before the brute strength of the other man. Riding on the ranges, he cursed himself for a coward, hoping that the sting of the name would goad him to courage, knowing in his heart that he never had, never would have, the physical pluck or moral strength to face Jabez, and that Jabez was aware of this.

He recalled how, the night before the wedding, Tita had kissed him passionately, begging his foregiveness for unkind words. As he ran his fingers over the strings of the guitar he could hear, her low voice:

"Thou wilt come to see me often, *querido?*"

And he, stroking her hand, had looked up and nodded.

"But often, *often*, José; every day?"

"Every day, soul of my life; if it be possible."

"Madre de Dios! how I shall miss thee!"

And she had clung to him, weeping.

Months—a dreary time—had passed since then, bearable had he known her to be happy; but to see her neglected, ill-treated, cowed by the great brute, who owned her: that drunkard——! José gave a sharp cry and went to the window, flinging it open. Outside, the fog hung heavy over the land. The stinging sea breeze, which night after night sweeps it in from the Pacific, had died away; the silence was unbroken, save by the patter of heavy drops, as the moist air, condensed on the foliage of the great live-oak by the porch, dripped on the hard ground below. It seemed to José that Nature wept

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with him. Suddenly, out of the white void beyond, came the faint sound of a sob. The man caught his breath; his eyes were half shut, his whole being on edge. In an intensity of expectation he heard a scream and his own name pronounced clearly—"José, José!"

"Tita, Tita!" he cried; "where are you?"

A shiver of cold air rustled the boughs of the great oak; it wreathed the mist into strange shapes; then died away down the valley with a faint sigh.

A minute later the fog swallowed up the Spaniard, as he staggered down the hill.

Before noon next day all Montecita knew that Tita Pike had died the night before in giving birth to a child, which had not survived her. In that small town, where general interest was awakened if a citizen bought a perambulator, the news formed the sole topic of conversation on and off the streets. Wild surmises were afloat. It was whispered that Tom Drew had seen Jabe Pike, with a great stick of stove-wood, chasing Mrs. Pike through the brush, and that Tom knew she hadn't died in her bed. Drew, being no fool, and sensible of what probable form of satisfaction Jabe would demand of him, was busy denying the story absolutely.

Mrs. Garcia, a bean-fed Portuguese lady, drove up and down the principal throughfare in the roomy spring-waggon her generous proportions exacted, saying to her friends that Jabez was no better than a murderer, that she and Garcia had heard screams.

Inquiries made by sober men of the doctor elicited the bare fact of her death.

Later in the day the widower was seen dismounting before the office of the local undertaker.

"My heart bleeds for Mr. Pike," exclaimed the postmistress. She stopped stamping the letters to gaze compassionately on the giant. "Whatever will he do?"

"He'll go next door," replied her husband, curtly.

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The undertaking establishment was beside Dana's saloon.

"Shame on you!" exclaimed his wife.

"I know Jabe better'n you do," he retorted.

Jabe lounged out of the undertaker's and shouldered his way through the swing-doors of the saloon.

"Well—I never!" murmured the postmistress in an awed voice.

He reappeared a minute later, mounted his horse, and clattered down the street. Out of each pocket stuck defiantly the black neck of a whiskey bottle.

"Good land of Peter!" said the custodian of the United States mail, hurrying to the door to watch his retreating figure.

The countryside attended the funeral. Those who had come the year before to salute the Queen of the Flowers came again to bid her farewell. They brought with them wreaths of fragrant white roses, such as twine in profusion over Californian homes, and bunches of calla lilies, on which not a few tears fell. Chief mourner Jabez Pike occupied by himself the only closed carriage. The undertaker had suggested that José Martinez should share the vehicle and the expense of it, but José had disappeared.

"He ain't been seen since the evenin' before she died," said Tom Drew. "Darn me! if I think he's heard the news; he can't have."

"He has," said Jabez.

"How d'ye know? Have ye seen him?"

"I found him hanging round my place the night Tita died; afterwards he rode for the doctor."

Later in the day Jabe sat on the porch of his house watching the doves fly down to drink at the spring. In front of him the County road to Santa Barbara gleamed like a white snake, as it followed the curving banks of the creek. Far away a cloud of dust grew steadily larger. Jabez knew it was raised by a man on horseback. Suddenly he sat up, shading his eyes.

"If that ain't José's old single-footer, call me a liar," he exclaimed aloud.

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Five minutes later his brother-in-law rode up to the house.

"Where have you been?" said Jabez.

"In Santa Barbara."

"What for? All the boys have been lookin' for you. Guess they thought I'd killed ye."

"I want work. I drive cattle for Estrada; now, I come for you."

"Me! What d'ye want me for?"

"Estrada have one hundred steers on the Laguna; he want them brought down to Gaviota. He tell me to get one more man, and to pay him two dollar a day."

The men looked at each other. The giant thrust his hand into his pocket and shook it. There was no answering jingle.

"Nary a red cent," he muttered.

"We take three days; you make six dollars. You come —Yes?"

"What time d'ye start?"

"Four o'clock to-morrow morning."

"I'll let ye know. Have a wad?" He pushed a bottle by his side towards the Spaniard, who hesitated, then dismounted and drank.

"Here's luck."

Jabez put out his big hand and caught the other by the arm. "What in thunder brings you here?" he muttered. "You've got some damned scheme afoot, but—" and he shook the other violently, "you let me catch you at any monkey tricks, and I'll rattle the life out of you, hear?"

José wriggled away to his horse, his face working. Courage—manhood—self-respect disappeared under the clutch of the giant.

Jabez eyed him with contempt.

"There ain't much to be scared of, I'm thinking. I'll come."

"You quite mad," said José, huskily. "I want some one—good *vaquero*—to help me. I come here—why not? You

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got good horse, and know road. You want six dollar—all right; want to starve—all right. I get another man."

"Jest now there ain't no one wants dollars more'n Jabe Pike. Count me in, José. Put your horse in the barn, and stop here."

"No," returned the other sullenly.

He turned to cinch his saddle; the sorrel grunted as the slack of the girth was taken up. Jabez laughed:

"There'll be more whiskey for me." He picked up the bottle, and went into the house.

Next evening found the two men riding along the beach to the Laguna. The tide had turned but was still low, though coming in fast; around them the sands stretched wide and firm. Jabez spoke:

"This is a short cut, eh? Wal, give me the County road."

"We save three miles this way."

"Ye've no jedgement; can't think why I followed ye."

"I love the beach," said José, looking round.

The setting sun drove its rays against the low dunes on their left, which shone like polished copper, save where they were flecked by the long blue shadows of the horsemen. A hot wind from the land had died away, and the sea breeze blew cool and fresh.

"Yes," repeated José, "I love the sands and the sea."

"I don't. There ain't a house for twenty miles, where a man can get a drink—— Hello! what have ye got there?"

The Spaniard had drawn a flask of whiskey from his pocket, which he tasted and then passed to his companion. Jabez took it with astonishment.

"I'm——" he began, stopped, clapped the bottle to his mouth and drained it dry.

"That's the first drink ye ever stood me, José, and I'll bet it's the last."

"Who knows?" replied the other.

The giant eyed him with a puzzled expression.

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"Guess I'd work a hull month for nothin' to be able to size ye up. What are ye thinkin' of?"

"Ye want to know?"

"Bet yer life."

"I think of Tita as we last see her, before she go away. I see her—*now!*"

His voice rose and broke.

"You see her—now!" exclaimed Jabez, startled.

José, with tense face and bright eyes, was staring at the wet sands ahead.

"Say something, can't ye!" cried the giant. "Damn it, ye give me the jumps."

The other pointed a trembling finger.

"There—there—," he muttered, "in front of us; see, she wave her hand. Tita! speak to me, speak!"

"My Gawd!" exclaimed Jabez; "the fool's crazy—plum crazy."

"She look at you and shake her head, and——"

Jabez lifted his great arm, and smote the Spaniard on the face with his open palm, deliberately and brutally.

"Wake up! curse you," he cried.

The other collapsed, the light fading from his eyes, as he crumpled up under the blow.

"See her now?" snarled Jabez.

"No," whispered José, fearfully; "no, she's gone."

"Mind she don't come back. Ah! there's the river at last."

"At last," repeated the Spaniard.

They rode to the bank and looked down. The tide was racing up, and the water, thick with sand, heaved beneath them. Jabez was too good a *vaquero* not to scent danger.

"Jeerusalem! she's a-hummin' to-night. Where's the crossin'?"

"Straight on," replied José.

The giant whistled.

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"Straight on, eh? Sounds easy, but darn me if I like the looks of it."

"You think it—dangerous?"

"Dangerous? Shucks!'

"If you afraid——"

"Afraid?"

"We can go round."

"Not I. No dago like you shall call Jabez Pike a coward; no, sir, not for any tide that runs. Hold up, you brute!"

He urged his horse down the steep bank. At the water's brink it stopped irresolute, pawing the ground and sniffing at the stream.

"What in thunder ails the beast?"

"He afraid too," said José, quietly.

The giant cursed him with the fiery eloquence of the West; then, swinging his heavy quirt right and left, he drove the animal forward. It plunged in with a wild leap.

"Come on," shouted Jabez.

José stood watching them with steady eyes. Half-way across the horse tripped and fell, for, beneath it, the bed of the river was shifting and shaking. Catching his animal firmly by the head with the bridle as it staggered to its feet, Jabez urged it with whip and spur towards land. The poor creature, collecting all its strength, made piteous efforts, frantic with fright; then, while the sweat broke out round ears and eyes, it lifted its head, and the horrible shriek of a terrified horse rang out over the sands. The rider slipped from its back, but the water was too shallow to swim, and the sands caught him in their grip before he had gone a yard.

He felt himself sucked into a bottomless pit of liquid mire. Looking up to shout for José, he saw him standing on the bank, holding his own horse.

"You call me?" said the Spaniard.

"Get me out!" screamed Jabez. "Can't you see I'm caught here?"

"Very bad thing," said the other. "Yes, I see."

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"God Almighty! Don't stand there doin' nothing."

"What you want me to do, eh?"

"Throw your rope—quick! Damnation, how this sand sucks."

"All right," said José. He slowly untied the long raw-hide lariat from his saddle, and came to the edge still leading his horse.

"You catch," he cried, whirling it round his head. The wide loop flew out, but one of the coils caught, and it fell short by a few feet. Jabez snatched at it, but it floated out beyond his reach. Was he mad, or did he hear a faint laugh from the bank? He slipped his hand into his hip pocket—the water had just risen to it—and drew out his pistol. José could see its barrel, and, for a moment, fear gripped him.

"Get that rope out to me quick, or I'll fill ye full of lead."

"If you shoot me, how can I help you?" retorted the Spaniard, slowly coiling up the rope.

"We'll go to Tophet together!" snarled Jabez.

"Now!" shouted José, and the loop fell around the giant. With a wild cry he clawed at it, and, tightening the noose under his arms, began to pull in the slack. Some ten feet was taken up before he realised that the Spaniard had let go of the other end, and was standing beside his horse watching him. Jabez knew he was doomed. Horror left him faint for a moment. Then his brain cleared, he cocked the pistol.

"Let me kill him—only let me kill him," he muttered.

A fine shot in a country where boys are brought up with firearms in their pockets, he fired deliberately, and José's horse fell in its tracks. Quick as a flash the owner fell with it, and lay crouching behind the quivering body. While the hungry sand sucked him down, Jabez fired five more shots. Once he heard a groan, and the sound filled him with exultation, but the echo of his last shot still hung in the sand-dunes, when he saw José stagger to his feet.

"Curse you!" shouted the giant, hurling the empty weapon at him.

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The Spaniard stood looking at his victim, sunk to the armpits, the flowing tide lapping softly against his mighty chest.

He laughed gently.

"You die very soon, Jabe Pike," he said. "My Tita she died five days ago, now your turn, but you not go to her, no —no."

A sudden paroxysm of fury seized him; stooping, he picked up a handful of wet sand, and flung it in the other's face.

"You beast—you great beast; you take her away from me, José, who love her, and then you kill her. Yes, you come home dronk—dronk—always dronk, and you beat her—you—and she—she so little—so little."

He caught at his chest with gripping fingers; of the man in front nothing remained but the shoulders and the head.

"Then she leave me for ever, but she tell me first how you strike and kick, and I say to myself, 'By God! somehow I will kill you too, Jabez Pike.' You shall suffer worse than my little Tita, and I will wait to see you die, as you do—now."

The giant lifted his arms and waved them in the air; he opened his mouth, and the water filled it before he could answer the man who mocked him; then the head fell forward —he was gone.

The survivor stared at the dimpling river till he reeled and fell on the sandy bank. Very slowly, on hands and knees, he crawled back to his dead horse, and lay down pillowed against its side. Gasping for breath, he fumbled in his pocket for an old envelope, and opening it with trembling fingers a brown curl fell out and twisted itself round them like a living thing.

He gazed at it till a darkness, not of the night, shut down on him. Suddenly he sat up, his face smiling:

"All right, Tita, all right. I come—now—quick!"

GUY C. VACHELL.

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INSTINCT IN BIRDS, ANIMALS AND INSECTS

WHAT is instinct? Does such a force really exist? Some naturalists of the present day would have us believe that instinct is no factor in the migrations of birds, but that they steer a course by means of landmarks visible when at a high altitude. We are told that "homing" pigeons wing their way back by this means, and that instinct has nothing to do with it. Such would appear to be the latest theory. But before abandoning the older one it will be well to sift the evidence which bears upon the subject. For it seems to me there is very strong testimony pointing to the fact that birds, animals and insects are led to localities far removed from the place of departure by a power distinct from intelligence—in the case of insects, to countries where, in the nature of things, they can never previously have visited. With regard to regular periodical migrations, scarcity of food, no doubt, was the chief cause which induced the impulse. Going back to primitive times, before instinct had been acquired, creatures would be compelled to seek pastures new when famine threatened, and so proceed, haphazard, in quest of food. The distance travelled in the first instances would, presumably, not have been great, permitting in some cases, of a return home after the land had been cleared. To go back to known haunts in preference to further exploration would be the animal's first and natural impulse. Thus the habit must

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become instinct and the tendency inherited. That a phenomenal force of this kind should be present in animals is, to my mind, no more surprising than the fact that the needle of a compass unerringly points to the north, no matter how much it is turned about. In the same way a bird, baffled by winds, after steadying down, again takes up the true bearings until eventually making its point.

Insects such as locusts and some species of lepidoptera do not, I am persuaded, wander blindly forth in search of food and suitable ground on which to deposit ova, but travel instinctively to districts discovered by ancestral progenitors. For though these individuals may never themselves return their offspring may do so, and all succeeding broods would continue to inherit an original impress, which becomes more strongly established as time goes on, until, finally, it has resulted in a fixed and certain quantity.

Instinct, it is said, is motion or a tendency to motion of certain nerve-cells, which have become so fixed by frequent practice or by heredity that they become unconscious and follow necessarily on impulses without, as in the act of breathing or swallowing. I take it that animals have this faculty (instinct) highly developed; whereas man possesses it only in a very modified degree. The latter before committing himself reflects, and then acts accordingly as his own individual intelligence prompts him. Animals, on the contrary, rely on the accumulated knowledge of thousands of generations of their kind, which is stored up in nerve-cells ready for immediate use as occasion may require.

A man lost in a forest, without mechanical aid (compass) and unable to take observations, would, in all probability, fail to find his way out; but an animal, having the homing instinct, is never at a loss, providing the way is possible. In this latter respect birds have the advantage, as, with the exception of wind, there is nothing to obstruct their progress; in consequence they fly straight and to the point. By this I do not mean that migrating birds will not on occasion diverge to the

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extent of following up or down a sheltering valley. We have every reason to suppose that they do so, but in the main their passage is direct.

As an instance of instinct in animals the following (a common occurrence) was brought to my notice whilst penning these lines. A cat eight months old was sent in a shut-up basket to a village some ten miles out of the town of Nice. On the third day the same animal reappeared at its former quarters. In this and like cases there can be no question of landmarks. Instinct it is, and instinct alone, which accounts for these acts. And what applies to one applies generally.

When an instance such as the above comes under notice people invariably exclaim, "What marvellous sagacity!" The occurrence causes astonishment, because it is the performance of an inferior animal, and one beyond the attainment of man with all his superior knowledge. But, though we marvel, these demonstrations are only the inevitable outcome of a natural law (law of heredity). However, there are phases of instinct observed in Nature seemingly far more wonderful. Let us consider some examples in which instinct enables unreasoning creatures to perform acts of the most perfect nicety and completeness without previous knowledge or experience. We note, for instance, that a pair of young birds—any kind—are capable in their first season of constructing a perfect nest of the proper materials as used by the species; of placing the nest in the correct position, and also concealing it with studied effect. In fact, the whole when finished is exquisite and faultless in every detail, notwithstanding that the birds have had no practice whatever.

It is perhaps fair to add that some observers do not admit that young birds always build so correctly as their elders. Some nests, they say, are seen to be ragged and incomplete. This, however, has not been my experience. At any rate, it cannot be denied that however badly the nest is made it is accomplished without instruction. Now let us consider man, replete with intelligence, but devoid of instinct. Supposing

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him to be the son of a builder whose fathers for years have been in the same trade; at the age of twenty, unless apprenticed to the business, the man would have no more notion of building a house correctly than he would have of making a bird's-nest, notwithstanding that he has the advantage of observing both (houses and nests) for years.

The instinctive faculty appears to become more marked and increasingly developed as we descend in the scale of creation. Thus man, the highest animal, possesses it in the least degree, though in him it is not wanting, as will presently be shown. Animals and birds, as we have seen, have the power very strongly inherent; but when viewing the insect world the same force is seen to manifest itself in ways well nigh surpassing belief. The manifestations of insects and yet lower organisms are not, generally speaking, of sufficient moment to attract much attention, and consequently are only observed by naturalists and those interested in the wonders of nature. This arises, probably, from the comparative smallness of the creatures concerned. Were they on a large scale their actions would not only compare with, but surpass the intelligence of man.

Among insects, lepidoptera are more or less conspicuous and must be occasionally noticed by every one, though perhaps, few are aware to what a marvellous extent the faculty of instinct is carried in this class.

Let us note for a moment a butterfly's egg-laying business, the most important of its life. To ensure the continuance of the species the ova must be placed where the young caterpillars will at once find proper nourishment on hatching out. The average lifetime of a butterfly varies from two to four weeks (non-hybernating species). During the latter end of this period the eggs have to be placed on the plant or tree peculiar to the species. Now this plant (as a rule) has no attractions whatever for the perfect insect in its winged outfit until the ova are ready for deposition; but, once the time has come, the mother butterfly never fails to find out the right

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plant, on which she deposits her eggs just when the young leaves are beginning to sprout. The performance is even more remarkable when, as is sometimes the case, there is only one species of plant suitable. Here then we have an instance of pure instinct; for seeing that the larvæ are sightless they can form no observations of locality, nor even of the appearance of the food plant.

The common Brimstone butterfly (*Gonepteryx rhamni*) is an example of a species practically dependent on a single plant, viz., the Buckthorn (*Rhamnus catharticus*). If this shrub and its congener (*R. frangula*) are absent from a district, so also is the butterfly. On the other hand, when the Brimstone is noted, it is a certain sign that one or other of the Buckthorns is present.

As is the case with all animals, insects are subject to the attacks of parasites. The most deadly of these are classed under the head of Ichneumons and Microgastres. These flies are most necessary in the economy of nature as a check on species which otherwise would overcrowd the land and thus upset the equilibrium of the natural balance of things.

The life history of ichneumons and allied species is a most interesting study, and one which opens out a fresh world of life in which instinct is seen in a high grade of perfection; surpassing even that we have already considered. The parasite is naturally an inferior organism compared with the animal on whom it lives; therefore, as lower in the scale, we anticipate a higher sense of instinct. In this we shall not be disappointed. But to make my meaning clear, it will be well to trace briefly the life history of these curious and interesting creatures.

To perpetuate the race an ichneumon fly, according to species, must lay its egg either in the ovum of a lepidopteron (butterfly or moth), or within the skin of a larva of the same. In the first case the ovum is destroyed outright, for the young parasite, when hatched, feeds on the contents which, though infinitesimal in quantity, is yet sufficient to bring the fly to

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maturity. Instead, therefore, of the lepidopterous caterpillar hatching out, the fly emerges from the egg. But what instinct is this which enables the tiny microgaster to discover a butterfly's egg of almost microscopic proportions?

The second is the case of ichneumons proper, the females of which are provided with a long abdominal appendage, often, by the uninitiated, mistaken for a sting, though in reality a weapon for piercing the skin of a larva when at the same time an egg is extruded—it is known as the ovipositor. Sometimes as many as fifteen or twenty eggs are thus placed in the same individual. Instinct is not only highly developed in the parent ichneumon, but is also manifest in its brood of grubs from the very moment they hatch; for were they to eat promiscuously into the larva there would be a speedy end to the host. Instead, they are careful never to puncture the vital parts, but confine themselves to the fatty tissue immediately below the skin. In the meanwhile, the unfortunate caterpillar continues to feed and increase in size as if nothing had happened; a state of things which may last for a month. Then, if the grubs intend to pass the winter in seclusion they allow the caterpillar to change into the chrysalis state, which is the last, so far as the host is concerned; for no sooner is the metamorphosis completed than the grubs set to work and devour the entire contents, leaving nought but the actual shell of the chrysalis. This done, they themselves are metamorphosed into the third stage of insect life, and thus remain hybernating as chrysalids within a chrysalis. The following spring they eat their way out, and appear as perfect (ichneumon) flies. In some species the grubs emerge from the larva before it is ready to change, spin up together in small oval cocoons, and so pass the winter. In this case the host gradually dwindles and perishes without changing to a chrysalis.

It has been fairly well ascertained that insects have a very short range of vision: indeed, from personal observations, I have little doubt such is the case. Moreover, my belief is that, far from being telescopic, the compound eye of an insect is

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microscopic in power, and that things at a short distance appear to them magnified and clearly defined in the same way as an object is represented to the human eye when under the lens of a microscope. If this be so, sight is of little practical use to an insect when in quest of a distant object—a flower, or one of its own species. The knowledge that these things exist is, of course, instinctive to the creature; but the means of finding them is not by eyesight, but is dependent on a totally distinct faculty. All insects are seen to be provided with a pair of frontal horns—antennæ they are called. As to the exact properties of these organs we can only conjecture; but it is more than probable that the antennæ take the place of what in animals is the olfactory sense, only infinitely modified to take up scent vibrations. Thus an insect well equipped for locomotion and urged by instinct, literally hunts by smell. In many species of moths we observe that the antennæ differ in the sexes; simple in the female and elaborate in the male. The meaning of this is obvious. The male, whose one business in life is to seek out a mate, naturally requires a detective arrangement of superior power. Sight, however keen, would not avail, for the females in this class are incapable of displaying themselves. Indeed, some are absolutely wingless, and, therefore, cannot move from the concealed spot in which they emerge from the chrysalis. But to return to ichneumons. These all have highly specialised antennæ, which are seen always in a constant state of activity, waving about and beating the air, whilst the the insect is running up and down tree trunks, over leaves and the stems of plants. At these times the creature is seeking the whereabouts of a larva concealed (in the case of tree trunks) *beneath* the bark and within the living wood of the tree. Having, by the aid of its antennæ, located the exact position of the larva, the ichneumon inserts her ovipositor between the interstices of the bark, and thus places an egg in the victim it has never seen, and never can see.

Perhaps the best example of an ichneumon that acts in

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this marvellous manner is *rhyssa persuasoria*, the largest British species; it has an ovipositor measuring two inches in length. Armed with this weapon, the fly assiduously hunts the trunks of fir-trees for the wood-boring larvæ of a saw-fly, *sirex gigas* (also the largest of its kind). Locally, these larvæ are to some extent destructive to pine timber, and would be more so, if not checked by its enemy the ichneumon, whose egg, deposited as described, hatches into a grub, which eventually destroys the saw-fly larva. The "giant-tailed wasp," as the saw-fly is popularly termed (though it has no connection with the wasp tribe), strangely enough is also provided with a formidable ovipositor, used and adapted, however, only for placing eggs in cracks and crevices in the bark of pine-trees.

There exist, as already shown, an endless variety of the ichneumon tribe, ranging from the large species above described, down to very minute flies. On this account they are easily overlooked; but when by some lucky chance their doings come under the naturalist's observation, even he cannot fail to be struck by the marvellous perfection instinct has obtained within these tiny atoms.

It was once my good fortune to witness the egg-laying process as performed by a small, perhaps the smallest, British ichneumon. When first observed, the fly was sitting on an oak-gall (common oak-apple), a mere midge of a thing. What attracted my attention was the fact that it had an ovipositor of preposterous length, from which I knew it to be a member of the ichneumon family.

It was of a steel-blue colour, and though probably well known to science, I am ignorant as to its specific name. However, it occurred to me as possible that this fly was in some way connected with the oak-apple and, as the sequel will show, I was not long left in doubt.

The oak-apple, as every one knows, is an abnormal growth caused by a gall-fly (*cynips terminalis*) itself a parasite. The eggs are laid in the bark of oak twigs. The maggots on hatching exude an irritant fluid which inflames the spot, and

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the result is the apple-like excrescence. Inside this growth the maggots live and derive nourishment until attaining maturity, when they eat their way out. One might imagine the pulpy walls of the apple would afford a safe protection to its inmates, but this is not so when the afore-mentioned little blue ichneumon is sitting on the outside. Some, if not all of the grubs, are then surely doomed to destruction. The *modus operandi*, as witnessed on the occasion I have described, was as follows: The time, June, when the oak-apple, a large one, was turning a roseate hue on the sunny side. After making several excursions round the apple, the insect came to a standstill and commenced operations by planting herself firmly on the surface, at the same time erecting her body so that the ovipositor, as slender as the finest hair, pointed upwards. She then brought it round in a circular form, the point resting on a spot just below the juncture of the thorax with the abdomen. This accomplished, a boring process began. In so small an object it was impossible to detect the exact nature of the action, though a slight quivering motion was perceptible. As the instrument began to perforate the pulp of the gall, the sheath remained on the outside resting on the surface, but holding the "drill" in position. The result of this was that a naked portion of the drill (ovipositor) began to show at the arc of the circle (the sheath) in the form of a straight line, giving the appearance of a strung bow. As the boring continued the bow-like segment increased in size until the string (so to speak) was at right angles with the extremity of the abdomen. It did not stop here, however, but continued to come away from *under* the body of the insect up to the junction of the body with the thorax; thence resting in a perpendicularly straight line from the base of the abdomen to the core of the apple: at the same time held by the extreme tip of the *now* empty sheath. At this juncture the egg of the ichneumon would be passed down the ovipositor (which, though so slender, is nevertheless a tube) into the grub below. This description may give some idea of what minute proportions the ovum itself must be. The egg

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has not only to be passed through the tube, but must be planted in the larva of the gall-fly, a very small object compared to the size of the oak-apple with which the ichneumon has to cope. The whole of this act did not occupy more than two minutes. The withdrawal of the ovipositor was effected very quickly. Coming out in the same bowed form, it appeared to snap back into its sheath as the insect flew off.

On further inspection I noted several more of the flies flitting about and occasionally settling on oak-apples. This led me to cut open and investigate some old shrivelled up apples of the previous year, for I strongly suspected that the ichneumons had recently issued from these; which, indeed, turned out to be the case. For in a section of one of them, I discovered two flies of the species in the act of making their way out through the dried pulp. Both were males of the same blue colour, but, of course, minus the ovipositor arrangement.

I have dwelt somewhat lengthily on the case of ichneumons, because it seems to me, that with regard to instinct, we observe in this class the faculty most perfectly developed; perhaps more so than in any other division of animal life.

It would be useless to speculate as to the exact means by which such ultimate perfection has been arrived at; but that it has resulted through the same system of very gradual evolution, there can be little doubt.

We have now followed the action and ways of instinct as manifested in animals, birds, and insects, and noted that as the scale descends the more marked becomes the faculty. As intelligence decreases so, in a proportionate degree, does instinct take its place. Therefore, man as the most intelligent animal possesses it least of all; but still, he is not without a trace of instinct. For though he may not be able to find his way out of the forest, the man continues at least to walk instinctively. When once his legs are set in motion the action becomes purely mechanical and unless deciding to accelerate or diminish speed, or to stop altogether, he does not think about it at all: in the meanwhile he is breathing without

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knowing it. Should our wanderer, however, come to a deep stream, never having *learnt* to swim, he is for a moment at a loss and, in this respect, is the inferior of the dog. But on *reflecting* he surmounts the difficulty by throwing a pole across the stream and stepping over it. The crash of a falling tree instantly brings the traveller to a standstill when at the same time his eyes close automatically (instinctively); it is all over before he has had time to think.

These are some examples of instinct—inherited instinct—obtaining in man. As intelligence has evolved, instinct, as no longer needful, has degenerated until almost extinct However, it may be noted that a savage has this power more developed than his intellectual brother; and, in consequence, he would have a better chance when astray in a dense forest of finding his way. But, again, the savage is a long way inferior to the pigeon in this respect, though possibly that may be because from his low position he cannot see the landmarks.

In conclusion, I would ask: How does a cuckoo *know* to place its egg in the nest of a bird belonging to a different species; and by what means does the young cuckoo find its way from Africa after leaving its foster-parents behind?

Can it be by landmarks; or is it by instinct?

C. Bingham Newland.

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CALYPSO

ONCE, as the legend tells us,
Ulysses came again
Unto Calypso's islet
Set in the azure main.
But now no roses riot
Where once the rose was king,
Nor aught of leaf nor blossom
Where dwelt eternal spring.
Only an ancient woman
Stands by an altar bare
With springtime in her blue eyes,
But snowflakes in her hair.
"Ah! Knew you not, Ulysses,
That the great gods above
Forbid the nymphs immortal
To know a mortal love?
And when you loved me lightly,
And sailed afar away,
To a thousand years of winter
They changed my years of May!"
Thus spake the nymph Calypso
Unto the Wanderer,
The love within her blue eyes,
The snowflakes in her hair.

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No answer made Ulysses,
Though shame was in his face;
He kneeled him down beside her,
He held her hand a space.

* * * * *

Behold, a change, a marvel,
Upon the isle is wrought!
The winter sudden vanished,
The springtide sudden brought.
Behold the hag Calypso
Is come a nymph once more!
Over her slim white shoulders
The golden tresses pour;
Erect as Eros' arrow
She stands that stooped but now,
Fled are the claws of Chronos
From off her ivory brow;
He clasps her to his bosom,
And now he finds his speech,
Like waves of ocean amorous
That woo the coral beach.
On her doves' wings poised above them
The Paphian goddess smiles,
As with incense for thanksgiving
Her altar high he piles.
Their worship duly rendered
To the goddess of the brave
Calypso and the Wanderer
Seek out Calypso's cave.
Beneath the ferny curtain
At eve they disappear;
What haps within I know not,
But the Paphian hovers near.
When now Aurora's fingers
Make blush the mountain's cone,

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Behold the King Ulysses
  Come from the cave alone.
His sword is in its scabbard
  And on his head his crown:
Now what can ail Ulysses
  That he paceth up and down?
But hark! he calls the goddess
  Unseen of him who stands
With the quiver and the arrows
  Of her archer in his hands.
Her archer laughs beside her
  As a golden shaft he speeds,
And when outspeaks Ulysses,
  Methinks his heart it bleeds.
"O goddess, tell me whither
  Hath fled the nymph I love?
This very night I clasped her,
  All joys of earth above.
Then to our couch came Morpheus
  And at his side the Dreams,
Awhile they ruled my senses,
  But when I woke meseems
I heard the voice of Echo
  Who mocked me where I lay,
Crying 'O King Ulysses,
  Thy nymph hath fled away.'
I turned me to Calypso
  Where at my side she slept,
Craved of each nook and crevice
  If they her secret kept.
But she was flown: O goddess,
  I pray thee, goddess mine,
Give me again Calypso,
  And store of oil and wine
And doves upon thine altar
  I swear devout to vow

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If again I clasp Calypso
That fled away but now."
Answered the Paphian goddess:
"O King of many a wile,
It pleased me to see thee sailing
Again to Calypso's isle;
For I knew gray-eyed Athenè
(Whom overmuch men praise)
Willed not thy wanton voyage
And baulked thee many days,
And in my heart was pity
When I saw thy head forlorn
Bowed o'er the hag Calypso
Who hath known Olympus' scorn
Therefore I gave her springtide
Back to the nymph once more,
Therefore with bloom of springtide
I decked again her shore,
Therefore I led thy footsteps
Under the fringèd cave,
And by my will Calypso
The bliss thou knewest gave.
But hearken now, Ulysses;
Thou seekest her in vain,
Never around Calypso
Shall come thine arms again.
Far beyond earthly sorrow
I have fixed her in the skies,
Where if thou look, Ulysses,
Thou shalt see her starry eyes.
Thee she loved well, Ulysses,
But thou, O Wanderer,
(Not overmuch I blame thee,)
Slight was thy love for her.
Now to thy ship, Ulysses,
Smite thou the hollow sea,

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And for those last sweet kisses,
  Do thou give thanks to me."
Thus spake the Paphian goddess
  Unto Ulysses King,
Then over blue Ægean
  He saw her doves take wing.

DOUGLAS AINSLIE.

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THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE

CHAPTER IV

THE FUNERAL

JEANNE sat in the London church as one in a dream. Through the fog which pervaded the building, the lights twinkled mistily, and a far-away voice pronounced the words of the Burial Service so slowly that her tired and bewildered brain could not follow the sentences consecutively.

Her attention fixed itself upon the coffin, heaped with flowers, its shape dimly visible among the surrounding bearers; and her mind was filled with a vague wild pity for the unconscious occupant, upon whose waxen face she had gazed for the last time on the previous day.

The old servants, a small pathetic black-clad group, with bent shoulders and whitened heads, were together in a pew on the left, and the rest of the household a little lower down the church.

But Jeanne, on the right, knelt in her pew alone; and of other mourners, save the lawyer and the doctor, there were none. How strange that a woman so wealthy should have so few friends! thought little Jeanne.

The tears fell fast upon her new black crape.

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"Just as I was beginning to love her," she thought, "and now she will never see Louis after all."

That a thing so much desired should not come to pass seemed incredibly sad and astonishing to her.

If Jeanne had heard at Coed-Ithel of Miss Marney's death in London at eighty years old, and after a succession of paralytic seizures—it would have presented itself to her mind as a most likely and natural event. But as it had actually occurred, it seemed to her for the moment almost as though the end of the world had come; she could hardly even realise it to be true.

During the long days that had elapsed between her aunt's death and the funeral she had gone over and over the past weeks incessantly in her own mind, and lived through the final tragedy a hundred times, always possessed by a horror and pity in proportion to her utter inexperience.

She lay awake in her isolated chamber with beating heart, hearing again and again the flying footsteps in the echoing corridors; the hurried summons at her door; the silver chiming of the clock in the silent chamber of death; the sound of the deep, deep breathing that would presently cease for ever.

But when she recalled her third and last interview with Miss Caroline she could not but own to herself that her aunt had spoken then much as she might have spoken had she expected to live for another hundred years.

The habits of a lifetime do not change in a moment, even though that moment be the last.

The little growling dog was caressed, the gloved hand still guarded the velvet bag as jealously as though Miss Caroline meant to take it with her on her long journey. She was still anxious to impress upon Jeanne the importance of the Marneys of Orsett, and the comparative insignificance of the de Coursets; she referred to the advantages of exclusiveness, and emphasised the necessity for taking care of the furniture and the pictures.

Was it possible she could be so near eternity, and her

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mind yet fixed so firmly on things which would presently for her have no existence at all?

No more sincere and pitiful mourner than little Jeanne could have knelt by that deathbed of her old relation; and yet the emotion which possessed her was but the shadow of sorrow, and not sorrow itself, though it held much of regret.

Very strongly she felt that she might have loved Miss Caroline had she known her a little better. An instinctive sympathy had immediately manifested itself between her and her aunt.

But it had come too late. Miss Marney had passed the last years of her long life in solitude; whilst Jeanne, not much less lonely than her aunt, since she had lost the companionship of Louis, would so gladly have borne her company, and given her the affection of a dutiful and gentle child.

Dunham, jealously watching her poor lady's great-niece, though convinced of her sincerity, was touched by the anxiety Jeanne manifested to learn what her aunt's wishes had been, that she might be certain of acting in accordance with them throughout those dismal days.

"The directions for her funeral was all written long ago, ma'am," said Dunham, whose respect for Jeanne increased now that she beheld in her the sole representative present of the family she had served so long. "She is to be laid by the side of poor Mr. Philip, ma'am, in the family vault. No, 'm, she would not have liked you to travel down with it. She had very fixed ideas about what ladies were able to do. Mr. Valentine and the doctor will go. And there'll be some of the old people left down there. They'll be present, ma'am, you may depend. You will go to the church, Miss Jane; and she was particular as it should be the one she last attended. She was always chopping and changing, poor dear, according as the services went up or down—or didn't suit her fancy one way and another. You'll go to the church with the rest of us, and then there's nothing more to be done, ma'am, but to wait

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till Mr. Valentine, the lawyer, comes and tells you what's been settled."

So the sad procession wended its way from the church to the station, and the men went with it; but Jeanne, with Dunham and Mrs. Pyke in attendance, returned to the desolate house in Grosvenor Square, where she strove to fill the remaining hours of the day by writing a long letter to her brother.

"Oh, Louis, it is so dreadful! The great house was silent enough before, but now that she is really gone it seems a thousand times more empty still. Reason as one may, how cruel it *feels* to take her out of her beautiful luxurious room, away from all the comforts that have always surrounded her poor body; away from all the familiar things she has treasured so long—and just lay her in a cold stone vault.

"I know it has to come to everybody, but it is freshly awful when it comes home to oneself like this; but you have seen death so often and so close, poor boy, that you will hardly understand my feeling. I say to myself—but what is one old old woman, whose life was finished, to all the young lives that have been cut short in the South African War? And yet, perhaps because I am alone, and you so far away—perhaps because this house and every one in it is still so strange to me—I cannot get over the horror of it, nor the remembrance of it, and am so cowardly and afraid at night.

"I am trying to remember all she said that last morning when I saw her by daylight for the first time, and realised that she was really very ill.

"I am glad to recollect she said she was pleased I had come, and that she wished it had been earlier; but I can't say she was at all like what I had expected a dying person to be, even then.

"She said Providence played odd tricks, in rather a complaining way, not at all as though it were in any way her own doing, poor dear, not to have sent for me earlier.

"She spoke of you, and asked about your career, and

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praised you for having done so well though brought up in an out-of-the-way farm, with nothing to inspire you but your own ambition; and said how it proved that blood will always tell (but she meant the blood of the Marneys and not of the de Coursets all the time). She hoped you were very particular what company you kept, she said, and it was bad company which led thoughtless young men astray, and oh, I am afraid she was thinking of poor papa; but you would never never be led astray, would you, Louis, or fall into the evil ways she spoke of? I told her again and again that you had never done anything in your life that you ought not to do—and that, at the worst, you were only a little, a very little, extravagant in giving presents and things you could not afford. I think I comforted her, and she said extravagance didn't matter; but oh, Louis, that is only because she is so rich, she doesn't know what poverty means; so don't let it lead you away—to hear she thinks so little of it.

"About me, she said she was glad to see I was so very exclusive; which is, I think, her polite way of noticing that I have no friends at all. And she liked to think of me in the morning-room, because Dunham told her how very careful I was of the furniture (I should hope so, you have no idea how beautiful it is). Again and again she begged me to take care of her things (as though I were going to live here all my life), as it was a mistake to trust the best of servants; and that she liked to know I had a brother so devoted to me as hers had always been to her, and that history repeated itself.

"Well, then, Dunham came in and said Mr. Valentine had called, and Aunt Caroline said he was to come up at once to her room. I thought she seemed a little depressed, so I foolishly said how glad I was she had a visitor, and I hoped it would cheer her a little; she quite drew her head up on the pillow, and said solicitors were not visitors, and that he had come on business. 'Professional callers, even though they be gentlemen, my dear Jane, do not count. But of course you could not know that, my love.'

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"I went away directly he came in, but I thought he looked a kind old man. Mrs. Dunham says he and his father and grandfather have been the Marneys' solicitors for three generations, and have always known all their affairs.

"When I think over that last interview, all we said seems rather meaningless and trivial. If I had known she was going I would have liked just to thank her for sending for me; and to tell her I was very proud to belong to her, for she was an ideal old lady to look at, and you would have been proud of her too. Besides, I might have told her that we would both remember her loyally always, and other things which would have pleased and comforted her and yet been quite, quite true.

"But, no, instead of all this I sat still and was more anxious to talk about you than to listen to the last words she was ever going to say to me in this world.

"During those long hours when we were all waiting through the night, waiting—oh, how dreadful!—through the night—for her to die—she spoke only twice, almost as though in her sleep. Once she said, '*The horse-chestnuts are coming out in the avenue.*' I felt that her spirit was a long way off in the past, back at Orsett, in the country, the spring-time and the sunshine.

"The next time it would have been funny if it had not been so terribly pathetic, for she said half crying, '*Mary Ann is very cross. She won't let me go the fair,*' so then she must have been a little girl again. I hope she died like that, and did not go away into the dark thinking of herself as an old woman, with nobody but Mrs. Dunham and Mrs. Pyke left behind to be sorry for her.

"Your photo was under her pillow, so I have got it back again at last. I wish I hadn't grudged it to her so much.

"It was all like a dream afterwards. I shook hands with one or two people, but I scarcely know who they were. One was the doctor, but neither he nor the parson seemed to know her at all well. Mrs. Dunham said she didn't believe in

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doctors, and changed her church very often. The poor curate evidently did not know exactly what to say, but I suppose he thought he ought to try and comfort me, so he said, 'God be wi' ye,' instead of good-bye, in a hollow voice, and squeezed my hand so viciously that my ring cut into my finger. I was horrified with myself for feeling more inclined to laugh than to cry, for I am sure he *meant* kindly; but when he asked if I was staying on I explained I should be going back to Coed-Ithel in a few days, so I don't *think* he'll come again. I wrote to Uncle Roberts and told him when it was all over; and he sent a post-card to say it was the decree of Providence and what we must all come to. But he evidently had no idea of coming up for the funeral, as the doctor thought he might, and as I was sure he wouldn't. . . .

"I am writing this in the morning-room; and I will finish it to-morrow when I have seen Mr. Valentine."

CHAPTER V

THE WILL

A GLEAM of wintry sunshine stole in through the lace-shrouded windows, and turned the green damask walls of the morning-room to gold; and brightened the flowered chintz on the couch; and shone through the ragged petals of the giant lemon-tinted and copper-hued chrysanthemums, and upon the fresh dark violets in their silver bowl.

Before an old French bureau, Mr. Valentine sat, with crossed knees, and folded hands, explaining the late Miss Marney's wishes to her grand-niece.

He was not at all like Jeanne's preconceived notion of a family solicitor; being neither dried up nor severe, but, on the contrary, a very pleasant, cheerful, grey-headed old gentleman; with an expression which, subdue it as he would, was jovial in the extreme.

"This will was executed somewhat hurriedly," he said,

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"but it is of course, quite in order; and I am heartily glad, if you will allow me to say so, to have been enabled, even at the last moment, to assist poor Miss Marney to do justice to her only surviving relatives. I am afraid the charities would be somewhat annoyed with me if they knew what they had lost. Happily, they never will, since she destroyed her former testament." Here he showed a faint inclination to chuckle, but was restored instantly to professional gravity by the alarm on Jeanne's expressive face.

"You don't mean it is depriving any one——"

"Certainly not. Good heavens, no, my dear young lady," said the lawyer, wishing he had been less frank. "Pray dismiss any such idea from your mind. Your brother is actually poor Miss Marney's next of kin; he has every possible natural and legal right to inherit her money. If there is anything to be said in the matter, it is on your own account. You have an equal claim upon your great-aunt with your brother, and she has ignored you altogether."

"Mr. Valentine," said Jeanne, very earnestly, "I promise you faithfully that I would much rather it all belonged to Louis. What is his is mine, and what is mine is his. It is really exactly the same thing. If you knew him—" her pause was more eloquent than the most fervent praise—"you would understand."

"I hope I may know him very soon indeed," said Mr. Valentine. The twinkling eyes beneath grey brows bent a kind gaze upon Jeanne, and she looked up at him with sincere veneration.

"Your brother is of age, I believe?"

"He is twenty-five,—and he is a captain already," said Jeanne, trembling with anxiety to recapitulate her brother's extraordinary achievements. "He has been very lucky. He saw some service on the Indian Frontier, and he has been through the South African War without a scratch. Twice he was mentioned in despatches; and they have given him a job at Durban, which he says will be a most good thing for his

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career, simply because he learnt Dutch so well; all on his own merits, for he has no interest, Mr. Valentine, none whatever. Unless perhaps they remembered that his father and his grandfather were both killed in action, one at Sevastopol, and one in Afghanistan."

"Most creditable, I'm sure," said Mr. Valentine, encouragingly, as she paused for breath.

"But I haven't seen him for five years, though I am his twin-sister," she said, rather mournfully.

"Do you mean to say *you* are five and twenty?"

"I am always taken for younger. It is annoying," she said, abashed by his genuine astonishment.

Mr. Valentine looked at the round, childish, wistful face, with its bright eyes and red bloom of health, and smiled. He would have laughed, but for the solemnity of the occasion.

"Most people would be anything but annoyed. I am afraid you would not be particularly surprised if I told you I was sixty-five?"

"No, I should not," said honest Jeanne, very simply.

"And yet I am only fifty-eight," said Mr. Valentine, rather ruefully. "But, however, to return to business—I must apologise for all my elaborate explanation, but you see I had fancied myself talking to a young lady just out of the schoolroom."

"The explanation made everything clear," said Jeanne, "and I do not suppose I know much more of these things than a young lady just out of the schoolroom would; for I have no experience at all, as Louis says. I have just lived all my life in the same place—a very lonely place, in the country, with my uncle, who is a farmer."

"Then may I be permitted to ask what you will do now?"

"If this house belongs to Louis—but indeed it seems hardly to be believed——"

"It is undoubtedly your brother's house."

"Then I must stay here till he comes home, and take care of it for him," said Jeanne, decidedly. "Aunt Caroline said

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it was very wrong to leave even the best of servants to look after valuable pictures and furniture alone."

"I am quite sure you are right. But I fear you will have a lonely Christmas unless—but no doubt you will persuade some friend to come and be with you."

She shook her head.

"No, there is nobody. But I shall be thinking of Louis, you know, and his coming home so soon." She put her hand to her brow, which ached from the emotion of the previous day, and added, with a bewildered look:

"I hope it is not—not heartless—but—but doesn't it all mean that Louis will be very rich?"

"He will be a very rich man indeed," said Mr. Valentine, gently.

Jeanne sat for a moment in silence; her heart throbbed.

She thought of Louis struggling to live on his pay; of the little presents he had sent her home which he could so ill afford, and which made her cry and laugh over his loving and foolish extravagance: of the letters she had written to beseech him to be just before he was generous, which was exactly what Louis could never be, and had never been. Of the many, many things he had wanted, and which she had implored him to do without, and wept because she could not send them, and because Uncle Roberts, for all his substantial goodness, was not a man to be asked for money.

The tears dropped once more from her brown eyes, and she just breathed the words, "I wish I could have thanked Aunt Caroline," as she wiped them away.

"You are quite quite sure that it is all right, and that there can be no mistake. It would be so cruel to raise his hopes, and then find, after all, there was nothing? Would it not be safer to make quite certain before we say anything about it to him?"

"It is all quite right, and safe as the Bank of England," said Mr. Valentine, soothingly. "Everything Miss Marney has in the world is left unconditionally to your brother. He

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and I are joint executors, and we are directed to divide a certain sum among the old servants. That is literally all."

"The picture—the Romney—this room—actually belongs to Louis! I beg your pardon, Mr. Valentine, but the more I think of it the less I can believe it."

"You will get used to the idea," said Mr. Valentine. "Now if you will give me your brother's address, we will write to him at once."

Jeanne dictated the address, and watched him write it down.

"Pray understand," he said, as he did so, "that I am at your service in every possible way until your brother comes home. I hope you will refer any matter of business connected with this sad event—directly to myself."

"I shall be very thankful, for I know nothing of business," said Jeanne, timidly. "I suppose everything can go on here as usual? I am sure Aunt Caroline would not have liked any changes, and Louis would want to respect her wishes, I know."

"Your brother is coming home so soon that I should certainly advise no changes until his return," said Mr. Valentine. "If any difficulty arises in the matter of immediate expenses—we shall be only too happy to——"

"Oh, there can be none," said Jeanne, and her eyes filled with tears, "for Aunt Caroline kept a large sum of ready money in her velvet bag, always by her side. Mrs. Dunham was so upset trying to get it away from the little dog. He would not let it go, but she said Aunt Caroline had desired her to give it to me, and she counted the notes for me, and wrote down the numbers. She said an account must be kept of them. There were six twenty-five-pound notes, and Aunt Caroline gave me two the other day."

"It will certainly not be necessary to keep an account of your aunt's presents to yourself," said Mr. Valentine courteously, "and I am afraid that you would not find a hundred and fifty pounds go very far towards maintaining this great

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house. The expenses will of course be defrayed from the estate. You must not think of infringing on your aunt's small gift. I am sure your brother would not wish it; the more especially since he certainly owes his inheritance indirectly to you, for poor Miss Marney made no secret of the fact that her acquaintance with you inspired her to make this very satisfactory change in the disposition of her property. Now we are agreed that everything should continue here as usual until Captain de Courset's return, or until we receive instructions from him to the contrary? We will ask him to cable his wishes on receipt of our communication."

"I know very well what his wishes will be," said Jeanne.

Happiness dawned once more in her shy brown eyes at the thought of her brother's return; and his return to such amazing and unexpected prosperity.

"I cannot realise what it will be like to see him again after all these years. First India—then this long, long South African time. And now in a few weeks he will be with me again! I am expecting a telegram directly he knows for certain which ship he will sail by. Oh, I wonder, I wonder—if he will have changed very much."

Mr. Valentine was very kind and sympathetic, and had every desire to please his new client—or his new client's sister; but he was a busy man, and the Christmas holidays were fast approaching; wherefore he did not invite Jeanne to return to the discussion of her brother's personality or his adventures, but after a repetition of the subdued congratulations proper to the occasion, shook hands with her and bowed himself out.

Jeanne, left alone, looked round the warm, luxurious room. At the little table, covered with trifles, become pathetic through the death of their owner; the silver-handled loop that the dead woman had used for reading the newspapers; the gold-topped flask of scent; the cut-glass bottle of salts; the turquoise studded *bonbonnière* and tortoiseshell paper-knife; all of which had been restored to their original places by the careful

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Dunham, when they were no longer needed in the sick-room. An immense fire glowed on the hearth; the air was pervaded by the sweet breath of the scented violets.

The young life in her heart beat the more strongly for the rebound from its mournful contact with death. She had not seen the sunshine for so long.

Suddenly Jeanne fell on her knees beside the violets, and cried out, almost involuntarily, "Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you;" to relieve her overcharged heart, and without any clear idea as to whether she were addressing the Almighty or poor Miss Caroline.

Was Louis to be delivered from his stress of poverty, and gain his heart's desire—the means which would enable him to rise to any position he chose—given his industry and talents, and all his personal advantages to supplement his wealth? To restore, perhaps the ancient dignity of his family, and fulfil their childish dreams? And all this through the unconscious agency of his humble, ignorant devoted sister? This was the mouse aiding the lion indeed. Her heart swelled at the proud thought.

"But it wasn't really me," thought little Jeanne, "whatever the lawyer may suppose. It was the photograph—it was his dear face which made her feel she *must* do Louis justice; far more than any words of mine. It was the likeness to you, Colonel Harry," and she looked up at the handsome disdainful face of Harry Marney, whose boyhood, perpetuated by a master hand, was as fresh to-day, as it had been a hundred years ago.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you," murmured Jeanne, and she dropped her face into her hands for a moment, in a silent passion of gratitude,—before rising from her knees.

How bright the room looked! Poor Aunt Caroline! And heartless, cheerful lady's bower, which the dead brain had planned, and the dead hand created, and filled, however incongruously, with beautiful and pleasant things.

Those long weeks of absolute solitude had brought the

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lonely lady into an almost unnatural relation with inanimate things.

The furniture, the pictures and the flowers, seemed not to be soulless, but eloquent witnesses of past sadness; and now, with herself, eagerly waiting in expectancy of joy to come.

She went round, softly touching one thing and another. The strangeness of the house had vanished, and only its beauty remained. It was Louis' house.

She might ask for the keys of the locked Chippendale bookcases when she would. They were Louis' books.

The treasures she had feared to touch, were they not almost her own, since they belonged to Louis?

It was no longer even so much Miss Caroline's father who looked sternly forth from his golden frame above the glowing hearth; but Louis' great-grandfather watching over his descendant's lawful inheritance.

In three weeks—three little weeks—Louis would come to his own!

His bedroom must be chosen. How the plenishing of it would help to pass the time!

Already one half of Miss Marney's original gift of bank-notes to her niece had travelled to South Africa. It would be a great sum to Louis; almost as great and wonderful a windfall as it had been to Jeanne, the prudent little sister who had after anxious reflection decided to send only the one note to her brother, and to say nothing of the other, but reserve it for emergencies.

Now no such emergencies need be feared. The five and twenty pounds could be spent upon the preparations she would make for her hero's return.

She wondered whether Mrs. Dunham would think it heartless if she rang the bell, and asked for her advice in choosing her brother's room now. She thought not, for Dunham had already, and with a ring of sad exultation in her grief-subdued voice, referred to the home-coming of the young gentleman.

Miss Caroline had had few secrets from her faithful waiting-

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ing-woman, and the contents of the will, which had surprised Jeanne so much, had been perfectly well known to Dunham, though she had discreetly held her peace upon the subject.

As Jeanne hesitated, with her hand on the bell, Hewitt entered with a telegram upon a salver.

He presented it to his young lady with the air of increased respect which all the household had exhibited since the death of their late mistress.

Jeanne took it eagerly. Her heart was so full that she was inclined to be communicative even with the monumental butler.

The receipt of a telegram, besides, was not an every-day occurrence with her, but a rare and exciting event.

"Oh, thank you, Hewitt. I expect it is — from my brother," she said, breathlessly opening it—"to tell me the ship by which he is to come home."

Her voice died away as she read the telegram, once uncomprehendingly, and the second time with a full realisation of its purport.

The brightness faded from her eyes, and the red colour from her cheeks; for these were the words of the message Louis had sent:

"*Ordered Somaliland, embark Durban seventh January.*"

CHAPTER VI

THE NURSERIES

. . . if glory leads the way,
You'll be madly rushing on,
Never thinking, if they kill you,
That my happiness is gone.

"God has been very good to me," wrote Louis from Durban, in the first letter Jeanne received from him, concerning the Somaliland campaign. "Why should this good luck come to *me*, when every fellow out here would give anything to

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go? . . . We ought to reach Obbia in about ten days. . . . The general impression here seems to be that it will be only a preliminary campaign to make ready for larger operations next cold weather. It won't delay my return home for very long, so make the best of it, my darling little Jeannie. My best chum is so disgusted with what he calls my everlasting luck, that he won't speak to me. It's all the harder for him, poor old fellow, because he applied and I didn't, not dreaming I should have the ghost of a chance . . . I walked into a photographer's, and had my old phiz done to please you," ("that is so like Louis, to try to make it up to me some other way,' thought Jeanne,) "and there is another thing I hate writing about, but I must, and you would rather I did, so here goes.

"In case anything happens to me, write at once to my bankers; they have my will and life assurance policy. I forget if I told you I managed to insure my life when I first joined. It is for £1000, which will easily clear my debts, buy a good horse for Uncle Roberts, and leave something over for you. Also they have a letter for you, which I wrote a long time ago, but I hope that you may never have to apply for the same, my Jeannie dear, but that I shall soon be home to throw it into the fire and laugh over it, and tell you the contents by word of mouth . . . The only thing I feel guilty towards you is in starting for Somaliland when I was due and had promised to come home. These are the occasions when you wish I was not a soldier—" ("No, never," said Jeanne), "but they are the only occasions on which a soldier has a chance of showing what he is worth, if indeed he is worth anything, and any way I shall be two thousand miles nearer you. . . . "

Jeanne received this letter in the middle of January, and she perceived by the date that it was written some time before the news of his inheritance had reached Louis.

It roused her from her depression, and awoke renewed pride in her brother's success where others had failed.

"You see, they always pick him out. It just shows what

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they must think of him," she said to Dunham, with melancholy exultation.

"It does indeed, ma'am; but if I was him, I must say I should have stood firm and refused to go. With all this business waiting to be settled, and Mr. Valentine able to do next to nothing till he comes home."

"He did not know all that when he wrote. Besides, it would be dishonour to refuse to go on active service," said Jeanne, with reddening cheeks. "How can you think it possible, Mrs. Dunham?"

"Well, ma'am, a gentleman with *his* fortune has something better to do than to go prancing over the desert looking for naked savages, in my opinion," said Dunham, firmly. "Let others go as has their bread to earn and don't care how they does it. But for a gentleman who will have thousands a year to spend as he likes, I calls it tempting Providence."

"I am afraid it is," said simple Jeanne. "But you don't understand. Louis is a soldier; it is in his blood. He *must* go, while there is any fighting left to be done. It would break his heart to stay behind; though I am sure it breaks mine that he should run more risks. But he is always lucky. Somehow it gives me confidence to remember how he went through all those dreadful battles in South Africa and never was touched. And he says this will be only a short expedition."

"People used to say that about South Africa, ma'am. Well I remember Hewitt telling us it would all be over in three months," said Dunham gloomily. "But he was wrong, as he nearly always is, though never owning it."

"Still perhaps—as my brother says he will probably not be long—I might get his room ready all the same?"

"It is his right to have the best room in the house. He's the master now," said Dunham, but her voice trembled.

"Oh, Mrs. Dunham, you do not think I would take Aunt Caroline's room," said Jeanne, sincerely shocked.

"Why not, 'm? She won't never want it no more. 'Tis

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my belief she'd have wished it. Though how that velvet-pile carpet will stand cigarette ash I can't tell. I remember his poor father used to drop it about long ago."

"Did he indeed? But Louis does not smoke."

"That's not likely by this time, ma'am. Whatever he may have done when he left home," said Dunham, in a pitying voice, as though she thought cigarette-smoking must be hereditary.

"No, I assure you he is not a smoker. He would have told me if he had become one."

"Gentlemen don't tell their sisters everything, ma'am, if you'll excuse me," said Dunham.

Jeanne gave up the attempt to convince the old woman that Louis was the brilliant exception who proved this rule. But about the room she remained firm. Louis must not take Aunt Caroline's room. He would not like it at all. He was not used to a large room, and would think it too luxurious for a soldier.

"Then if Pyke and me is to have the best bedroom floor all to ourselves," said Dunham severely, "which I can't think becoming 'm, but far be it from me to say so—then there's nothing left but the nurseries, what have never been used since we came here."

Jeanne mounted the echoing stone-staircase almost eagerly, to explore the upper floor, in company with her conductress.

"The stairs are very steep," she said, pausing before the little white gate at the top in order to allow Mrs. Dunham to recover breath. "I suppose long ago, when the house was built, they put this gate here to prevent the children falling down the stairs?"

"They put it up too late by all accounts, Miss Jane," said Dunham. "This house belonged to poor Miss Marney's cousin, the late Duke of Monaghan. She bought it from him over twenty years ago; and they put up the gate after the little heir fell down this flight of stairs, and was carried into her Grace's room—for dead."

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"Was he killed?" said Jeanne, horrified.

"Crippled for life, ma'am. They sold the house in consequence. They say her Grace vowed she would never set foot in it again. She never came near your poor auntie. But the Duke called on her twice before he died," said Dunham, rather proudly, "and by all accounts she lost very little by not seeing the Duchess, for no one had a good word for her. They say she led the poor Duke a terrible life with her temper and all."

Jeanne looked pitifully at the scene of this long past catastrophe. She pictured "the little heir" running gaily forth from his nursery for the last time—the fall—the cry—the silence—and the terrified nurse lifting a little crushed figure.

"This part of the house has not been touched, ma'am, since Miss Marney came here. It had all been done up fresh when the poor Duke succeeded, only a year or two before the accident. Miss Marney had no use for this floor, so she left it alone, and only decorated the rooms she occupied. She never came up here, the stairs being so steep and her heart weak. There's two very nice-sized bedrooms, ma'am, beyond this," said Dunham.

Jeanne walked through the empty and silent nurseries, softly, and on tiptoe. They seemed haunted by the ghosts of the children who had played there, and who must have climbed on to chairs and tables, when they wanted to look out of the high, barred windows.

The walls were still covered with a faded paper of pictured nursery rhymes.

"We will leave these rooms just as they are," she said, "but oh, Mrs. Dunham, if you think I *might*, I would so much rather come upstairs to one of these large empty bedrooms, and have the one next to mine made ready for *him*. It would seem almost like company to know he was coming, and besides —I think—surely the maids must be sleeping on this floor, just beyond the baize door? I am very very often frightened at night, Mrs. Dunham—all alone among the empty drawing-

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rooms—if you won't think it foolish of me to say so—and I hear such odd noises. I sometimes feel as though the mahogany wardrobe must be walking about; it creaks so dreadfully."

"Why didn't you say so before, ma'am?" said Dunham, astonished. "'Tis for you to give the orders. Your things shall be moved this very day. And the head housemaid shall sleep in a little room close by within call, as ought to be mine, only my poor lady would have me next door to her. To be sure I might have thought you would be nervous."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Dunham," said the poor little lonely lady, gratefully. For she was indeed unable to realise that it was she, after all, and not Dunham, who was mistress of the house. Her conscience pricked her nevertheless, for the opportunities she made to ask Dunham's advice, or exchange a word or two with her.

"What would Aunt Caroline think of me?" she reflected in dismay, now and then. "She said one must never talk to the servants. That is what it is to be what poor old Granny Morgan used to say Louis and I were; neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor good red herring. At home I wickedly look down on Uncle Roberts and think myself more refined than he, and that a farm-house is no place for a de Courset; when I am here, it is the farm which seems the most natural; and I feel like a doll stuck up and doing nothing, quite out of place; and would be glad if the youngest housemaid, the pretty one with red hair, might come and talk to me. She looks far more cheerful than Mrs. Dunham. Surely Aunt Caroline would not have called Mrs. Dunham exactly a *servant* after they had lived so many years together? She must have earned the right to be more of a friend. And if I talk to *nobody* I believe it would end in my going mad. I used to enjoy my meals, but now I would almost rather go without them, than be waited on in solemn silence by Hewitt and Williams."

A worse penance than these solitary repasts was the daily drive, which Dunham hinted that it behoved a lady, however lonely, to indulge. Jeanne dared not refuse, for she was

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penetrated by an honest anxiety to carry out the wishes of her late aunt, and to prove herself a worthy representative of the family. She learned from Dunham the daily routine of Miss Marney's life in London during the past twenty years, and endeavoured, as faithfully as possible, to pursue the same programme. But she was buoyed up by a secret hope that when Louis came home he would discover a less irksome *régime* to be equally suitable to her exalted position.

Thus she walked with Dunham every morning at noon; down Upper Grosvenor Street and into the Park, that the toy Yorkshire terrier might be carefully exercised in a leading-string: and back again through Upper Brook Street and so home.

Jeanne might have enjoyed these expeditions had the weather been less cold, and had Dunham and the dog been able to walk a little faster. But the mincing steps of the aged maid were carefully timed to accord with the slow waddle of the obese lapdog.

Dunham, gathering her rustling silk skirts in a bunch before her, held them up to display her old-fashioned elastic-sided boots, and picked her way nervously over the crossings, of which she had never been able to lose her rustic dread; whilst Jeanne, in a little black cloth jacket, suited rather to the warm west country, and to her accustomed energetic tramping over hill and dale, than to the London east winds, shivered and dawdled by her side. But it occurred neither to her nor to Dunham, to take Miss Marney's sables and sealskins out of their camphorated wrappings, and make use of them. They were preserved and tended as jealously as though Dunham expected their late owner to return at any moment, and demand them at her hands.

The drive was always taken in the immense double brougham, for it was Miss Marney's rule to have the close carriage out in winter and the open carriage in summer, and Buckam, the coachman, had no notion of making changes at his time of life.

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He was so ponderous and infirm that he had to be assisted on to the box; but once safely seated there, he drove carefully and well. William, the Irish footman, sat beside him, and they apparently decided together where the drive should be taken, and how long it should last.

William's unfortunate low-comedy face, and his involuntary but perpetual smile as he daily touched his hat and waited for orders at the carriage door, caused the lonely lady, quite unjustly, to suspect him of laughing at her in his sleeve; and the very suspicion doubled her nervousness.

Every afternoon she stammered, "Please go—nowhere in particular—just drive about;" and every afternoon, having thus uttered, she beat her brains for a more dignified and sensible reply.

One day it occurred to her to inquire of Dunham why a stout red volume of addresses was always carefully handed into the carriage with the rug.

"It's the Red-book, ma'am," said Dunham, rather shocked at this new display of ignorance.

"I see it is a red book," said Jeanne meekly, "but why must I take it out driving?"

"Why, though your poor auntie had given up paying visits for some time before she died, yet in case she had felt inclined to do so, of course she wanted the Red-book handy to look up where the people lived."

"I see," said Jeanne, but she understood nothing.

"There used to be a lot of cards left here, when we first came," said Dunham, nodding sadly towards the bowl of hoarded dingy pasteboards which decorated the table in the hall.

"Did Aunt Caroline know so many people when first she came to London?"

"She knew very few people, but she paid a lot of calls on people whom you might have thought would be glad enough to know her, seeing she was related by blood (though rather distant, to be sure) to a many of them. She tried to distract herself after her poor brother's death by making new acquaintances,

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poor dear, which she never could have done in his lifetime, for he couldn't abide visitors. Though, to be sure he grudged her nothing else; and she always had her clothes from Elise, and Worth, and all the grand places, though it often seemed a pity, with no one to see them. But she liked to keep up a proper dignity, Miss Jane, as a lady in her position ought."

"Yes," said Jeanne, and her heart sank.

"But there, all her efforts came to nothing. She was too old fashioned to take to new faces or new ways, and Londoners was too free and easy for her as had been all her life Miss Marney of Orsett, and accustomed to take the lead and be deferred to. She just quarrelled with one after the other, and that's about all it came to. And nobody comes to look for you in London, Miss Jane, be you who you may."

"That is very true," and Jeanne sighed in sympathy.

"You can be more solitary here than ever you could in the depths of the country," said Dunham, shaking her head. "Where, at the least, the passers by will give you good-day. So for the last ten or fifteen years we've been satisfied to keep ourselves *to* ourselves, willy-nilly, as a body might say. But it's different with you, missie; you're young, and have your life before you. It's not for me to advise you, 'm, but I would make friends while I was young, in your place, and not leave it till it's too late, Miss Jane."

"That is just what my aunt said to me; that I should have plenty of visits to make later on," thought Jeanne, and she recalled her aunt's injunctions to be exclusive. "I must be very careful whom I make friends with, however," she thought, anxiously.

It seemed to her that all London lay open to her choice; and the only question was—where to begin? It would have been hard to fathom the depths of Jeanne's social ignorance.

She consulted Dunham no further, but thought out the question of calls and callers for herself, in the light of the foregoing hints, and of her lively recollections of the visiting code of the Rector's wife at Coed-Ithel.

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"She said she never lost a moment calling on new neighbours," thought Jeanne, "she said it was the duty of the residents. I wonder why nobody has called on me. Perhaps they think it too soon after poor Aunt Caroline's death; or perhaps they do not realise that any one is living here, and think I am just the companion, or somebody of that kind, waiting till the owner comes home. But I am the lady of the house, really. I suppose it is my duty, as Dunham says, to make a few friends, but it is very hard to know where to begin."

She turned over the pages of the Red-book helplessly.

"The day after the first Sunday they came to church she always went," said Jeanne. "I remember that, because I asked her once why she waited till then, as one was not to lose a moment in welcoming them, and she said, only to give them time to settle down. Well—I suppose it must be the people living in the same square who are my neighbours,—anyway, they are the nearest. The first time I see an arrival of a new family here put in the paper, I will make a start," she resolved.

She scanned the advertisements in the fashionable column of the *Morning Post* very regularly for some days after making this resolution; and her scrutiny was presently rewarded by the announcement that Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Wheler had arrived at 129 Grosvenor Square.

This was on a Friday.

Jeanne considerately allowed the proper interval to elapse, and on Monday afternoon, when starting for her drive, she delivered an order to the astonished William, which he had to repeat twice to Buckam on the box, before the coachman could believe his ears.

"Please drive me to 129 Grosvenor Square. I am going to pay a visit," said the lonely lady, in a determined but shaking voice.

(*To be continued*)

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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	Page
RECOLLECTIONS OF A BOARD SCHOOL TEACHER	1
AFTER CAPITALISM——ERNEST E. WILLIAMS	19
THE COMING OF THE TURBINE——HUGH W. STRONG	39
THE AGE OF PRETENCE——BASIL TOZER	55
A MOORLAND SANCTUARY——ALFRED W. REES	64
CHARLES JAMES FOX——LEWIS MELVILLE	74
THE POETRY OF NORA CHESSON——S. GERTRUDE FORD	92
THE FOLK-LORE OF PARIS——ROBERT B. DOUGLAS	99
"THE CONVENT'S NARROW ROOM"——KATHARINE TYNAN	110
HOMERIC KNOWLEDGE OF THE HIGH NORTH——KARL BLIND	121
ON THE LINE	138
THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE (CHAPTERS VII—VIII)——Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE	144

No. 71. XXIV. 2.—Aug. 1906

Google

CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (JULY)

The Race Question in South Africa:

(1) Black and White In the Transvaal—S. A.

(2) Where there's Smoke!—The Rector of Barberton

The Coming Power—Mrs. Gerald Paget

A Leaf from the Admiralty—Dora Greenwell McChesney

How does it Feel to be Old?—Edward Marston

A Night in the House of Lords—Michael MacDonagh

Hybridisation and Plant-Breeding—Arthur J. Bliss

The Need for Social Reform in Russia—Lieut. C. A. Cameron, R.F.A.

A Day of Reckoning—Guy C. Vachell

Instinct in Birds, Animals and Insects—C. Bingham Newland

Calypso—Douglas Ainslie

The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square (Chapters IV—VI)—Mrs. Henry De La Pasture

The Editor of the Monthly Review *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* Editor, *"Monthly Review,"* 50a *Albemarle Street, London, W.*

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A BOARD SCHOOL TEACHER

THE interminable discussion of a series of Education Bills makes it difficult for a practical teacher to believe that the interior of a public elementary school is yet known to political geographers. With astonishingly few exceptions, the speeches and debates on the subject of education are marked by a single characteristic, ignorance of the facts of elementary teaching. The expert authorities in the House, such as Dr. Macnamara, appear to have lost their way and fallen into the pits of diplomacy. Dr. Macnamara, at least, does know what goes on in the four walls of a school, and if he seldom reveals the facts, perhaps his reasons satisfy him. The Labour Party, generally so well informed on subjects of the kind, appear as ignorant as the ordinary politician of the real issues, and move resolutions in favour of secular education as if they were back in the eighteen-seventies.

It is not my business to set the education muddle straight. As Confucius says: "When not in office, devise not the policy." But a few recollections of a dozen or so years spent in various Board schools as an assistant teacher may interest those who feel that the present education discussion is remote from the practical issues. For when all is said and done, the two factors to be taken into account are the child and the teacher. It is these two who come into the most close and influential relations, namely, personal relations; and every

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code, syllabus, and instruction has finally to be administered to the child through the teacher. To a practical mind, the question of education resolves itself into a series of problems, the very first of which is the type of teacher to be employed. In the popular discussion of the day, we may suppose that this problem will be the last to be considered. So far, at any rate, it has not risen above the horizon.

As a pupil teacher and Queen's scholar I served my apprenticeship to the profession of teaching, and was finally let loose on juvenile humanity in the year 1894, registered, and approved as trained and qualified to instruct pupil teachers. I got an appointment under the School Board of one of the large manufacturing cities of the North, and was sent one morning in January to assist in one of the schools of the Board.

The school was what is known as a slum school, that is, it was down in the slums and was attended by slum children. (Dear boys, I afterwards came to love them above all others!) It was not a large school, the boys' department in which I was to teach having accommodation for no more than two hundred and fifty. The headmaster was a kindly old gentleman, who had been taken over by the Board from a Church School. He was singularly incompetent and ignorant, but very lovable when one got to know him. After prayers and a hymn sung by the school in unison, I was put into a class-room with fifty or sixty boys, ranging in age from eleven to fourteen years. The headmaster introduced me by name to the boys, and then left me to my own devices.

The facts to realise are these. As a pupil teacher I had served my time in a little village school in the South of England, under almost ideal conditions of work and friendly relationships. There I had known all the children from babyhood, and the classes given me to teach were small and most amenable to what is called discipline. I had never punished children in any way, for the simple reason that I had never needed to do more than be a little cross in order to distress them. From that school I passed to a training college, where

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two happy years were spent in reading for examinations. From there to a slum school.

The first lesson on the time-table was Biblical Instruction; and if I remember rightly was the life of Moses. Conceive me, therefore, standing before fifty or sixty boys (most of them being newspaper boys and street urchins in their spare time), charged with the duty of impressing their immortal souls with the moralities of Moses. I did know something of Moses, too; for I had an Archbishop's Diploma certifying my excellence in Scriptural knowledge. And, moreover, I had read a good deal of general literature, and flattered myself I could tell stories rather vividly. So I began to talk. One thing speedily became obvious. If the majority of the boys in the class were ready to listen to a new teacher, there was a considerable minority that had no such intention. Several of the bigger lads, in fact, began making observations on my personal appearance, on my southern accent, on the incidents of the life of Moses, and on general topics. I appealed to them by all the things educational experts and masters of educational method had taught me to hold dear, by enlisting their sympathy, by arousing their interest, by appealing to their nobler natures, by urging them to consider the good name of the school, the class, their mothers and fathers, and their descendants to the third and fourth generation. I was really eloquent. All in vain.

The uproar began when I called a boy, who was a ring-leader, to come to me. He would not budge. And when I insisted, he began to explain that he was the most innocent cherub in the class, and that so-and-so and so-and-so (naming other boys) were the prime culprits. Perhaps they were, for I had been too intent upon doing justice to Moses to notice very minutely the origins of the disturbance; but all the same, the interests of dogmatic discipline demanded that a teacher should never be wrong. So I continued to insist and the boy continued to refuse. What was I to do? For, by this time, the rest of the class, with the inborn love of a row, had taken sides.

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Some urged him to go out and see what I would do. Others urged him to stay and see what would happen. I then made a move, which by all the rules of educational theory was wrong. I went up to the boy and took him by the arm to lead him out. He resisted, and I began to apply force. He struggled, and I had to apply more force. He began to kick and to shout, and some of the other boys joined in. In a few moments the class-room was a pandemonium, and presented a scene of whirling arms and legs and rain of Bibles blown sideways by a great wind. The din was that of a battle charge or a fishmarket on a Saturday night.

In the midst of it all the head-master came in. He had a long thick cane in his hand, and his appearance was the signal for silence. "What is all this noise about?" he asked. I explained as well as I could, and he talked to the boys and finally took out one or two of them to give them a sermon. They came back from the sermon blowing on their hands. The effect, so far as I was concerned however, was to make matters worse; for the boys were now doubly angry with me. In a few minutes the uproar began again, and once more the head-master came in.

This time he applied himself to me. "It won't do," he said, "to let these boys master you. If you don't get top-side of them they will get top-side of you. Send out for a good thick cane, and lay it on the back of any boy who says a word." He sent a boy to the nearest shop for a cane (to my surprise every boy in the class was willing to go), and stayed in the class-room with me for a quarter of an hour or so. By this time the Scripture lesson was over, and a lesson in English grammar was supposed to begin. Having seen it started, and the boys apparently attentive and the new cane conspicuously placed on the desk, he once more left the room and me to my single-handed fate.

It is over a dozen years ago now, and I have taught in schools of all kinds, and had the single control of classes numbering a hundred and more. My views on corporal punishment

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have been formulated in the hard school of experience; and knowing all I know, I would have it abolished entirely. But on that morning at least my views were as yet unformed. Like most teachers, trained as I had been, I regarded corporal punishment as a confession of failure, and a declension from educational methods. But in face of the practical difficulties I had no alternative but to employ it. I think I must have caned more than half the class before playtime. The effect, however, was as unsatisfactory as could be. Absolutely no work was done; the boys were in open revolt, and only physical assault and battery availed to keep the class quiet and in their places for more than a few minutes at a time.

At play-time, when I met the other teachers to compare notes, I heard some advice which astounded me. Every teacher, it seemed, had passed through the same mill. Several of them had been in the school for years, and were still subject to outbreaks of the kind I had experienced. They gave me instructions how to cane, and whom and when to cane, and encouraged me to stick to my guns and come out "top-side." The last lesson of the morning was arithmetic, which was held in the central hall along with other classes and under the head master's supervision. The boys were quieter, but their work was shocking. They refused to take any pains, and I had to report several of them to the head-master. He methodically caned every boy so reported, and asked for more. At twelve o'clock, when school was over, I had to walk home to dinner alone through the streets of the slum. The teachers had warned me that the boys might be waiting for me, but I had scarcely expected to be met a few hundred yards from school by a crowd of lads with stones in their hands. Richly as somebody or something (call it the system if you like) had deserved the fate, I felt myself a victim, and an innocent victim. Why had I been sent to such a school with all my inexperience thick upon me? I had been trained as a teacher not as a drill-sergeant. Nobody had prepared me for what I had met. As stone after stone came near to hitting me, and

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the crowd of hooting, shouting boys followed me down the street, I cursed the day schools were invented, the whole profession of teaching, and, above all, the idiocy of a Board that had sent me to my doom. Incidentally I sympathised with the feelings of the boys. We were both victims.

The sequel of the incidents of that morning need not be related; suffice it to say that by means known to every experienced teacher I finally got "top-side," and only then began to be able to discover the true causes of failure and the right means of success.

A word or two on discipline in elementary schools in general may be in place here. Roughly speaking, there are only two kinds of discipline, the natural and the martinet. Natural discipline depends on the attractiveness a teacher can give to his subject by reason of his personality. Martinet discipline depends on the degree to which a teacher can numb the activities of his pupils by uniform or long-sustained physical postures, and by playing on the emotions of fear and greed. Of the two kinds, the natural is obviously the more difficult, for it demands both personality and art. I believe that the most commanding personality might go into an elementary school and fail to keep discipline among fifty boys unless he possessed also the art of teaching. Napoleon, I am sure, would be defeated by a class of boys such as I had. On the other hand, an insignificant personality with a considerable amount of teaching art might be successful. But in either case a certain personal magnetism is indispensable. The successful teacher of this type must have about him some air of mystery, reserve, or what not. It need not be charm, but it must be something that inspires confidence in him. Only to an obvious superior will boys submit willingly.

Now it unfortunately happens that this kind of personality seldom finds its way into the elementary teaching profession, or finding its way in speedily endeavours to find its way out. The result is that the second method of discipline—martinet discipline—is the one generally practised. It is discipline by

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what I do not hesitate to name hypnotic artifice. Combined with corporal punishment, it is extremely effective for the purpose of keeping children quiet, and for cramming them for examinations. And since these two results satisfy the demands of the authorities, the methods by which alone they can be obtained are almost universally employed.

I will describe a few that I have seen. In one school over which reigned a particularly successful head-master, since raised to high honour for distinguished services, the martinet discipline was carried out on a majestic scale. From the moment of assembling in lines in the school-yard to dismissal at twelve and four o'clock, the physical postures of the child had been planned. The exact number of paces apart in the lines, the order of procession up the stairs, the exact position in the desks, the exact number of movements for sitting in the right position, the exact movements for the passing of books and pens, the exact posture for writing, the exact position of the head, arms, legs and body, the exact angle of direction of the eyes, all these things had been calculated according to a system, and were rigidly enforced. If by chance any signs of slackness appeared the lesson was stopped, and five, ten, fifteen minutes were given to exercises in sitting motionless, or in what was termed eyelash drill. This consisted in making the children obey such orders as the following: "Heads up," "Eyes on ceiling," "Eyes close," "Eyes open," "Eyes right," "Eyes left," *ad nauseam*. After some minutes of this the children were undoubtedly quiet, and the rest of the lesson proceeded as merrily as a funeral bell. Any divergence from the uniformity was visited with corporal pnnishment. I have seen a teacher, stick in hand, running up and down the lines of a class and striking the shoulders of any child out of the exact position, with the head-master watching approvingly.

In the same school, elaborate preparations were made for possible visitors. As a school with a reputation for discipline, it was often chosen by the Board as a model school to exhibit to visitors. By the rules of the Board, corporal punishment

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was forbidden to anybody but the head-master, and he was instructed to enter in an official book all cases. Had such a rule been kept he would have had time for nothing else, and the book would have been filled in a very short time. Moreover, he would have forfeited the respect of the Board. In practice, therefore, he seldom punished, and still more seldom recorded his punishments. He had no illusions, and used to tell us: "Any teacher who thinks he can teach without a cane is a fool; but any teacher who lets a visitor see a cane is a bigger fool." So when visitors were expected or were sighted word was sent round the school, canes were put away, and all was smiles and peacefulness. Afterwards the head-master came round to punish personally any child who had "disgraced" the school by daring to speak or alter his position during the visitation. One lady-visitor went away enthusiastic, and reported that the miracle of the whole thing was that it had been done "all by love." The phrase was repeated for years in the profession with a variety of intonations.

Of the other means to martinet discipline, that of appealing to greed, the most notable instances occur (at least occurred until recently) in the evening schools. There was an almost unblushing appeal to the purely selfish instincts, and a colossal system of bribery. Quite half the attendance at an evening school was due to the rewards promised. These took the form of trips to the seaside or books or tea-parties. So many attendances with so much good behaviour qualified for the reward, and in some instances I have known boys bribed with money. In the day-schools, where attendance is compulsory, the rewards for attendance are small; but systems of prizes and little rewards of extra playtime, special banners for successful classes, &c., are common. I have nothing to say against them except that they are fatal to education. They do secure discipline, but at too great a cost in emotional life.

The mention of evening schools reminds me of my first experience in one. The head-master of the previous session had promised, it seems, the usual extravagant rewards, and

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had failed to keep his promise. The result was that when the new teachers arrived they were met at the doors by a crowd of angry boys who had brought, as we found afterwards, stores of wet clay in their pockets. The first thing they did on entering the school was to put out all the lights. The four teachers were then left in the dark to quell a mutiny of a hundred or so of hobbledehoys. We heard desks moving, chairs thrown about, and clay whizzing about the room and about our heads. At last we got the gas in one room relit, and two of us were left to cope with about fifty boys while the other two teachers went in search of the rest. We locked the class-room door, put the blackboard against the glass, and then began to obtain discipline. To be brief, it ended in a free fight, in which most of us got bruises of one sort or another. After having helped down stairs a dozen or so lads, we secured so much discipline as enabled us to spend the rest of the evening in entertaining the boys with songs and recitations. The other teachers had done the same with their section of boys, and henceforward, with occasional breaks, the school progressed fairly quietly. Of the work done in the evening schools, no teachers in those days could speak with a straight face. Farce was the mildest name applied to it Doubtless it is better now, but the attendance is less.

Some years ago one of her late Majesty's inspectors called down the wrath of educational experts by recommending that only the three R's should be taught in elementary schools. It was a bold proposition to make in the face of the pathetic public belief in education. The blunt assumption that geese could not be made into swans and had much better be made into good geese naturally aroused a storm of opposition. But scores of thoroughly practical teachers privately said "Amen" to the proposal; and it is certain that scores of intelligent parents would, if they dared, say "Amen" to it too. For what is the present condition of the time-table? I am confident that nine out of ten teachers will support me when I say that nine out of ten subjects taught in the elementary schools

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are so superficially taught as to be practically useless. Who would believe, for instance, that physical drill in many schools, though by law obligatory, and by every reasoning necessary, is almost entirely neglected, so much so that I remember in one school physical exercises being taken for no more than half an hour a month? In such case the public is simply deceived; for physical instruction would appear on the syllabus and physical instruction would be paraded on the platform at election times; but the public would get the benefit of an illusion and the children no benefit at all.

But what could a head-master do with a syllabus of twenty and more subjects, each to be got into every week of five days and ten attendances? Excellent reasons, no doubt, exist for teaching every subject; and popular movements in favour of this or that subject get themselves interpreted into a syllabus of instruction and wedged into a school time-table. But the sufficient reason against many excellent subjects is that time is as short as these subjects are long. We cannot teach everything; we cannot even teach many things; we can at the very best only teach a few things. (I refrain from examining the fallacy of confusing education with instruction, a fallacy which underlies every proposal to teach any subject at all.) As it is, however, a good case is made out for, let us say, History; so History goes on to the time-table. Then somebody suggests that the children of this country are deficient in grammar, they do not speak nicely, and cannot write a letter; so Grammar and Composition go on the time-table. Then a mathematical reformer desires to see the metric system adopted, or concrete arithmetic taught, or the principles of Euclid inculcated; and the Metric System, Concrete Arithmetic and Mensuration are labelled as proper and necessary to be taught. Somebody invented the Tonic Sol-fa notation of music, and everybody feels that music and singing are quite indispensable in education; so instruction must be given in Tonic Sol-fa and the old notation as well. Business men rise in arms and declare that boys cannot count nowadays; so

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elaborate systems of Mental Arithmetic are devised and made obligatory. Art is dying in this country, and the only means of restoring it is to teach it in the schools; so Drawing, Painting, Designing, &c., are squeezed into the time-table. But all this time the fingers of the children are being sadly neglected. Froebel says so, Herbert says so. And see what they do in Germany, America, France, Kamschatka! So Hand and Eye exercises in paper-mounting and clay modelling are introduced. Then what a shocking thing it is that our children should grow up ignorant of the beauties of literature, especially of poetry. Poor Matthew Arnold aroused England on the subject. He must turn in his grave to hear the sins committed in his name. Casabianca and Little Jim! And the list of subjects goes on increasing, and the time for teaching them keeps on, like Brer Fox, lying low and saying nuffin'. Will the list stretch out to the crack of doom? I know teachers well enough to know they will not protest—very loudly. They are engaged in a purely trade-union effort to ameliorate their economic conditions. Like many other trade-unionists they know they are turning out shoddy, but they rightly object to being sweated all the same. Unless, therefore, public opinion intervenes to stem the tide of new subjects, and even to clean the slate of many of the present subjects, the work in our elementary schools must continue to be superficial and useless. The mere idea of an elementary teacher being expert at twenty or thirty subjects is ludicrous. We are not all heaven-endowed geniuses or even walking encyclopædias. The effect on children's minds of this debauch of subjects is written in the chronicles of penny periodicals.

A word as to the sizes of the classes. Thirty children is the number officially recommended for a single teacher, and probably the public rests content that the number only rarely exceeds thirty. But I have seen classes managed by a single teacher, without even the aid of a pupil teacher, numbering a hundred, and even more. There are at this moment plenty of men and women teachers wrestling with the titanic,

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i.e., impossible, task of educating ninety and a hundred children at once. For special lessons (science, if you please) I have had myself as many as a hundred and twenty children. Again, the conclusions are simple. No education is possible under such conditions; no discipline of the personal kind is possible under such conditions. All that is possible is instruction and martinet discipline.

My experience of inspectors is that the Government inspectors are, as a rule, humane and intelligent men, and the Board inspectors the reverse. The public did not realise, I think, when they acclaimed the abolition of examinations by the Government that their children were exchanging Jeroboam for Rehoboam. Yet so it came to pass, for the School Boards, fearing that with the relaxation of the examination methods there would be a relaxation of work on the part of the teachers, instituted periodical examinations of a far more severe character. As they were conducted by Board inspectors, who held the power of the purse over each individual teacher, the results to the children were shocking. It is in fact one of the anomalies of the present education system that the teachers of a school should be subject to a dual control, to the financial control of the local authority, and the educational control of the Government. In many cases, the educational advice of the latter comes into distinct collision with the former; and the result is that the teacher is between two fires. If he obeys the Government inspector as, educationally speaking, he generally should, he offends the Board inspector. And the penalty for such an offence is loss of increase of his salary at the annual revision. I do not exaggerate when I say that the hopes and fears clustering round this annual increase of salary make hundreds of teachers and thousands of children wretched. If, as is usually the case, he obeys the Board official (who, be it remembered, is not chosen for his educational ability, but for his power of organisation), he does so at the expense of his educational conscience. The recommendations of the Board inspectors are necessary to promotion; hence their approval is

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the matter of the greatest concern to teachers. For as the system of large factory schools makes the number of head-masterships few, and the number of assistants many, and, further, as head-masters inconveniently fail to die or retire except after many years, the applicants are out of all proportion to the vacancies. In my own town there might be in a year three or four vacancies for headships; and for these vacancies there would be a hundred or so qualified applicants. I appreciate the difficulty of making a choice; and the fatal ease of adopting the political device, namely, that of accepting the nomination of a member of the Board or Education Authority. But this involved a good deal of backstairs influence and what teachers called unprofessional conduct.

Some teachers made no disguise of their intentions. Meaning to get on, they frankly adopted the methods necessary. They sought out the powerful individual Board inspector, or political magnate, and unblushingly importuned him for favours. Canvassing disqualifies, technically, and, of course, such a teacher would know better than ask openly for promotion. But he would find out the favourite church or society or weakness of his victim, and then play upon it. Perhaps the political magnate thought of himself as an educational expert, then our teacher would submit his difficulties to him for advice. Or he was an enthusiastic football patron, and then the method of procedure was different. In any case, by reason of insistency, by constantly hearing the name, or by constantly seeing the person, the man in power came to be habituated to the existence of such a teacher. And when the next appointment came to be made, as surely as one asks for such and such a soap, or for so-and-so's matches, the magnate suggested the name that had been so well advertised.

Now the point is that such a teacher might be, probably would be, the worst and not the best of his class. I am not supposing that many other teachers would not willingly adopt the same means, if they dared. But among the hundred or so qualified applicants, at least a few would be too honourable,

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too considerate of their profession, to advertise in this way; and, educationally speaking, they would probably be better teachers for it, at least in their relations with children. But for this they would pay the penalty of obscurity. I confess that the question of promotion is difficult; and sometimes I have been driven out of pity for the authorities to suggest that the teachers should appoint their own heads. Of one thing I am certain, that they would choose more wisely than the authorities possibly could. For, let it be repeated, the practical art of teaching is a "mystery" in the mediæval sense; it is a craft known only to craftsmen. And nobody can judge so well as the craftsman who is and who is not qualified to be a master craftsman.

The policy of building large schools is probably due to the causes that have established the factory system in manufacture. Apparently even the Socialists of the day are in favour of them, though they inveigh against the factory system in trade. All the arguments against the factory system in trade are applicable to the factory system in education, together with many more. The head-master of a school of four or five hundred children is not an educator or even a teacher. He is simply an organiser, a kind of clerk of the works. His personal relations with the children are small and ineffective. He must deal with them in companies and classes.

The alternatives of small schools are, I am told, too expensive to be thought of. Then let us not pretend that education is possible, but frankly say that the modern schools are bad. So many people are willing to admit that this part of the system is radically wrong, and that part of the system is radically wrong; and yet to object loudly if one says that the education given is bad. The tree, they admit, is thorn, but the fruit is grape. Surely this is not so. If almost every detail of the system is bad, the outcome is bad too. It will be a great step towards reform when we admit it.

I may be allowed to say a few words about Scriptural instruction from a practical standpoint. Properly speaking, I

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have never seen any Scriptural instruction that was different from ordinary instruction. The Scripture syllabus was on the same plane as the geography syllabus. There were so many statements to be taught, so many words to be explained, so many verses to be learned. That was all. And very dull and difficult work I found it. My last experience was with a class of boys, aged between six and seven, and numbering fifty or sixty. The syllabus of instruction for the first two months of the school year was the Lord's Prayer and the first three Commandments, with examples of their breach. I put it to any rational being whether he could explain to boys of that age the theological niceties of the Lord's Prayer and the first three Commandments. The vocabulary alone might have been Sanscrit in some respects, so unintelligible was it to the boys. Had there been no examination at the end of it all one might have done one's best to open the minds of the children to something like religious feeling. But what was expected as the result of the instruction was not a dawning spiritual faculty but the repetition of the Commandments, and a dictionary acquaintance with the meanings of the words. For all the religion in it the lesson might have been history. If that is what the present educational dispute turns on, then the present dispute is much ado about next to nothing. Of religious teaching, I repeat, I have seen none in any Board school, or, for the matter of that, in any elementary school at all.

But, what is your remedy? it may be asked. I have no immediate remedy. It is not my business to have remedies, at least from the popular standpoint. I have already said that the two vital factors of education are the teacher and the child. To my mind all discussions that do not realise this are beside the mark. So far as the child is concerned the teacher is at the mercy of the State. He cannot control the sources of supply; he must simply accept what the State puts into his hands. But once there, it is the business of the teacher to say not what shall be done to the child but how it shall be

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done. As a teacher, I admit the right and obligation of the State to define the objects and even the subjects of education; but I deny entirely the right or capacity of the State to define the methods of education. That is an art, and the collective control of methods of art is fatal. At the same time, I see also the difficulty of the State in this respect. So many teachers are below even the average intelligence of a State official. Hence some direction and control seem to be necessary. Yet, in so far as they are exercised, the teacher degenerates.

Here we get into a vicious circle, the traversing of which makes the head giddy. What is the way out? I suggest that the only way out now and at any time from the educational muddle is to raise the standard of the teacher. Only by infinitely slow degrees can we raise the standard of the child. By rapid degrees we can raise, and have raised, the standard of school buildings and such material; but the work of raising the second vital factor of education, namely, the teacher, has scarcely begun. And the method of raising that standard is not difficult. As Cromwell raised a splendid army by the simple device of paying high wages, thereby commanding the services of the efficient, so the modern educational system could command superior teachers simply by paying for them. Loudly as the Union of Teachers has complained of the economic position of teachers, the general public does not yet realise the facts.

As a concrete instance, I may cite my own case. In my five years' apprenticeship as candidate and pupil-teacher I received the total sum of £30, an average of £6 a year. Out of this I had to find my books. My two years in a training college cost me an entrance fee of £18, my clothes, books, expenses, and keep during holidays. At twenty-one, therefore, after seven years of teaching and training, my financial account with the nation was this: Received, £30; spent, considerably over £100. From such a Spartan training one would naturally expect a fairly large

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salary. I received in my first year £80. By annual increments of £5, promised but not always given, I arrived, after seventeen years of teaching, at the magnificent annual salary of £120, with the chances of a hundred or so to three against a head-mastership. Of course my case is far from being singular. In the next class-room to my own taught a man aged nearly sixty. He had been a head-master in a country school, and was a most conscientious and painstaking teacher. His salary was less than mine.

People to whom I have told these facts have said, "Surely, the case must be exceptional." Yet when I first went to the city where I have taught for twelve years, there was not a single assistant teacher who was receiving £120 a year. Things have, in fact, improved, but my own case is still exceedingly common. Others have said: "Oh, but teaching is such a noble profession that teachers ought not to want high salaries. See what a privilege it is to mould the minds of the young." To this the obvious reply is that man cannot live by teaching alone. Teachers are like other people; they desire to marry and to set up a home; now and then also, however incredible it may sound, they like to go away for holidays, to have friends and pleasures; even, most extraordinarily, to buy books and to see the world. How much of this can be done on one hundred and twenty pounds a year? If the ideal teacher were a recluse, an ascetic, a person to whom all knowledge and experience came by nature, this sum might suffice. But the very opposite qualities are demanded. Above all, he should be a traveller, if he is to know the world he teaches; a frequenter of the society of many minds, if he is to have insight; a learner from things and books always, if he is to keep his fount of knowledge fresh and everflowing. And for these things money is necessary.

The result of the present scale of salary is obvious enough. The most sympathetic of managers whisper in private that the teachers are a poor set of creatures, more in need of education than capable of giving it. We *are* a poor lot. I do not deny

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it. And so long as parents hesitate between sending a lad into teaching or into drapery, or a girl into teaching or domestic service, the elementary teaching staff will remain what it is, poor, incompetent, mean and dull. I am told that the fool of the family is now made a teacher. I can well believe it. If, like Solomon, I had a thousand children I would only make them teachers who were fit for nothing else. And how many times have I heard teachers say the same! Indeed, of the hundreds of elementary assistant teachers I have known, I have never known a single one who did not bitterly regret having been a teacher. This, of course, applies doubly to men. Women teachers, as a rule, exchange the profession of teaching for a noble profession; but men must remain. Thus it is that boy pupil teachers are so hard to obtain, and girl pupil teachers so easy. For girls it is a hard life, but, with luck, a comparatively short one. For boys, it is not much better than penal servitude for life.

But what would raising the standard of payment do? In the first place, it would considerably reduce the bitterness now so common in teachers' councils; no small thing, considering the fact that that bitterness is imported into the schools. Secondly, it would gradually attract to the profession men of a superior type, who now find scope for themselves in journalism, private teaching, law, engineering, secretarial work, and the like. The leaven of even a little culture would serve to raise the average teacher's estimate of his profession. Thirdly, the mere granting of the raised wages would be an earnest of the State's belief in education, and in the nobility of teaching; a belief which, so far, in practical issue, may be regarded as little more than a pious opinion. I repeat still again, that the problem of education is the problem of the teacher. Of all Acts, and proposals for Acts, the genuine educationist asks only one thing—does it make for the improvement of the teacher? If yes, it is well. If no, then let the country rave as it will, no improvement will come of it.

BOARD SCHOOL TEACHER.

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AFTER CAPITALISM

SOCIALISM has been hitherto the Red Spectre; it is fast becoming, even among those who have felt the terror of of the Spectre, cherished as a household god. A paradox, if you will, but of the truth of the new development which has created the paradox you can convince yourself by glancing at the municipality in which you live. County Council trams and steamboats, Borough Council electric light—these things, and they are multiplying every day, are true instances of Collectivist Socialism in practice: and the public receives them as a matter of course.

It is only when some striking political event shows like a flashlight the progress which the forces of Collectivism are making that the public generally becomes conscious of that progress, and even then the middle and upper class sections of the public, and all who dislike, or think they dislike, Socialism, after a murmur of apprehension, betake themselves to ostrich tactics, or at least tell each other that the danger is not imminent. An apt example, alike of the sort of political event to which I am referring, and of the attitude towards it of the greater part of the public, is at hand in the sudden appearance in Parliament of the Independent Labour Party. Quite pathetic, indeed, has been the demeanour towards the phenomenon of the older school of politicians and the classes which they represent. First was ignorance of the development which the General Election of last winter had in store. Then

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came mingled exclamations of horror and contempt. These were quickly hushed. "Now they are here let us treat them like gentlemen," said some. "They don't mean any harm, and they will soon sober down like the Labour men we have had in Parliament before," said others. "You are really only Radicals in a hurry and belong to us," said the Liberal politician, addressing the new Members. "In point of fact, as your breaking with the Liberal Party shows, you are an advanced wing of Tory Democracy," said the Conservatives; "and we shall get on excellently well together." And then everybody agreed to ignore the apparition, and to refuse to regard it as the herald of Revolution. It is not a little significant, however, that both Liberals and Conservatives have throughout the present Session displayed a nervous anxiety to conciliate the Labour Party. Indeed, the whole business of the reception by the older schools of politics of the new *enfant terrible* has closely resembled the attitude of one who has occasion to pass a savage-looking dog. The muttered swear words and apprehensive looks, the half-proffered hand, the smile meant to express a winning advance, the courteous "Good old doggie!" and the *sotto voce* "You brute!" have been well reflected in recent politics.

And if it be said that this apprehensive attitude and nervous anxiety to conciliate hardly bear out the existence of the ostrich method to which I have before referred, let it be replied that the two attitudes may and do exist together. It is chiefly the politician who displays the nervousness, the general public which ignores. And the politicians also for the most part ignore the real meaning of the Labour Party's advent; they appreciate the difficulties and the uncertainties attaching to the presence of this Party in a professional political point of view, but they, no more than the general public, give evidence of appreciating that these Independent Labour representatives are the advance guard of a Party which, if successful, will engineer the Social Revolution.

But that is the real content of the new phenomenon, and

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the sooner it is generally recognised the better. To regard the Labour Members merely as a species of Radical more frothy than the average, or simply as representatives of a class in the sense that the railway directors in Parliament represent a class interest, is dangerously to misconceive the situation. These Labour Members come to Parliament to begin, or, rather, in view of what municipalism has already done, to carry forward by stages the political and economic process on the completion of which the capitalist society which we know to-day will have been destroyed, and superseded by a Collectivist commonwealth. The fact that not all the Labour Members trouble their heads much at the moment about the ultimate developments of their programme is of no moment.

A Time for Decision.

Now this latest sign of the times is surely important enough to set Englishmen thinking. It is time for us to get our bearings, time to decide whether the economic doctrines which are making such sensible headway are good or bad doctrines, whether they should be supported or opposed, or modified, and, if the last, how. For it is clear, both by the entry of the Labour Party into Parliament and by the large instalments of Collectivist Socialism already with us in the form of municipal trading, and, also, it may be added, by the formidable growth of Collectivist experiments in the daughter States of the British Empire, and of Socialist propaganda the world over, that if we make no conscious and thought-out effort to combat Collectivism, and to do it by some more effective method than mere conservative opposition to change, we shall inevitably drift so far into Collectivism that the thing will soon be either actively established in our midst, or will have so permeated our national polity as to be regarded as the natural and only solution of the social and economic problems awaiting disposal. Let us appreciate clearly that, be it a right or be it a wrong solution, Collectivist Socialism is at least *a* solution

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of an unsatisfactory situation; and it is the solution which at present holds the field without serious competitor. It is all very well to abuse Socialism, but it is not well simply to abuse. Socialists do put before the world an alternative to the present economic organisation of society—a reasoned, homogeneous system, and one which, whatever other evils it might bring in its train, would, at any rate, destroy some of the glaring evils which exist in the present society. Collectivism has the further merit of being a constructive system. However iconoclastic the diatribes of Socialist orators may sound, their propaganda is fundamentally differentiated from that of the older Radicals and other extreme advocates of democracy: the Socialist would build up a new organisation contemporaneously with the shattering of that which at present exists. Such a propaganda, in the circumstances of the present time, merits at least the courtesy of consideration. But I submit it does more. Upon an impartial analysis of the existing form of economic society we are not even justified in opposing Collectivist Socialism unless we have something to offer in its place beyond simple adherence to the existing *régime* of unrestrained capitalism.

Individualism in Solution.

This may sound a somewhat revolutionary statement. It is not more revolutionary than the facts themselves. It is not possible to study the existing state of economic society and the forces which have made it what it is, and to read back into the earlier forms into which economic society was cast, and then, looking forward, to imagine that no change is going to be made within any measurable future. The life of the community, as the life of the individual, is a record of constant change. Every middle-aged man can in a few minutes draw up a list of changes, and many of them important changes, which have taken place within his own memory. Take the great growth of joint-stock companies within recent years.

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The old-time "firm" in manufacturing and mercantile business of importance has practically disappeared. No longer is a business the property of one man or of one man and his brother and a couple of friends; it has become a soulless joint-stock corporation, a thing of preference shares and debentures, a board of directors and a salaried manager. This alone is an enormous change in our industrial organisation. Or regard the growth of the giant emporia in the retail trade. The old-time owner of a shop is being squeezed rapidly out of existence; he has died or retired or become a shopman, or a manager in some huge business, and he is leaving fewer and fewer successors. Not only in the metropolis and the great towns but in the villages also the goods of the universal providers are penetrating and destroying the former organisation of retail trade. These instances are enough to impress upon the observer the extreme mutability of forms of industrial organisation, and should be enough to prepare the public to contemplate still further and greater changes.

That however only carries us to the point of acknowledging the possibility of big changes and the facility with which they may come about. It does not demonstrate or even indicate, at least on the surface, that the whole mould of our existing economic society—a mould whose material is private property, hardened in the furnace of individual freedom and pressed into its existing form by the mechanical and scientific developments which have ensued in the great industry—is about to break up and give place to something radically different. But even that position shows as reasonable when closely examined.

To look back upon economic history and the vast changes which have been wrought in society during the centuries of which we have record, and then to suppose that the existing era of unrestrained capitalism is immortal, is to make an assumption which is so strangely at variance with experience that it would need a most imposing array of

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arguments to justify its acceptance even as probable. The burden of proof lies not upon those who allege the evanescence of the present system and its more or less imminent destruction or transmutation, but upon those who maintain the contrary position. Indeed, the only argument in favour of the likelihood that economic society will remain in its existing shape for some time to come, is that the existing form is itself so new. To step back so short a way in the world's history as two centuries is to find oneself in an economic society which bears no closer relation to the capitalistic *régime* of to-day than does an embryo to a full-grown man—hardly so much indeed. Except for the common ground of private property in the means of production and an unlimited power of private profit-making, economic society at the beginning of the eighteenth century was entirely distinct, and in many essentials radically different, from the economic organisation which obtains in England and all civilised countries in the opening decade of the twentieth century. It may almost be said that change from the present form to Collectivist Socialism would not be very much greater. Then again, as history goes, it is not a very far cry back to the feudal age which preceded the individualism of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. And how different was that from the present capitalistic era! Feudalism, with its manorial communities, its communal land system, its close interdependence of lord and vassal, was but Socialism based on status and cast in a mediæval mould. It is hardly worth while to pursue the matter into more remote organisations, back to the village community and to the communistic tribe; enough has surely been said to show what a burden those take upon themselves who assume the permanence of the existing capitalistic organisation of society.

Really the only practical question in this department of our subject is—How long? And in endeavouring to answer that question, we find the value of such phenomena as those to which I have already referred—the rise into sudden prominence

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of a Labour Party, borne into Parliament on the shoulders of Socialist agitators; the more silent and gradual, though swift and equally significant growth of Collectivism and Communism in our municipalities; and the engulfing of small individual enterprise in what may be called the communal enterprise of joint-stock companies and wide-reaching commercial organisation.

In endeavouring to arrive at some conclusion regarding the imminence of change, it will not be unprofitable to pause a moment upon the last-named of these signs of dissolution in the existing order. The Collectivist is apt to echo the wish of Caligula and to desire that the various capitalistic organisms had but one head for convenience of decapitation. And it is a truth that with every fresh development of joint-stock enterprise the capitalists concerned, instead of, as it seems, cementing their power, are rendering it the more easy for Collectivists to lay hands upon their wealth and industrial organisation. The ordinary man views with alarm the uprising of giant "trusts" and "combines"; the Collectivist who knows his business regards the same phenomenon with cheerful equanimity. In each new amalgamation of hitherto scattered industries he sees his dreams advancing a stage nearer realisation, just as effectively as when an avowed Socialist gets a seat in the House of Commons or a Borough Council embarks in a milk-selling business.

Dissolution as the final process of development is the law of life. The sooner the blossom swells into fruit, the more quickly it ripens, the sooner does it decay. And capitalism has been ripening very quickly of late. A generation ago almost the only industry organised upon a big scale was railway transport. And there was an obviously compelling reason in the nature of the service why this should be so—the same reason why, back in the forties, when railways were beginning to cast their mesh of steel over the country, a Committee of Parliament was appointed to inquire into the desirability of State acquisition of an industry deemed too

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unwieldy for the purposes of private exploitation. But for the saturation of the country at that time in individualist principles the State would have acquired the country's railways at the outset of their career; and it is particularly worth noting that, in spite of the determination to let private companies control the railway service, and notwithstanding the dislike on principle of interference with private business and freedom of contract, Parliament promptly set to work to control the railway companies, to regulate their dealings with their customers and their methods of working generally, and that control has been made more complete in the intervening years, until now it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that, without any attempt at State purchase, the railways of this country are a quarter nationalised. But to-day the most ordinary manufacturing and mercantile businesses have become organised upon a scale rivalling that of the railway companies. The working man buys his half-ounce of tobacco and the clerk his packet of cigarettes from a company with an authorised capital, including loans, of over £20,000,000 sterling—yet the other day a tobacconist's shop, with lollipops at the adjoining counter, was the special commercial perquisite of the poor widow with £50 or £100 of capital. Even such an essentially individual enterprise as that of journalism has fallen a victim (the expression may surely be used here) to the joint-stock company; and organs of public opinion—an intimately personal affair—are thrown together in a heap as the assets of a limited liability company, with an authorised capital of £1,800,000. Thus has private enterprise, the individual control of industry, worked out its own negation. In the very act of the union of individuals for the purpose of better prosecuting their private enterprise, a divorce has been effected between the individual as *entrepreneur* and the individual as the owner of the means of production. The men who own the country's railways for the most part don't know a fish-plate from a sleeper; the proprietors of the tobacco trade only know the difference between "perique" and "honeydew" (if they know it at all) as smokers,

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and not as tobacconists. The proprietors of our modern newspapers would be dumb if asked to explain the difference between case and linotype, and impotent if told to sub-edit a foreign cablegram. To revert to our former simile, the fruit is full ripe, and the pulp is parting from the kernel.

Unrestrained Capitalism in its Results.

So, if what I have said commends itself to my readers' judgment, we arrive at this position: that the economic organisation of society, as we know it now under the name of capitalism, has reached its final development, and is ripe for giving place to some other method of organisation, or at least to some modification of the existing form; and a school of economic thought and a political party are in the field with an alternative form of economic society, and one towards which we are rapidly drifting, not because it is the inevitable development, but because it is an easy development, and none other is seriously put forward. Our next inquiry is as to the attitude which we should assume towards this Collectivist programme; and here our first question is, whether it would not be worth while to struggle for the preservation of capitalistic society in its existing form. The answer seems to me to be, No. And to fortify that answer it appears sufficient, without discussing the usefulness of ever struggling to preserve an outworn framework of society, to ask simply whether the fruits of modern unrestrained capitalism are such as to make us desire its permanence. True, capitalism has done one good thing: it has increased vastly the amount and the refinements of material wealth. But it is difficult to discover that it has effected much else of value. It has made millionaires, often out of men of humble origin, and has endued them with what practically amounts to the power of life or death over the mass of their fellow men; for, as Shylock has said, you take a man's life away when you take away the means whereby he lives; and the millionaire capitalist is able to do the latter and to exercise this awful power in sheer caprice. At the same

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time, it is often only a mockery of power which he wields, for he himself is in the grip of competition and speculation and obscure and unmanageable commercial influences which at times rob him of his wealth and power. And as to the masses who are depending more and more upon his employment of them for their daily bread, their condition may not be worse than it was in previous ages: in most respects it is better; but the betterment is not adequate to the increase in wealth production and in the potentiality of wealth production. There is frightful inequality of distribution, frightful waste of wealth and energy in the war of competition; the spectre of unemployment is never far away from the manual labour classes in spite of the continual opening of new markets, and it has its counterpart through all the professional and commercial classes, among whom the difficulty of obtaining work or profit upon business enterprise increases and makes of life a painful tension and an inhuman struggle for place. Nor are the great inequalities of fortune produced by the present system a reflection of respective personal merits. The abolition of status has not much improved matters, and the man who makes most money is not always the man who, in a social or any other point of view, deserves wealth above his fellows. One might go on instancing further disappointing results of the system which, in its inception, was thought to promise equality of opportunity and the prize to the best, with the greatest good of the community at large thrown in; but probably enough has been said to remind the reader that the unrestrained capitalist *régime* has been far from an unqualified success—though it is only fair to add that all other systems in the past, and probably all other systems which we shall have in the future, will also fall short of perfection. The sane conclusion appears to be that unrestrained capitalism falls sufficiently far short of perfection to justify one in contemplating its disappearance or transmutation without keen regret, if only we have reasonable ground for anticipating something less imperfect to follow.

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The Collectivist Doctrine.

We come thus to a contemplation of the alternative method of organising society which the Collectivist-Socialist advocates, and into which, *faute de mieux*, we are rapidly drifting. Let us first find out the principles underlying the Collectivists' programme. The main principles are as follows: in the economic sphere the doctrine of "surplus value"; in the political sphere, the doctrine of democratic equality; in the social sphere, the doctrine of solidarity. Treating them in reverse order, I need say no more about the third principle than that it is in essence one with the Christian doctrine that we are all members of one body, and that it therefore behoves Christians not to let one party, and that for the most part a blatantly anti-Christian party, filch from them and monopolise the practical application of the great doctrine. Regarding the second-named principle, there is no particular point in touching upon it here at greater length than to acknowledge that, for good or for ill, the old ideas of social station have disappeared or are disappearing, and that democratic notions are with us, and are likely to remain with us for an indefinite period to come. It may just be added, however, that plutocracy has helped to reconcile us to democracy. Contemplation of many of the men who in modern times have obtained great wealth and high station makes one less averse to a doctrine which frankly breaks down the barriers of station, and in economic practice would get rid of great inequalities in the apportionment of wealth.

A little more time must be spent upon the economic doctrine of Surplus Value. That doctrine was first elaborated by the great German Social Democrat, Karl Marx. He pointed out that capitalism is based upon the ability of the owner of the means of production to extract from the labourer the surplus value of his production. Suppose two men, one without land or other means of producing wealth, but possessing solely the power of his arm and the skill of his eye and his

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brain; the other possessing land or some industrial plant. The latter goes to the former and says, "You want the means to live; those you can only obtain by working on the raw material of wealth; that I own: come and work for me. I will not give you the full amount of your production; I will give you a portion of it, an agreed wage, sufficient for the subsistence of yourself and your family. The rest of your production (the whole having been converted by a commercial process into money) I keep for myself, and call it the profit upon my capital." That remaining portion is the surplus value. The Collectivist contends it should be given, not to the worker, for it would be impracticable to distribute it individually among the workers, and to attempt such a distribution would be injurious to social solidarity, but to the worker indirectly, in his capacity as one of the community, the community itself obtaining the surplus value. And Collectivists justify this position by asserting that capital itself is social, being the creation of the labour of many men, acting upon the raw material of the earth, which is the property of all. Its appropriation for their own exclusive use by individuals is, they say, merely the result of bad laws, and therefore Collectivists advocate expropriation.

Where the Collectivist Analysis fails.

The truth of very much of this Collectivist analysis cannot be controverted; yet the analysis is subject to one important criticism. Because capital is "social" in its origin it does not necessarily follow that the individual possessors of that capital should be expropriated. The force of this criticism may be brought home to the mind by a simple illustration. Capital is not the only "social" product. Everything we possess—even life itself—has a like origin. A man's own existence is a "social" product. It is the work of persons other than himself. Countless ancestors have contributed to its creation; society in general has helped to mould it into what it is, to

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make it possible. Are we, therefore, to say that a man's life —his body, his mind, his soul—are not to be his own property; that he is to have no personal rights and possession over them? Socialists. who loudly publish a claim for the individual to have "freedom to live his own life," would be the first to exclaim in horror against such a proposition. But the necessary denial of individual property in capital has not a much more logical basis.

And the basis is shaken still further when the needful definition of what is capital comes to be made. It is not proposed by Collectivists—save by the most impractical communists—to abolish all individual possession of articles of material wealth. Things of intimate personal use, at least—a man's clothes and toilet requisites, to take extreme examples —would not be "socialised" in a Collectivist commonwealth. But where will you draw the line? A silk hat is capital as well as headgear to a clerk, a typewriter and a telephone capital to his employer. Yet is not personal possession and usufruct to be allowed in them? Take a yet more apposite instance. Land is by general admission undoubtedly capital. But what of the suburban resident's little garden in which, for his own amusement, he tries to grow roses? "Oh! that would not be considered capital," I suppose the Collectivist will reply. But our suburban resident's next-door neighbour uses his patch for growing vegetables, and he sells the surplus beyond his own consumption, when the weather will permit of a surplus. There you have the use of the land as capital.

Now is it not the reasonable solution of such an essentially tangled matter to let expropriation on the ground of justice drop out of the programme, and to use the justice argument as a guiding principle, while for the rest confining one's attention to expediency?

What I mean is this. In a very large and real sense everything a man has he holds in trust for the benefit of those around him. His talents, his knowledge, his powers in a hundred different ways to make the lives of his neighbours

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happier, is at once a personal possession and a trust for others. And it is not necessary in order that the power may be used to increase the wellbeing of others, that the direction of it shall be taken away from the man himself. Capital is in the same position. If it is used in a purely selfish and unsocial way the control over it may rightfully be taken from the possessor, who has thus become a defaulting trustee, just as, if a man misuses his personal powers of brain and muscle—employs the one in forging cheques and the other in garrotting strangers—he is deprived for some years of his unfettered direction of those powers. But that is the extent to which it is necessary in the interests of communal justice to expropriate capital. For the rest, it is a matter of expediency. "Yes," says the Collectivist, "it is; but expediency demands that the era of commercialism and private profit-making out of capital shall be destroyed, and superseded by the socialisation of capital and its direction by the community in the interests of the community, for the manufacture of wealth for the use of all and not for commercial exploitation by a class." It is here that I suggest we should part company with the Collectivist. We may agree with him that unrestrained capitalism is nearing the end of its tether; we may agree with him that the departure of unrestrained capitalism need not be lamented; we may for the most part agree with him in his analysis of capitalism and the rights of labour; but let us disagree in the method of realising the Socialist principles—and in disagreeing let us put forward a constructive alternative policy.

The Mischief of Collectivism.

We may adduce two reasons for our disagreement: (1) That the amount of wealth created under the Collectivist system would be less and not greater than at present; (2) that Collectivism would mean the crushing of individual freedom and therewith of those things (including the best in life) which are dependent upon the maintenance of reasonable individual freedom.

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Apart from the fact that in all probability men would not work such long hours in a Collectivist State as they do at present, thereby diminishing the output of wealth, there is the further circumstance to be regarded, that they would not work so hard during the hours in which they were employed. This is not mere surmise. The instalments of Collectivism already to hand in our new municipal trading show clearly enough how already men work slackly when their employer is a democratic municipal body of which the workmen themselves are electors. The bricklaying performance of London County Council servants is a notorious case which will serve for illustration. With all industry socialised this slackness would become enormously intensified, and the greatest possible difficulty would be found in getting men to work at all in the more disagreeable pursuits. Compulsion would have to be applied, but compulsion would at once be exceedingly difficult to carry into effect, and be a practical negation of the free commonwealth which Collectivists bid us anticipate when they get their way. Further, by withdrawing the spur of competition you would withdraw at the same time the principal motive-power of industrial progress and enhanced wealth production. If County Council tramways had been running on every London street the County Council would not have introduced the motor 'bus, and, with all the means of production in communal hands, no one else would have had the opportunity. True, there is great waste in competition, waste in advertising and the unnecessary multiplication of independent businesses, and so forth; but much of this waste is disappearing under the modern movements of industrial organisation to which I have already referred; more could be got rid of, apart from the alternative of Collectivism; and what remains would not be enough to outweigh the factors, to which I have briefly alluded, which would make for a greatly decreased wealth production under the Collectivist system.

Of even, and greatly more, importance is the second reason against Collectivism. Such a system, by destroying all private

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possession of, and control over, property (apart from articles of personal use), would destroy all individual initiative and enterprise of an industrial character: that is intended; but it must destroy individual freedom in much else that is unintended. To follow out this consideration into detailed illustration would occupy more space than I have room left for. Let one illustration suffice. Take religious observance. An association of persons of like mind in religious matters could not build a church, for the land and the building materials would be the property of the State, and the labour necessary would be under the State, the sole employer. These persons again could not appoint their own observances, for the time of each individual would be the State's, and inevitably the State would encroach upon the manner in which a man's time was employed. They could not employ a body of clergy, for every one would be a servant of the State, and in a fully collectivised commonwealth would have his labour apportioned to him, and it is unlikely that he would be apportioned the ministering to some religion which was not the State's religion (assuming the State to have a religion at all). Nor is it likely that the persons aforesaid would be able, out of their own means, supposing the State allowed them to do so, to pay for their own churches and other institutions, and defray the subsistence of clergy withdrawn from State labour; for every effort would be put forward so to apportion each man's remuneration as that he should have no appreciable wealth of his own peculiar possession beyond what might be necessary to satisfy his own requirements. This instance, drawn from one department of life, might be extended indefinitely—through the whole range of human activities. Iron tyranny and the stifling of all individual development and of all individual freedom must result from such a system.

The Alternative.

Then, it may be questioned, you have no alternative to offer to the existing form of economic society, which you

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admit to be gravely unsatisfactory in its results and tending rapidly to dissolution? There is an alternative, and one founded upon the socialistic principles themselves. It is this. Let us recognise the doctrine of human solidarity, that is to say of real fundamental socialism, apart from methods of carrying it into effect. Let us also bow to democracy to the extent of not endeavouring to build up the new social commonwealth upon the old basis of status and great inequality. Let us recognise the social origin of capital, and that its proper employment is in ministering to the necessities and luxuries of the society whose collective action has brought it into being. Let us go yet one step further with the Collectivist Socialists, and say that some conscious legislative effort should be put forth in order to socialise the fruits of capital. And then let us part company with the Collectivist.

What does it matter if one man calls himself a landlord and another exercises control and direction over factories and shops so long as they exercise their functions for the benefit of the community? Let them, stimulated by the hope of profit, continue to exercise control over the means of production, but let the community also ordain that the greater part of their profits shall go back to the community. We do this now to a small extent; the landowner and the capitalist, when they pay income tax upon their rents and profits, give back to the community part of the fruits of their capital. They will not cease their efforts to produce the maximum quantity of wealth if a larger share is taken. So long as they are left a share for themselves, and a share of indefinite amount, varying according to the success of their efforts, so long will they continue to serve the community by striving their hardest to increase the output of wealth, the greater part of which will go to the community. And does the Collectivist ask: Why let these men retain any profit at all out of capital which in justice should not be theirs? I answer, without arguing the justice of the arrangement, that simply as a matter of expediency such an arrangement is best for the community. It is simply a matter

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of paying commission, and the commission will be well earned, because even after paying it the total output of wealth for the community's use will be greater than were the State to expropriate the means of production and itself employ labour upon those means of production; and in addition the destruction of individual freedom and all the insupportable tyrannies of a Collectivist *régime* will be avoided. We should change from an era of unrestrained capitalism to an era of restrained social individualism.

There is nothing impracticable in this suggestion. It is even now in operation on a small, but growing, scale, and it is a most encouraging sign of the times that this alternative to the present era is developing side by side with the Collectivist alternative displayed in municipal trading.

We have the Choice before our Eyes.

In making our choice we have samples of each method before our eyes. Let me give a few examples of the actual existence of the method I am advocating. By statute a gas company cannot charge what it likes. A certain standard price and a certain standard dividend are fixed. The company can pay itself a higher dividend, but only by making a corresponding diminution in the price it charges to consumers. The electric power companies seeking permission to cater for London's wants against the monopolist Collectivist scheme of the London County Council offer like terms. They themselves propose in their Bills that they shall not be allowed to pay more than a certain dividend without reducing, according to a scheduled scale, the standard price for current also fixed in the Bill. In Canada the Montreal Street Railway Company has to pay a proportion of its gross receipts to the city, and the City Council has power to inspect its accounts. In India the Mysore Government takes to itself from the companies concerned a substantial proportion of the value of the output of the gold mines in its territory. In Europe the Imperial

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and Continental Gas Association (an English company which supplies gas to a number of continental towns) has to pay the communities where it does business substantial sums for the franchise, such as a fifth of its gross earnings, and e .n in addition, I believe, light the streets of a town for nothin, Here is a quotation from the *Berliner Morgenpost* of Marcl 17 last:

> The sum to be paid by the Imperial Continental Gas Association of London, during the period 1905–8, for the permission to lay connecting mains, has been fixed at M.566,682 per annum, and included by the towns in their estimates. The contributions payable by the Berlin Tramways Company and the Berlin Electricity Works figure in the estimates for M.2,689,789 and M.3,750,000 respectively. To these must be added the contribution received by the town from the Berlin Charlottenburg Tramways Co., the Berlin Electric Tramways Co., the Southern and Western Suburban Tramways Co., the Continental Electric Co. of Nuremberg, the Elevated Railways Co., &c., amounting altogether to some M.280,000. Another item which must not be overlooked is the sum of M.400,000 rent for public advertising hoardings.

Now this method of obtaining for the community a large share of the profits of industry might be extended indefinitely. I have not the slightest doubt, for instance, but that the electric supply companies which are trying to get into London would be willing to light the streets of London for nothing in return for the franchise, for that would pay them much better than being deprived altogether of the opportunity of working in London, and it would certainly pay the citizens of the metropolis much better than the alternative Collectivist scheme of a rate-supported and financed, and probably expensively run and mismanaged County Council undertaking. Indeed, you have here an apt contrast in one matter of the alternative methods. Both would be socialistic in the proper sense of the term, but I submit that the non-Collectivist method would be the more advantageous to society.

Finally, if it be objected that the method I have ventured to outline is not applicable all round owing to the different circumstances of different industries I would reply that neither is Collectivism easily applicable all round—to the journalistic industry for example; but that the method can be applied

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much more extensively than might be thought. Not only can all the big industries, such as railways and mines, be brought easily within its scope, but a great number of the smaller industries—shop-keeping for example—could also be included in the net. Municipalities might be given power to grant franchises (on adequate terms) to any company or individual seeking to do business within their area. Thus our economic society might change to another form which would have nearly all the advantages claimed by Collectivists for their system, but which would not be weighted with the forbidding disadvantages inevitable to Collectivism. But it is important that we should consciously and actively adopt the programme, so that we may put it before the country as a constructive policy, alternative to the Collectivist solution, which will otherwise get judgment by default.

ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

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THE COMING OF THE TURBINE

SPEED and low consumption of coal must play an increasingly important part in the efficiency of the Navies of the Powers. Had the advantages possessed by the steam turbine over the ordinary reciprocating engine been appreciated by either of the combatants in Far Eastern waters, the employment of cruiser scouts of the type of H.M.S. *Amethyst* must have materially affected the order of operations and their issue. This turbine-propelled cruiser, with her 750 tons of coal on board, can steam 3160 miles at 20 knots, whilst her sister ships of the *Topaz* class, fitted with the ordinary machinery, but alike in other respects, can make but 2140 miles on the same consumption and at the same speed. By how much the problem which presented itself to Admiral Rojestvenski would have been simplified had the whole of his fleet been turbine-engined one may gauge from the extent to which his every movement was obviously hampered by the necessity of maintaining another fleet, and that one of steam colliers, continually in the wake of the war-vessels. The material superiority thus broadly indicated has evidently appealed to the Construction Board of the American Navy, since it was determined, late in April 1905, to fit one of two of the United States scout cruisers just ordered with British turbines, and engine the other with turbines of an American type. And

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now the launch of the Cunard liner, *Lusitania*, has crowned and consummated the triumph of the new marine motor.

But it does not lie in our mouths to upbraid the heads of any foreign navy for their lack of foresight and neglect of manifest aids to efficiency. The association of our own Admiralty with the turbine is not of such a completely creditable character that we can afford to rally other Powers upon their strange reluctance to avail themselves of the ideal rotary motor once its merits were conclusively demonstrated. At the launch of the turbine steamer *King Edward*, for the Clyde pleasure service, on May 16, 1901, Captain Leyland, Chairman of the Parsons Marine Steam Turbine Company, said it was many years since Mr. James Denny (William Denny and Brothers, shipbuilders, Dumbarton, from whose yard the first turbine steamers were launched) and himself had been associated in hatching the idea of the *Turbinia* (the experimental turbine boat). He remembered mentioning to a Lord of the Admiralty the idea of adapting the turbine to steamships, and said if they could only drive smaller propellers at a higher speed they would increase largely the speed of ships. The Lord of the Admiralty replied that if this were done one of three things would happen. The boat would either stand on its tail, dive by its head and never come up again, or begin to revolve round its propellers! In spite of these terrible forecasts Captain Leyland had stood on the bridge of the *Viper* when they were doing 37 knots, and had felt no nervousness.

It is unnecessary to ascribe the scepticism thus picturesquely expressed to every other Lord of the Admiralty in order to account for the very deliberate fashion in which the British Navy was permitted to profit by advantages which were demonstrated to the complete satisfaction of its engineering experts as long ago as the spring of 1897. It was then that the Hon. C. A. Parsons (fourth son of the third Earl of Rosse of giant telescope celebrity), after three years' work on the *Turbinia*, the first vessel fitted with steam turbine machinery,

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succeeded in raising the speed of torpedo-destroyers from 32 to 37 knots, attaining this record velocity under a condition that was especially desirable in war-vessels, namely without perceptible vibration. The report on the official tests of the *Turbinia*, in which she reached the speed of 34½ knots, was that she was the fastest vessel afloat, and an excellent sea boat, with an almost complete absence of vibration at all speeds.

In this instance there was little or no hesitation on the part of the Admiralty. The Government torpedo-boat destroyer *Viper* was promptly ordered to be fitted with steam turbine machinery, and when the *Cobra*, a destroyer of the same type, was completed at the Elswick Works, and similarly engined, the British Government at once became its purchaser. These vessels were of approximately the same dimensions as the 30-knot destroyers already in Her Majesty's service, but with a slightly greater displacement. The engines of the *Viper* and the *Cobra* were in duplicate. Two screw shafts were placed on each side of the vessel, and driven respectively by a high and a low pressure turbine; to each of the low-pressure turbine shafts a small reversing turbine shaft was permanently coupled for going astern. Two propellers were placed on each shaft. The estimated speed ahead was 35 knots and astern 15½ knots. The *Viper* actually attained an ahead speed of 37 knots—the as yet unexcelled rate of 42½ land miles per hour.

It may have been that the Lord of the Admiralty, whose lurid prophecies Captain Leyland cited at the launching of the *King Edward*, saw in the deplorable fate of the *Viper* and the *Cobra* some justification of his dismal vaticinations. The Parliamentary mouthpiece of the Board, the Earl of Selborne, said, in his "Statement Explanatory of the Navy Estimates, 1902–3":

> The country has had to deplore the wrecks of H.M.S. *Viper* and *Cobra* during the past year, accompanied in the latter case by a lamentable loss of life. The result has been to put a stop for the present to our experiments

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with the turbine system of machinery; but the Board are negotiating for a renewal of the experiments in two more destroyers, and in one third-class cruiser.

Confidence is clearly a plant of slow growth with "My Lords." But, however that may be, it is no secret that the hopes and natural expectations of the inventor and his supporting syndicate were bitterly disappointed by their failure immediately to secure further commissions for the British Navy, and these on a considerable scale. The prejudice against the turbine created by the loss of the two destroyers, however irrational it may have been, seeing that the engines were in no wise responsible for the disasters, was by no means inexplicable, human nature being what it is. Nor was the delay in applying the new marine engine to the types of war-vessels for which it was conspicuously adapted altogether an unmixed evil. It led to the company formed for the exploitation of the original patents turning its attention to the development of the vibrationless engine for the mercantile marine, and more particularly for passenger steamers. The Cunard liners, which outdistance everything the world has seen in shipbuilding dimensions, will also say the last word in steam turbine efficiency.

And here we may conveniently pause for a moment, to explain precisely what the marine steam turbine is and how it originated. It is the invention of the Hon. Charles Algernon Parsons, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S., who was Eleventh Wrangler of his year at Cambridge, and, in his distinguished career as a marine engineer, has presented an interesting instance of inherited inventive genius as well as supplied the exception which proves the rule, that a brilliant University mathematician seldom realises early promise in the practical workaday world. Mr. Parsons has told us the circumstances under which he was led to investigate the improvement of the turbine some twenty-one years ago. Several attempts had been made to apply steam turbine wheels of the *Hero* and *Bianca* types to the driving of circular saws and fans. The velocity of

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rotations with either of these types must necessarily be very high in order to obtain a reasonable efficiency from the steam, a velocity, in fact, much in excess of that suitable for the direct driving of all classes of machinery. Gearing was considered objectionable, and it therefore appeared desirable to adopt some form of turbine in which the steam should be gradually expanded in small steps, or drops, in pressure, so as to keep the velocity sufficiently low to allow of a comparatively moderate speed of rotation of the turbine engine.

To the solution of this problem of motion Mr. Parsons brought a scientist's enthusiasm, superadded to his original bent in the direction of practical invention. The result of his investigations is best given in the terms of a lucid descriptive paragraph in his Presidential address to the Institution of Junior Engineers on November 3, 1899, which is agreeably free from technical phraseology. The method adopted, the inventor explained, was to gather a number of turbines of the parallel flow type on to one shaft and contained in one case, the turbines each consisting of a ring of guide and a ring of moving blades, successive rings of blades or turbines being graduated in size, those nearer the exhaust end being larger than those near the steam inlet, so as to allow of a gradual expansion of the steam during its passage through the turbines. The form of the turbine was that of a rotating drum with outwardly-projecting rings of blades which nearly touched the containing cylindrical case, and on the case inwardly-projecting rings of guide blades which nearly touched the drum. The steam entering the annular (ring) space between the shaft and the case passes, firstly, through a ring of guide blades attached to the case and is given a rotational direction of flow; it then passes to the succeeding ring of blades attached to the shaft, by which its direction of rotation is reversed, thereby impressing the difference of its rotational momentum in torque (twisting or turning) to the shaft. The steam next passes to the second ring of guide blades and the process is repeated, and so on, gradually expanding by small increments at each

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ring of blades. The succeeding rings of blades get longer and wider, and at intervals the diameter of the turbine drums, cylinders, and rings are also increased. In condensing turbine engines of the larger size an expansion ratio in the turbines of 100-fold and upwards is attained before the steam passes to the exhaust-pipe and condenser.

At this point we detect the difference which gives the initial advantage of the steam turbine engine over engines of the ordinary type. The loss of power present in engines of the piston class, due to cylinder condensation arising from the variation of steam pressure in the cylinder, is not present in the steam turbine, as the steam pressure remains constant at each turbine ring and each part of the cylinder and barrel; and the numerous tests of steam consumption that have been made have shown that compound steam turbine engines of moderate sizes, when working with a condenser, are comparable in steam consumption per effective horse-power with the best compound or triple condensing steam-engines of the piston type. They have been constructed in sizes up to about 1000 horse-power for driving alternators and dynamos. The first steam turbine which Mr. Parsons constructed—for a dynamo electric machine—may be seen at the South Kensington Museum, to which the inventor presented it.

Perhaps the most exhaustive test to which the land steam turbine has yet been subjected was that applied to the 600 horse-power engine of the Westinghouse-Parsons type, which was at work day and night at the St. Louis Exhibition for 5½ months at a speed of 8600 revolutions per minute. Engineers examined it with the greatest interest when the turbine was brought to rest. It was in perfect condition, without the least sign of wear, the tool-marks being still distinctly visible. The load carried had constantly varied, and the total number of revolutions of the shaft fell little short of one billion.

As a Cambridge oarsman of some distinction, and a capable waterman, Mr. Parsons had, from the outset of his career as a practical engineer, displayed the keenest interest in marine

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engineering; and the application of the compound steam turbine to the propulsion of vessels was held in view from the moment he had established the accuracy and practicality of the principle upon which he had based his design of an ideal rotary motor. In the turbine he had found an engine of extremely light weight, with a perfectly uniform turning movement, which was very economical in steam in proportion to the power developed, and could, further, be perfectly balanced, so that no perceptible vibration was imparted to the ship. With complete confidence in the scientific possibility of his plans, Mr. Parsons applied himself to a series of costly experiments, extending over several years, designed to solve the problem of proportioning the engine to the screw propellers and to the ship to be driven. In the end his enthusiasm was rewarded, and his scientific calculations completely verified, by a satisfactory solution which gave the most economical results in the important particular of the pounds of steam consumed in the engines per effective horse power developed in propelling the vessel. Those results, when subjected to independent and official test, proved distinctly superior to others obtained with triple expansion engines of ordinary type in torpedo-boats or torpedo-boat destroyers.

The arrangement which obtains in the dwarfed engine-room of the turbine-driven vessel is that, instead of the customary placing of one engine to drive one screw shaft, the turbine engine is divided into two, three, or sometimes more, separate turbines, each driving a separate shaft, the steam passing successively through these turbines; thus, when there are three turbines driving three shafts, the steam from the boiler passes through the high pressure turbine, thence through the intermediate, and lastly through the low pressure turbine and thence to the condenser. The propellers approach closely to the usual form. The inventor found it best, however, to place two propellers of approximately the same pitch on each shaft at some considerable distance apart, so that the after one should not be seriously affected by the wash of the one

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in front. The advantage of this arrangement is that a sufficient blade area is obtained to carry the thrust necessary to drive the vessel with a lesser diameter of propeller, so permitting of a higher speed of revolution of the engines.

The coming of the marine turbine was preceded by the most elaborate experiments imaginable, those incidental to the determination of the difficult question of cavitation (or the hollowing out of the water into vacuous spaces by the blades of the propeller) being as interesting to the scientific photographer as to the marine engineering world. But it must here suffice that we pay a tribute to the patient industry and indomitable spirit of the true scientist which Mr. Parsons displayed in solving the complicated problem which he had set himself to master. The brief excursion which has been made into the simpler technicalities of the turbine will facilitate appreciation of those practical proofs of the importance and value of Mr. Parsons' discoveries which shortly followed.

In 1894 the *Turbinia* was commenced, and three years were occupied with her construction, alteration and preliminary trials. Her exceptional speed was traceable, principally, to two causes—her engines, screws and shafting were abnormally light, and the economy of steam in the main engine was greater than usual. Arguing from these premises, it was held, in regard to the general application of turbine machinery to larger ships, that the conditions appeared to be more favourable to its use in the faster class of vessels, such as cross-Channel boats, fast passenger vessels, cruisers and liners. In such vessels, it was pointed out, reduction in weight of machinery, as well as economy in the consumption of coal per horse-power, are important factors; in the liners, the absence of vibration would materially contribute to the comfort of passengers; whilst this same steadiness would, in ships of war, admit of greater accuracy in the sighting of the guns—a matter of the very first importance in actual naval warfare.

Awaiting that encouragement from the Admiralty which seemed to them unaccountably delayed after the practical

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success achieved with the torpedo destroyers, the turbine syndicate turned their attention to the mercantile marine; and passengers by the Clyde steamers, the cross-Channel service, and the Allan liners already have the best of good reasons for regarding the check given to the anticipated naval programme of the promoters of the new marine engine as anything but an undiluted misfortune.

The *King Edward* was the first mercantile steamer to be fitted with the Parsons steam turbine. The vessel itself was built on the lines of a sister ship already running in the Clyde pleasure-steamer service. The means of a practical examination of the claims made for the ideal rotary motor were, therefore, ready at hand. Experts sought for further evidence of the efficiency of the turbine engines as consumers of steam, and the relative advantage of small screws running at a high number of revolutions as compared with large screws running at a lesser number of revolutions. The paddle steamer *Duchess of Hamilton*, already on the service, and engined in the ordinary way, had a speed of 18·1 knots per hour. On the trial trip the *King Edward* exceeded expectations, attaining and maintaining a speed of 20·48 knots. Off Loch Ranza there was an immediate test of the relative speed of the two boats. The *Duchess* was allowed to get some lengths ahead, and the black smoke which rolled from her funnel showed she was being pressed with every pound of speed. The *King Edward* followed suit. Valves were opened, as the signal "Full speed ahead" was given, and the two steamers went forward at a rare pace. Soon, however, the *King Edward* narrowed the gap and drew level, and as she forged ahead cheers resounded across the water from both steamers.

More important still, from the passengers' point of view, this comparatively high speed was associated, in the *King Edward*, with remarkably smooth running. Mr. Nathaniel Dunlop, of the Allan line, spoke of the new vessel as a steamer of singular beauty and surpassing speed. He had, he said, been very much impressed with the engine-room of the vessel.

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The peculiarity about it was that there were no engines. He came on the trip desirous of seeing in actual practice something of what they had all been reading about in connection with boats for the Navy. The torpedo destroyers had undoubtedly been successful, but the true triumph of engineering discovery was a commercial triumph. If Mr. Parsons' invention could be proved to be a commercial success, the world would be benefited and the trade of Great Britain would still lead, as it had always led. He had been impressed with the machinery, but he had been more impressed with the speed of the boat, the result of that invisible propelling power. In the season which followed the turbine-driven boat steamed 8·47 miles per ton of coal consumed, at an average rate of 18½ knots, whilst the paddle steamer steamed 8·87 miles per ton, at 16½ knots, the increased earnings of the former, to which her greater speed conduced, more than balancing the slight difference in consumption. In other respects the *King Edward* confused her conservative critics. They had feared that she would not go fast, that she would not turn, nor go astern, nor take the piers. As a matter of experience, she proved herself as capable of all round work as any of the Clyde steamers. In the first-class dining-saloon the noise of the propellers in the water was noticeable, and it was suggested that in future boats the first-class accommodation should be placed forward. The *Queen Alexandra*, similar in design but of generally larger dimensions than her pioneer sister ship, was built and launched in less than a year. The new boat embodied a number of improvements suggested by experience of the preceding vessel. She attained a speed of 21·63 knots per hour on her trial trip. Everything that Mr. Parsons had promised in the way of turbine efficiency was fulfilled, and the verdict of marine engineering experts was that the turbine system was now on a sound basis, and could be adopted in the mercantile marine with definite knowledge of what it was capable of accomplishing. Perhaps the feature most remarked by the experts was the ease with which the higher speeds were got in the

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turbine as compared with the ordinary type of engine. This was due to the increasing efficiency of the turbine the faster it was driven. In trials with ordinary engines the harassed engineer in charge had often great difficulty in getting steam for his last half or quarter knot. But, in the case of the turbine, the reverse happened, and it was surprising how much extra speed could be got by a very slight increase of air pressure in the stokehold.

The eminently practical success of the two Clyde steamers had removed the turbine principle of marine propulsion entirely out of the region of experiment, and in this connection it only remains to summarise its wider adoption in the cross-Channel service and on the Atlantic liners. But another year had elapsed when the *Queen*, launched from the same shipyard, brought the Dover-Calais passage within the hour, and, in a gale which generally dislocated Channel traffic, ran a wonderfully smooth passage and made Calais Port with a dry upper deck. At full speed she had developed a mean of 21·76 knots per hour. Going astern, steered by the bow rudder, the speed attained was about 18 knots. A significant part of her trials was the dead-stop test. She was driven at a speed of 20 knots, the engines were then put full speed astern, and the steamer stopped dead in 1 min. 7 sec., in 775 ft., or exactly two and a half times her own length. Witnessed by the foremost men in the engineering world, these trials substantiated the conclusion that the adoption of the turbine principle of propulsion not only gives a substantial increase of speed, but, by its freedom from reciprocating parts and the associated friction, completely obviates those very real troubles which vibration causes to sensitive passengers whose fortune it is to travel by the speedy vessels demanded by a hurrying age. We may take it that the unqualified success of the *Queen* led directly to the fitting of the new Allan liners, *Victorian* and *Virginian*, with turbine engines. Their record voyages from Liverpool to Halifax, N.S., the unanimous testimony of passengers and officers to the steadiness of each boat in the roughest seas, and

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the practical absence of that sickness and loss of sleep which had previously made such a voyage a nightmare of anticipation and an unpleasant reflection, are matters of recent history, and as such only require bare mention. The advent of turbine steamers on the Irish Channel and Isle of Man services may also be taken very much as a matter of course. They have served to bring out in plainer characters the peculiar virtues of the turbine in its application to this class of vessel—the absence of vibration, giving greater comfort to passengers; increased cabin accommodation, due to smaller machinery space; less up-keep in machinery and smaller engine-room staff.

Luxurious comfort is demanded by the yacht owner who builds for pleasure rather than for racing purposes. But it was the speed-producing qualities of the steam turbine—of course, in their alliance with its vibrationless driving—that led to its first application to yacht propulsion. The *Tarantula*, built for the late Colonel McCalmont, M.P., on exceptional lines closely approximating to those of the torpedo-boat class, attained the extraordinary speed, for a yacht, of 26·745 knots. The *Emerald* and the *Lorena*, on the other hand, were examples of the remarkable increase of comfort and convenience secured by the turbine.

It remains to record those later developments of the turbine principle in British war-vessels which may be fraught with considerable consequences in future additions to the Navies of the Powers. In H.M.S. *Velox* it was sought to remedy three weaknesses which had been detected in the *Viper* and *Cobra*. First of all, the hull was strengthened, until the builders claimed that the *Velox* was the strongest destroyer in the Navy. Then, to secure greater economy at cruising speeds, there was a sort of compromise between the steam turbine and the reciprocating engine, the former being used for high, and the latter for low speeds. This was scarcely a satisfactory arrangement, and, as far as Mr. Parsons was concerned, was but a temporary expedient, awaiting the

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completion of his experiments for the adaptation of the steam turbines to low-speed coal consumption. At this stage of development, the new marine engine, like its predecessors, could not give high efficiency when driving at a speed much below its normal. But, by the time the *Eden* and the *Amethyst* were ready for engining, cruising turbines were completed for them and permanently coupled to the shafts of the main low-pressure turbines. The *Velox*, in her preliminary sea trials, attained a mean speed of 33·12 knots with ease, but scarcely realised expectations with her maximum speed of 33·64 knots.

It was left to H.M.S. *Amethyst* to demonstrate in most convincing fashion the economy of the steam turbine, especially at high speeds. The Admiralty had provided a test, about the fairness and exhaustive nature of which there could be no two opinions. The *Amethyst* is one of four vessels of the *Topaz* class, which are all of 3000 tons displacement and designed for a speed of 21¾ knots, with 9000 indicated horse-power. Of the four she alone was engined with the steam turbine. The *Topaz*, the *Sapphire* and the *Diamond* were fitted with ordinary reciprocating engines. The hulls of all four cruisers are precisely similar and their armament is also alike. The *Amethyst* lacked the arrangement by which the exhaust steam is passed into the low-pressure turbine receiver instead of into the condenser; hence the one element of superiority possessed by her rivals in the series of trials to which the four vessels were subjected in common was a 28 per cent. low water consumption. But, generally and, indeed, in all other respects, the turbine cruiser conclusively proved her vastly superior economy.

Steaming well within her capacity, and attaining her maximum speed in the trials with surprising ease and quickness, she attained 23·68 knots, the highest recorded speed of the sister ships being 22·84 knots, giving the *Amethyst* an advantage of 1·29 knots per hour. The conditions under which the turbine cruiser established her superiority enhanced its significance.

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She consumed 10 per cent. less coal per hour, and consequently gave a materially greater radius of action; there was no vibration of the hull, no tremor of the vessel, so that accuracy of gun-fire became much more easily attainable; easier steaming of the boiler and a rapid achievement of high speed was observed, but a few minutes being occupied in raising it from 10 knots to 22 knots. The tactical importance of these advantages needs no elucidation. But for the carefully conducted nature of the trials and their exhaustive nature, even experts would have accepted with some dubiety the very exceptional figure of 13.8 lb. steam consumption by the turbines (including the auxiliary machinery) at 20 knots. Once and for all these careful official tests established the fact that marine steam turbines, like the stationary turbines on land, when running at their full designed speed are capable of materially greater economy than ordinary reciprocating engines; whilst the subsidiary gains of lessened engine-room space and decreased staff, and absence of vibration, place the new method of propulsion beyond comparison.

It follows, from what has already been accomplished, that, although the turbine is now rapidly coming into its own, the ideal rotary motor is still capable of improvement and extended use. Its inventor is sufficient of a disinterested scientist to anticipate the day when gas and oil shall have ousted steam in marine propulsion, and the turbine itself shall be cast upon the scrap-heap of antiquated machinery. But he has also dreamed dreams of greater conquest still for his invention, ere it is added to the list of the outrivalled and outworn, and doubtless, like another Alexander, has sighed for fresh fields to conquer. As an interesting speculation on a remarkable addition which may yet be made to our Navy, this last quotation may be made from Mr. Parsons' own deliverance on the possibilities of the new propelling power of which he made the original discovery:

> It is, perhaps, interesting to examine the possibilities of speed that might be attained in a special unarmoured cruiser, a magnified torpedo-boat destroyer of light build with scanty accommodation for her large crew, but equipped

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with an armament of light guns and torpedoes. Let us assume that her dimensions are about double those of the 30-knot destroyers, with plates of double the thickness, and specially strengthened to correspond with the increased size: length 430 ft., beam 42 ft., maximum draft 14 ft., displacement 2800 tons, indicated horse-power 80,000. There would be two pairs of water-tube boilers. These, with the engine space, coal bunkers, &c., would occupy the whole of the lower portion of the vessel. The crew's quarters and guns would be on the upper decks. There would be eight propellers of 9 ft. in diameter, revolving at about 420 revolutions per minute, and her speed would be about 44 knots (over 53 land miles an hour). She could carry coal at this speed for about eight hours, but she would be able to steam at from 10 to 14 knots with a small section of the boilers more economically than other vessels of ordinary type and power, and, when required, all the boilers could be used, and full power exerted in about half an hour.

This is a far cry even from the 25 knots of the Cunard leviathans of 40,000 tonnage. But we must not dismiss it as a mere marine engineer's dream of ideal possibilities. Experience has taught us that for Mr. Parsons to indulge in speculations is to air the results of elaborate and thoroughly tested calculations, which have led to conclusions on his own part that are, however, too novel and startling for immediate general acceptance. The Admiralty, who, perhaps, are a little lacking in imagination, have scarcely made sufficient allowance, in their dealings with the turbine, for this modest characteristic of the inventor which proves him to be a true son of science. He speaks of that which he knows—no more, no less. The chiefs of the mercantile marine have displayed greater intuition. They have provided Mr. Parsons with the fullest opportunity for developing the resources of the new marine engine. As the result, we have recently seen still more remarkable achievements than those recorded above. The Allan liners have gone on consistently "cutting" the Atlantic record from Liverpool to Halifax, N.S. The cross-Channel steamer *Onward*, early in May 1905, with His Majesty the King among her pleased passengers, affected a further material reduction in the passage from Dover to Calais, crossing in forty-five minutes. In the last stormy days of April she had made a record run from

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Greenock to Dover. Her sister ship, the *Invicta*, also embodying all the latest turbine improvements, has since won Royal compliments to her speed and steadiness. In November 1905, the Cunard *Carmania*, attained a speed of 20 knots. East, West, North and South, the more luxurious passenger boats are now turbine-engined. Had a similar measure of encouragement been meted out to the inventor by the Admiralty, the class of turbine cruiser scouts at least might have brought such distinction to the British Navy as now belongs to the fastest, safest and steadiest cross-Channel steamers. Yet we must not deny to the British Government the credit of an important—though possibly neither a conscious nor a deliberate—contribution to the crowning triumph of the turbine, which must no longer be regarded as an invention upon its trial. A generous Government subsidy has made possible the recapture of the Blue Riband of the Atlantic for Great Britain by the Cunard liners, *Lusitania* and *Mauritania*. An expert council, composed of the foremost naval engineers of the day, elected to engine these Atlantic greyhounds with turbines. There we have the apotheosis of the new marine motor. An invention which, in its simplicity, is little more than the old mill-wheel and its water turned to steel and steam, has established itself by conclusive tests. The turbine has come—and conquered!

HUGH W. STRONG.

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THE AGE OF PRETENCE

THE Reverend Father Bernard Vaughan recently held up to odium the section of the community that has come to be spoken of as the "smart set." He accused it of idleness, of criminal extravagance, of love of luxury, gambling and immorality, and he proved the truth of his assertions more or less conclusively. He might with advantage have alluded to the extraordinary development in the art of pretence, as hypocrisy is sometimes called, that has taken place of late years among many classes of the community or general public.

A cursory survey of the history of this country during the past few centuries bears out thoroughly the statement uttered the other day by a clergyman almost as distinguished as the famous priest just mentioned, that the period in which we now live is likely to be referred to in generations to come as "England's age of pretence." For we have had within the last six hundred years an age of religious intolerance, an age of bigotry and religious persecution, an age of cruelty, an age of lust and luxury quite as great as we are having now, and an age of prudery. During each and all of those periods "the snobbery of pretence," as Thackeray called it, was more or less in evidence, though at no time was it in evidence to a degree in any way approaching that which marks the opening of this twentieth century. And to-day, far from showing signs of

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decreasing, it has every appearance of increasing still more and of continuing to flourish exceedingly.

A witty Frenchman observed in one of the Paris newspapers last month that "the English would be a better nation of pretenders if they pretended less badly." That Frenchman knew not merely what he was talking about; he had an eye for "artistic effect," and he knew the influence that artistic effect indirectly exerts. A lie told bluntly is no lie at all, for the simple reason that nobody believes it and it consequently becomes *ipso facto* impotent. It is the lie let loose and set in motion by the "artist" who merely walks round about the truth without in any way compromising himself, the man or woman who insinuates, hints at and "looks" the lie without actually uttering it, who is really dangerous; and perhaps we ought to feel thankful that though in this country the proportion of "artistic" to "inartistic" pretenders is undoubtedly growing, the former are still quite in the minority. If my memory serves, it was La Bruyère who remarked upon a famous occasion that it was "une grande misère que de n'avoir pas assez d'esprit pour bien parler, ni assez de jugement pour se taire." The average Englishman, if we take one class with another, will be found to be lacking in both "esprit" and "jugement" in this particular connection.

When jesting Pilate asked what truth was, he probably intended, if we can judge from the events that followed, to ask the meaning of the word "pretence" rather than truth. And now for the same reason we naturally ask ourselves what this wave of pretence, of hypocrisy, is, that is rolling slowly over England, until, at the present time, it looks as if it might well end by submerging us entirely. Little Englanders would have us believe it to be a sort of tidal wave that has come across from America, but we can have no valid reason for thinking that this actually is so. The inference is true only in so far that the inordinate worship of wealth that forms one of the distinctive characteristics of the existing passion for pretence undoubtedly had its origin in the United States.

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Oddly enough this worship of wealth, according to contemporary political economists, is now upon the wane in America, while in England it is in the ascendant. This, they insinuate, is in a great measure due to the fact that millionaires have of recent years multiplied so rapidly in the United States as to be no longer looked upon with either wonderment or awe; whereas in this country one-third at least of the leisured class that is supposed to be well-to-do is in reality very poor. And being poor, it pretends that it is not, and worships wealth accordingly. Emerson told us that the outward appearance of wealth was the next most valuable asset to actual wealth; Lord Chesterfield in his letters to his son strongly advised that priggish young man to be a hypocrite in every way that lay within his power; while Thackeray himself whimsically observed that "matchless boots and spurs and a happy fierceness of manner" often helped a man as much as a good balance at his bankers. These rather obvious truths our Englishmen and women of the twentieth century would appear to have become alive to quite suddenly, with the result that pretence in many forms is the order of the day, or rather of the age.

Look about and observe for yourself. There never has been a time, if history is to be trusted, when so many persons—men as well as women—wished it to be supposed that they not merely move among the set that has come to be spoken of as "the best people," but that they were and are upon very intimate terms with the more prominent members of that alleged exclusive coterie. In hotels, at foreign watering-places, in railway carriages, in some country houses even, you come across these pretenders and sycophants. It is almost impossible not to notice them, for they insist upon revealing their identity in one way or another, perhaps more particularly by their conversation. They talk for effect and to impress all who may be within hearing; and yet, if they but knew, they generally fail to impress any but the more obtuse among their listeners. In one hotel in London, to my knowledge, so possibly in many hotels besides, the visitor who hires a

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carriage by the week from the hotel company has the option of having his or her crest painted upon it free of extra charge. Recently curiosity prompted me, and I asked the manager if many of his hotel visitors availed themselves of this privilege. He replied in a tone of some surprise that "of course quite a number did." "Mostly ladies?" I hazarded, anxious for further first-hand information. He looked annoyed. "No, quite as many gentlemen as ladies ask to have their crest painted on," he answered; and, as an after-thought, he added, "and why in the world shouldn't they?"

And as a demand of any sort creates a supply, so has this feverish anxiety to be considered better than one really is led to the formation and development of a new kind of industry, namely, the press agency business for helping to thrust prominently before the public the individual who is metaphorically panting for what these agents call in their bald language "social distinction." Several such pamphlets have recently been sent to me gratuitously by these "social press agents," as they call themselves, and two reached me some months ago. The class of business these five agencies transact is identical in every respect. To speak plainly, in return for certain preliminary fees, they engage to aid, abet and indulge their clients' "social aspirations" by "bringing the agency's influence to bear upon editors of many influential journals"—I quote from the preface of one of the prospectuses —". . . in such manner that any information as to your movements that you may favour us with will appear simultaneously in different journals, either condensed or in its entirety." Was there ever before in this country a period when no less than five distinct and separate organisations of this class could have thought or found it worth their while to attempt to thrive mainly by encouraging Pretence and advancing the interests of the Pretenders? And if five such agencies are known to be in existence, how many more may there not be of which one has not chanced to hear?

A different class of pretender that has multiplied very rapidly of recent years, and is multiplying still, is the collector

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and "connoisseur" of antiques, Generally "well-to-do," as it is termed, sometimes very wealthy, and almost always obtuse, he pretends that he is truly fond of antique silver, antique furniture, antique china, antique pictures, antique arms, antique armour, or whatever branch of the antique he may have decided to choose for his forte, and in consequence he poses as an authority upon antiques. Why? Because it is the vogue of the hour; because the Earl of So-and-So has set the fashion, and a well-known American millionaire, not to mention several much-talked-of City magnates, have bought recently at a sale by public auction, held in a fashionable west-end sale-room, classic antiques at immense and wholly disproportionate figures. I have it upon indisputable authority that there never has been anything approaching the number of "art collectors" in England that there is to-day, and that never, so far back as my informant can recollect, has so much "imitation antique," so admirably executed as to deceive from time to time even very clever *bonâ-fide* experts, been placed upon the market. And in connection with this the following incident related to me by the senior partner of a distinguished firm of London solicitors is interesting. A well-known picture dealer, while calling upon a lady one day, noticed hanging upon the wall an excellent copy of, let us call it, a Greuze—though that was not the name. After examining it closely, he offered her a very big price for it. "But," the lady exclaimed in amazement, "it is not a Greuze, it is only a copy; So-and-So did it. I was with him when he painted it, and I bought it from him." But the dealer was obdurate. He assured her she must be mistaken, that it was an original and genuine Greuze, and eventually he bought it from her and paid the big price he had offered at the outset. A few days later this picture was sold for a very much bigger sum to a modern "art collector." I state this as a fact. The inference is obvious.

Recently I had a long conversation with a man who for many years has earned a more or less precarious livelihood by copying old masters. During the last seven years he has

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turned his attention more particularly to the creation of "ancestors." From what he tells me, the business of painting "ancestors" is among the few branches of the painter's profession that are not experiencing a "slump." "I have painted within the last twenty months"—I quote his words—"several sets of ancestors for different individuals," and he went on to give the prices some of the members of this new-old aristocracy had paid him—low prices enough, taking into consideration the wealth of the gentlemen who were thus anxious to disillusion their new and smart circle of acquaintance of the supposition that their pedigree dated back only to their grandfathers; but prices that satisfied my friend's modest needs. To some this may seem a contemptible form of pretence, but it has at least the advantage of being harmless, which is more than can be said of the almost equally common form of pretence—one ought perhaps to call it ambition—that consists in endeavouring to pose as a philanthropist. Statistics show that there are more warm-hearted, broad-minded, in a word genuine philanthropists in our midst to-day than there have been during any previous period in history; but similar statistics, combined with a general knowledge of what goes on behind the scenes, reveals indisputable truths that are far from pleasant to contemplate. Plenty of our musical and dramatic artists could give interesting details of the way in which their services have been deliberately exploited by "philanthropists" whose "philanthropy" was an inordinate desire to acquire a reputation for liberality in the cause of charity, though without themselves expending even a small sum. A dozen instances of this I can myself vouch for, though to give details in print would hardly be judicious, the principal personages being too well-known in London society.

Clergymen with whom I have discussed this interesting topic spoke very strongly indeed upon the subject of latter-day pretence—some of them called it by a much stronger name—and without exception they declared that it is spreading rapidly in the provinces.

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Ten years ago [a venerable Canon observed to me] the modern wealthy, well-dressed woman—I speak, of course, of "woman" in the concrete—either went to church and did not go to church; she had, at least, the courage of her convictions, though I must in justice add that she went to church a great deal oftener than she goes now. To day she "patronises" church—that is the only word that exactly sums up her attitude towards the Almighty—in town or country, if her hostess or those among her friends whose good opinion she values are addicted to church-going; if they are not addicted to it she pretends that she too never prays, and by many a significant little smile and meaning glance transfers to those friends the impression that she looks upon church-going people with but thinly-veiled contempt. Indeed, the habit of church-going is degenerating into a sort of farce among the wealthy class of this country; in the big towns it is degenerating quickly, in the provincial towns less quickly. In a clever book called "The House of Mirth," that I read the other day, I came upon this sentence: "The (So-and So's) circle of acquaintance was so large that God was included in their visiting list." Perhaps you think that profane. I am a clergyman—a clergyman of the old school and not abreast of the times, they call me—yet I do not deem it profane. In my opinion that observation exactly reveals the attitude in which a vast proportion of our present-day population regard their Maker. It is fashion, and nothing else, that prompts the bulk of the opulent people of to-day to go to church or to stay away from church.

One of the most strikingly-prominent forms of pretence at the present day is the pretence of dress. If I were in search of an appointment, or even of ordinary office work, in a big city in America, and I presented myself smartly dressed and wearing a glossy silk hat, shiny patent-leather boots, and kid gloves, my possible employer would look me up and down and at once set me down as a "dude," and on that ground probably refuse to employ me. Here in England it is just the reverse. Look shabby—"badly groomed" is, I believe, the modern phrase—and nobody will glance twice at you, more especially if it is in London that you are seeking work. "I believe that here in London most of the social people, as they are called, unconsciously sum up a man's fitness by the fit of his clothes and the cleanliness of his collar and cuffs," the manager of a high-class employment bureau said to me the other day; and those of us who move about with our eyes open cannot fail to have noticed that this is so in a modified degree. In a conversation last

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month with a gentleman connected with the Scotland Yard Criminal Investigation Department I elicited the following information:

> Almost all of the most expert criminals with whom Scotland Yard has to deal [these were, I think, his exact words, though I quote from memory] are men and women of good appearance and good address, and their clothes are usually irreproachable. They talk and conduct themselves like gentlemen and ladies; and it is in a great measure because it is the custom in England and in some Continental countries to judge strangers by their outward appearance and their manner of talking that the public—tradesmen, hotel managers, and people in society—are so frequently deceived and ultimately robbed. Dress like a gentleman, talk like one, cultivate an attractive and above all a plausible manner—if there is little likelihood of your *bonâ fides* being inquired into, adopt a title, spurious or otherwise—and the task your swell mobsman has set himself is already half accomplished. It is pretence and cunning more than brains that constitute the stock-in-trade, so to speak, of the expert city criminal of to-day. Ten or fifteen years ago this was much less apparent.

A simulated love for music has sprung up among and been cultivated by a great section of the social set in London within the last few years, and more recently it has crept into many of the provinces. One has only to note the intensely bored expression on the faces of the bulk of the audience in the stalls and boxes at the opera and at concerts where music, in contradistinction to tuneful rubbish, is to be heard, to satisfy one's self that a vast proportion of the listeners in their heart of hearts actively dislike music. It has been said that if there were no diamond mines in the Transvaal there would have been no Boer War. It would be no great exaggeration to say that if there were no diamond tiaras and necklaces in the opera house there would be no opera; for to-day the display of gems in the stalls and boxes proves a greater attraction to some than the music. But just now it is the thing to be considered a lover of music, and so we all flock to hear good music and enrol ourselves in the great army of Pretenders, lest those of our friends, whose opinions we value conclude and conclude aright, that we do not really care for music, and that the balderdash of the comic opera and the mawkishness of the sentimental ballad are really more to our liking. The very great majority

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of the true music-lovers of to-day are to be found among the middle classes and even among the very poor, among whom, in this respect, there is no pretence to speak of. Hence the reason that the concerts given in towns of the stamp of, let us say, Manchester, almost invariably draw very big audiences composed of men and women with the gift of discrimination, and who are truly appreciative.

In the realm of sport it is just the same. Never were so many men and women to be seen in the hunting-field as now, and in saying this I refer mainly to what have come to be called the "fashionable" hunting-countries; yet never before have hunting-fields consisted so largely of men who know nothing whatever about the sport, though they pretend to know a great deal about it. In like manner there is a big proportion of the leisured class that has the happy or unhappy faculty of talking ostensibly with knowledge of racing when attending a race meeting; of boats and boating when present at a regatta; of cricket and "public form" when at Lord's or at the Oval; and of horses, cattle and so forth when an agricultural show is in progress, who yet have no first-hand knowledge of any one of these subjects, as a few fundamental questions put to them suddenly would at once show. Dread of being considered not abreast of their friends in general knowledge of what is for the moment on the tapis, however, prompts them to feign familiarity with the prevailing topic, with the result that from time to time the less prudent, or perhaps the more daring, get hoist with their own petard. Indeed, there would seem to be but one topic upon which these modern pretenders at present dare not tread, namely, the subject of the mechanism of automobiles. They no doubt feel instinctively that to endeavour to talk learnedly about the inside of a Daimler when they don't know the difference between a cotter-pin and a sparking-plug might entangle them in controversy from which they would emerge with a reputation for either insobriety or attacks of temporary insanity.

BASIL TOZER.

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A MOORLAND SANCTUARY

A WINTER night was stealing slowly over a wilderness of moor and marsh among the hills. A gentle wind had scattered the day mist and then had given place to a brooding calm. Above a solitary farmhouse on the northern slope of the moor, dark grey clouds had gathered in the sky, while down towards a part of the horizon discernible between a few scattered pine-trees sheltering the lonely dwelling, gleamed a thin line of steely light. Towards the west, the outlook changed to the splendour of the afterglow. There, nothing was suggestive, like the white line among the pines, of desolation. Beyond the range of hills seemed to stretch a land of summer, with mountains and lakes and rivers, beside an island-studded sea—a paradise of lovely colour seen through the golden haze of a perfect noon. This glorious light, spreading across the waste, transformed the withered grass and heather into masses of flame, and was reflected in the reed-fringed pools and rivulets among the hollows of the peat. Gradually, the splendour sank into the west, till nothing but a dazzling yellow bar, against which stood out in relief an ancient burial-mound, remained above the horizon.

Then, breaking the silence, a hollow booming cry rang out over the waste, and echoed drearily among the hills. It was the cry of a bittern.

Hidden completely by the lower slopes of the moor from view of the farmstead and the winding road across the hills,

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was a deep and narrow gorge. At its upper end, a torrent leaped a sheer precipice of rock into a cup-shaped pool. Past the shallows at the margin of the pool, the brook flowed between steep banks clothed with fern and heather and strewn with rugged boulders, then gradually broadened, and at the outlet of the gorge was lost amid the tangled vegetation of an almost impassable morass.

From this sanctuary in the wilderness came the loud, weird cry that disturbed the stillness of the gloom. The gorge lay in dense shadow. None of the beauty of the afterglow was mirrored in the pool beneath the waterfall, or in the clouds of spray that wreathed the precipice. But the last golden light from the western sky, slanting across the entrance to the gorge, shone on the lingering vapours above the surface of the brook, and caused them to appear like phantoms rising, one by one, from the narrow mouth of some deep tomb, and gliding away, in long procession, to begin a night's fantastic revels on the marsh.

Suddenly, in the half-transparent haze, the bittern appeared flying from the direction of the marsh, and alighted by the stream. For a few moments he paused, as if intently listening, then stalked into the darkness of the gorge. Till midnight the bird continued to search for food beside the brook. But when the moon ascended, and hung like a clear lamp above the waterfall, he stretched his wings, flew up and around the gorge, and up again and further and still further into the heights of the sky; and, uttering a discordant cry, headed south towards a river, followed its course to the estuary, and crossed a headland to another marsh far off on the fringe of the sea.

* * * * *

Spring had come; and the marsh on the coast was the scene of restless activity. By day, the thick reed-beds at high-water mark were thronged with migrant birds on their way to the north and here awaiting the coming of night. During the darkness, the air seemed filled with the noise of

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beating wings, as flock after flock swept northward. If the night was calm, the noise was faint and continuous, and indicated that the birds were passing high over the marsh; but when storm prevailed, the sounds seem to show that the birds were skimming the waves, rising gradually as they neared the land, and then flying a hundred feet or so above the reeds.

The bittern's favourite hiding-place was a wide hollow, between sand-banks overgrown with rushes and fringed with stunted trees, in the middle of the marsh. There, from dawn to dusk, he slept secure, his long stilt-like legs out of sight in the coarse herbage growing among the rushes, his head turned back beneath his wings, and the delicately mottled feathers of his breast rising and falling as he breathed. And thence, after sunset, he wandered in quest of food, by bank and ditch and across the open waste. And even as he thus wandered he often felt an intense longing to join the ranks of the great bird-armies.

During the previous autumn that desire had been strong within him while the birds were departing for the south; then, however, he was suffering from an injury, and so was unable to venture on the long journey oversea. One night, he had flown far from the gorge to a sheltered valley, where, among woods and cornfields and meadows, the wide river he had recently followed on his way to the sea glistened in the moonlight. The call of the water rippling over the fords could not be resisted, so, descending, he hid among the thickets of a little island in mid-stream. Presently, he emerged from his retreat and stole out into the shallows by the side of the island. He had just begun to fish when suddenly the alarm note of a wild duck to her young came from beyond the thickets. This unmistakable sound was followed by a loud whirr as the duck and her brood rose swiftly over the top of the alders by the bank. Too timid to disregard such signs of danger, the bittern waded back to the island, lowered his head, spread his wings, and launched himself into the air. Instantly he heard an almost deafening noise, and felt a

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stinging pain. Luckily, however, the poacher's gun had not been held quite straight, and the bird, though distressed, was able to continue his flight. With desperate and continuous effort he soared high above the valley, till the wide sweep of the dim moorland, dotted with shining pools and divided by the shining brook, lay before him towards the horizon. On and on he flew, and at last, in the grey light of dawn, reached the gorge once more. For days he languished, stiff and sore from his wound. Fortunately, however, food was easily obtained, and he was free from disturbance. When at last he recovered, the autumn migration had ended.

But it was now the time of the spring migration. Night after night the birds passed over the marsh by the sea; night after night the bittern impatiently longed to depart. Why did he not fly to the near estuary, and thence, by way of the river valley, to his haunts on the moor? The reason was that the time for his departure had not fully come; he was waiting. On stormy nights, especially, he was restless and anxious, ate only sufficient food to stay his appetite, gazed out to sea, and listened for the signal that should cause him to journey back towards the hills.

One evening, a cold north-east wind arose, and, as the darkness gathered, a storm of rain and hail beat mercilessly on the marsh. The migrant birds arrived unusually late, and flew so low that they almost touched the tops of the reeds with their wings as they moved slowly in from the edge of the tide, and, slightly altering their course, crossed the wind in the direction of the estuary. At midnight, during a break in the storm, the bittern, standing in the shelter of a rough, reed-grown bank, with his breast to the wind and his head turned sideways to the sea, suddenly recognised, among a small flock of herons and plovers, the familiar shape of a bird of his own kind. His keen sight and hearing could not be deceived; the form of the approaching bird could be easily distinguished, and its beating wings produced a peculiar sound that could not be mistaken. Rising at once, and facing the wind, the

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bittern uttered a harsh call, which to his delight was quickly answered. His waiting and watching were over; the newcomer was the bird that had shared his last summer's home in the mere beyond the lonely gorge. With her he journeyed through the gloom to the estuary, and, again, past villages and farms by the river. As the sun rose, the bittern and his mate circled down, and, alighting on the marsh, rested among the rushes near a broad and shallow channel through which the waters of the brook passed till they were lost among the quaking peat-beds in the hollows of the moor. Fatigued by buffeting against the strong north wind, the birds remained in close hiding during the entire day and the greater part of the following night.

For many years, the conditions of migration in the spring had not been more unfavourable; the storm over the marsh by the coast, though apparently not more severe than an ordinary springtide gale, marked the fringe of a terrific cyclone that had swept over Europe and the Atlantic, and driven vast numbers of birds to destruction out at sea. The hen bittern, having wintered in the distant south, was utterly exhausted by the journey, and during the first week after her arrival seldom wandered beyond the marsh; but the cock soon recovered from his weariness, and at night flew restlessly from place to place, as if to make himself familiar with forgotten scenes, and so to be better enabled to guard against danger.

Then came the brief season of courtship and of preparation for domestic life. How droll were the male bird's antics as, beside the pool in the gorge, or in some spot among the reedy tangles of the marsh, he displayed his charms before the eyes of his admiring companion! He paced to and fro so proudly that he seemed to tread on air; he swayed and strutted with the rhythmic motion of a dance; running a little way towards the object of his affections he spread his wings and ruffled the long, loose feathers of his breast; then, turning, he stood still in such a position that clearly displayed before her were the lines of beautiful colouring which before had not been seen.

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And finally, taking to flight, he hovered immediately above her, that, if all else had failed, he might impress her with a show of strength and grace and perfect form.

Spring, on the bleak moor far from the sea, seemed reluctant to make ready for summer. On the hills, at that time of the year, the wind never slept even while, in the neighbouring valleys, an utter calm prevailed. March was bitter and tempestuous; the beginning of April was wet and almost as tempestuous as March. But there were occasional days when, though the wind blew chill and strong, the sun gave life and beauty to the wilderness. On the sheltered slopes of the gorge the heather unfolded its delicate green leaf-buds, and the furze its golden blossoms; and the colours of leaf and flower were reflected in the filmy curtain of the falling water, and in the clear, trembling depths around the vortex of the pool, from which fearless little trout, that had never seen an angler's lure, rose gaily to incautious flies. Sometimes an amorous grouse, in all his springtide finery, mounted a knoll on the highest ridge above the heather and the furze, and there, boldly outlined against the sky, stretched his wings, and cackled and crowed, as if he knew and rejoiced that envious eyes beheld him from the gorge. And sometimes, the great stillness of the moor, of which the unceasing sound of the waterfall almost seemed a part, was broken by the "drum" of a towering snipe, or the bleat of a wandering jack hare, or the carol of a joyous lark climbing an invisible stairway of the sky.

April brightened with the progress of spring, and then across the moor came often, mellowed by the distance, the faint trill of a hovering plover; while from end to end of the marsh rang out the loud, flute-like call of a curlew, as the bird, in an ecstasy of delight, dashed to and fro on rapid, whistling wings near the spot he had chosen for his nest.

To the peasant climbing the sheep-path by the farm, these wild voices were almost as eloquent of the freedom of the hills

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as had been the roar of winter tempests. They suggested some great mystery of Nature, but were not in themselves mysterious. Different from them all was the one weird voice that greeted him at dusk, and left with him a thought of immortality.

He would say to the shrivelled figure in the ruddy light of the ingle-nook, when he tramped into the kitchen after the long day's labour: "Mother, I heard the voice to-night."

And the old woman would reply, in the slow, quavering accents of extreme age: "The shepherd is calling to his dog, calling, calling, by the marsh and by the brook. But nothing four-footed ever comes back from the quake. Poor dog! Poor dog!"

The bittern's evening call was considered to be a solemn warning. The peasant observed the utmost care to prevent his dog from straying beyond sight on the outer fringes of the marsh, and himself, to avoid, after sundown, the neighbourhood of the dreaded spot. So the rare visitors to the marsh suffered nothing from the dwellers at the hillside farm.

By the end of April, a large nest, carelessly built of reeds and rushes, and containing four pale-brown eggs, occupied a dry tussock of ling and cotton-grass in the heart of the marsh. For some time, every approach to the nest had been vigilantly guarded by the bitterns; a wild duck, crossing a little pool beyond a near clump of reeds, had been compelled to dive repeatedly to escape the bitterns' fierce attack, and then, having failed to elude her pursuers in the shallow water, had taken flight in the direction of some more peaceful part of the mere. The curlew, whose home was on the further shore of the pool, dared not wander afoot through the archway of the flags by the edge of the water. For long, each day, he took up his post as sentinel at some distance from his sitting mate, and piped disconsolately, as if longing to return to his old look-out station—the very tussock on which the bitterns' nest was constructed—but having, instead, to make excuses for a forced neglect of duty. Except to scare intruders, the

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bitterns, however, seldom moved, during the day, from the immediate vicinity of their nest. While the hen brooded and slept, the cock, his head well hidden in the soft plumage of his breast, stood near a clump of reeds on the margin of the pool, and dozed the quiet hours away, or, alert for signs of danger, watched the flight of passing birds. No approaching shadow seemed to escape his notice: the pool before him was a faithful mirror of everything that happened in the sky. Alike in sunshine and in shadow both he and his mate were almost invisible, so perfectly did the colours of their plumage harmonise with those of surrounding objects.

Summer came, the brief radiant summer of the open upland moor, when the days are torrid and the nights are cooled by a gentle breeze, and the few bird-voices of spring are hushed. Its approach was not indicated by the sudden unfolding of the leaf-buds on the trees; the only trees on the moor were the pines near the farm, and they were always green. Nor was it shown by any luxuriant growth of the grass; the grass, except immediately around the marsh, was stunted and parched by the fierce heats of noon. But along the hills the colour of the heather had slowly deepened on the lengthening sprays, and the bracken had thrust up its branching fronds till every trackway of the grouse and the hare resembled a bowered lane through which the creatures could wander unseen. And on the marsh the reeds and flags were tall and thick, and waved to the breath of the wind. Regularly now, in the twilight, the bitterns, leading a little family of three grey-brown birds, stole out from the mere to the brook, and thence to the gorge below the waterfall. Frogs and slugs were plentiful in the undergrowth when it was wet with dew, and, occasionally, a trout, in the act of leaving the pool to feed down-stream, could be surprised among the pebbles where the water narrowed near the side-channel of a neglected sheep-pond long since overgrown with weeds. The gorge was a chosen school, in which, safe from all enemies, the young bitterns could be taught to exercise their wings and

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seek for food, in preparation for a later life of separation from the parent birds.

The heat of summer waned with the advent of August. The purple of the heather rivalled in beauty the deep orange that had taken the place of a lighter yellow in the earlier blossoms of the gorse; and at sunrise, when the bitterns flew home to their sanctuary in the marsh, the pale blue of the rolling mist, and the first golden rays of the sun, blending with the colours of the flowers, transformed the wilderness into a paradise whose splendours surpassed even those of the afterglow of the previous winter, when the male bird was about to depart to the southern coast.

Then, with tragic suddenness, the sanctuary of the mere was violated, and its peace disturbed. Early one morning, before the moon had set, and while the bitterns as usual were feeding in the gorge, an old, unmated fox, that for years had haunted the lonely countryside, trotted leisurely down the sheep-path past the farmstead, and across the rough hillside, to drink at the brook. He discovered, as he stooped by the water's edge, that the scent of a young hare was fresh on the sodden grass, but, as he followed the line for some distance by the only safe track-way through the marsh, it became faint and was lost among the reeds. The fox's home was in a cairn not far from the highest point of the moor; but, since the air was warm and gave promise of a perfect day, he turned aside from his path, lay down on the dry tussock where the bitterns had nested, and fell asleep. At dawn he was awakened by a faint rustle among the reeds. Peeping from his "seat" he saw the bitterns slowly approaching him along the track-way by which he himself had come in pursuit of the hare. His eyes ablaze, he crouched for an instant; then, bounding from the tussock, he struck down one of the young birds and fastened his teeth in its breast. The other young birds quickly vanished, but, as the fox stood over his fluttering victim, the parent bitterns, abandoning every thought of danger, closed in and struck him repeatedly with their beaks

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and wings, inflicting such strong and rapid blows as for some moments to bewilder their enemy. He retreated a few paces; then, recovering from his confusion, and mad with rage, he leaped high into the air--once, twice, thrice. The conflict was over, and before him lay, fluttering feebly in the throes of death, the two rare and beautiful birds which, probably alone of all their kind, had nested that year in Britain.

Away on the fringe of the marsh, the fugitive young bitterns lurked in hiding through the day. At evenfall, they began a weary search for their missing parents; and often, through the night, their weird calls resounded in the wilderness. But the only answer that came was an occasional echo from among the slopes of the gloomy gorge.

And among the boulders of the cairn on the hilltop, the old fox, vainly endeavouring to pass the time away in sleep, moaned and writhed with pain. One of his eyes had been torn from its socket in his brief battle with the birds.

ALFRED W. REES.

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CHARLES JAMES FOX

(DIED SEPTEMBER 13, 1806)

CHARLES JAMES FOX, one of the most brilliant personalities, if not, indeed, the most brilliant personality, that flourished in the last decades of the eighteenth century, was the third son of Henry Fox, afterwards Baron Holland of Foxley, and Lady Georgiana Lennox, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond, a grandson of Charles II. The future statesman was born on January 24, 1749, and as he grew up it was thought that a resemblance to his royal ancestor could be traced in his dark, harsh, and saturnine features, that "derived a sort of majesty from the addition of two black and shaggy eyebrows, which sometimes concealed, but more frequently developed, the workings of his mind." He was a bright, lively and original child, but subject to violent excesses of temper. "Charles is dreadfully passionate," said his mother. "What shall we do with him?" "Oh, never mind. He is a very sensible little fellow, and he will learn to cure himself," replied his father, who perceived and was proud of the lad's unusual ability. "Let nothing be done to break his spirit; the world will effect that business soon enough."

At a private school at Wandsworth, and subsequently at Eton, where Dr. Philip Francis was his private tutor, the lad showed himself both intelligent and diligent. His education was interrupted in 1763, when his father took him to Paris and Spa, and at that early age initiated him into the mysteries of

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gaming, the passion for which was subsequently to exercise a most adverse influence on him. On his return to Eton his newly acquired knowledge of the world demoralised his companions, and he gave himself airs and thought himself a man until the headmaster birched him, and so brought him down to earth. In 1764 he went to Hertford College, Oxford, preceded by a reputation for Latin verse, a considerable knowledge of French, and a power of oratory unusual in one so young, but which he attributed to the fact that at home he had always been encouraged to think freely, and as freely to express his opinions. At the University he read deeply in classics and history, and the taste then developed endured through life, for, while he indulged in many frivolities, he would in the midst of them steal a few hours to devote to the books of which he never wearied. Towards the end of his days he put his learning into harness, and wrote a history of the reign of James II. and an account of the Revolution of 1688 that do not deserve to be relegated to obscurity.

Much has been written about the faults of Fox, but some of them, at least, should not be held greatly to his discredit, since they were the faults of the age. Wine, women and cards were the occupations of his companions, and not of the unintelligent only. Everybody drank and drank deeply, drank in pursuit of pleasure, drank to drown sorrow.

I dined at Holland House [wrote the Right Honourable Charles Rigby upon one occasion to George Selwyn], where, though I drank claret with the master of it from dinner till two in the morning, I could not wash away the sorrow he is in at the shocking condition his eldest boy is in.

Fox, Sheridan, Pitt and, notably, Professor Porson were three-bottle men, and it was not unusual for politicians to go to Westminster Hall in a state of insobriety.

Fox drinks what I should call a great deal, though he is not reckoned to do so by his companions; Sheridan, excessively, and Grey more than any of them; while Pitt, I am told, drinks as much as anybody, generally more than any of his company, and is a pleasant, convivial man at table;

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Sir Gilbert Elliot has recorded; and Lord Bulkeley wrote to the Marquis of Buckingham *à propos* of Pitt bringing in the Declaratory Bill of the powers of the Board of Control:

> It was an awkward day for him (owing to the defection of some friends), and he felt it the more because he himself was low-spirited, and overcome by the heat of the House, in consequence of having got drunk the night before at your house in Pall Mall, with Mr. Dundas and the *Duchess of Gordon!* They must have had a hard bout of it, for even Dundas, who is well used to the bottle, was affected by it, and spoke remarkably ill, dull and tedious.

One reads with amazement of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, a Lord Chancellor, and a Treasurer of the Navy—Pitt, Thurlow, and Dundas—excited by wine galloping through a turnpike gate without paying the toll, and the man, mistaking them for highwaymen, discharging his blunderbuss. This exploit was duly noted in "The Rolliad."

> Ah! think what danger on debauch attends!
> Let Pitt o'er wine preach temperance to his friends,
> How, as he wandered darkling o'er the plain,
> His reason drowned in Jenkinson's champagne,
> A rustic's hand, but righteous fate withstood,
> Had shed a Premier's for a robber's blood.

A great drinker, too, was Jack Talbot of the Coldstream Guards, and it was of him, when the doctor said: "My lord, he is in a bad way, for I was obliged to make use of the lancet this morning," that the witty Alvanley remarked: "You should have *tapped* him, Doctor, for I am sure he has more claret than blood in his veins." Another was the eccentric Twistleton Fiennes, Lord Saye and Sele, a famous epicure, who drank large quantities of absinthe and curaçoa. Gronow recommended him a servant, who, arriving as Fiennes was going to dinner, asked his new master if he had any orders, only to receive these instructions: "Place two bottles of sherry by my bedside, and call me the day after to-morrow!"

Gambling vied with drinking as an amusement of the aristocracy, and the one was as ruinous to their purses as the other to their health. Every one played cards in those days,

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and even ladies gambled with as much zest as their husbands and brothers. There was much card-playing in private houses, bnt more in the clubs, especially at White's, Brookes's and Almack's.

As the gambling and extravagance of the young men of fashion has arrived now at a pitch never heard of, it is worth while to give some account of it [Walpole wrote in 1772]. They have a club at Almack's in Pall Mall, where they played only for rouleaus of fifty pounds each rouleau; and generally there was ten thousand pounds in specie on the table. Lord Holland had paid about twenty thousand pounds for his two sons. Nor were the manners of the gamesters, or even their dresses for play, undeserving notice. They began by pulling off their embroidered clothes, and put on frieze great-coats, or turned their coats inside outwards for luck. They put on pieces of leather (such as is worn by footmen when they clean knives) to save their lace ruffles; and to guard their eyes from the light and prevent tumbling their hair, wore high-crowned straw hats with broad brims, and adorned with flowers and ribbons; masks to conceal their emotions when they played at quinze. Each gamester had a small, neat stand by him, with a large rim, to hold their tea, or a wooden bowl with an edge of ormolu to hold their rouleaus. They borrowed great sums of the Jews at exorbitant premiums. Charles Fox called his outward room, where those Jews waited till he rose, the Jerusalem Chamber. His brother Stephen was enormously fat; George Selwyn said he was in the right to deal with Shylocks, as he could give them "pounds of flesh."

It is not exaggeration to say that during the long sittings at macao, hazard, and faro many tens of thousands exchanged hands.

Fox was a magnificent player of picquet and whist, but in the evenings, when he had dined well and wined well, he would play only games of chance, at which he was always unlucky.

At Almack's of pigeons I'm told there are flocks,
But it's thought the completest is one Mr. Fox.
If he touches a card, if he rattles a box,
Away fly the guineas of this Mr. Fox.

Once, before delivering a speech in defence of the Church, he played for twenty-two hours, and lost five hundred pounds an hour; and then declared that the greatest pleasure in life, after winning, was losing! His bad luck was notorious, but

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again and again his intimates came to his assistance, and Walpole wondered what he would do when he had sold the estates of all his friends! It was noticed that he did not do himself justice in a debate on the Thirty-Nine Articles (February 6, 1772), and Walpole thought it was not to be wondered at.

> He had sat up playing at hazard at Almack's from Tuesday evening, the 4th, till five in the afternoon of Wednesday, 5th. An hour before, he had recovered twelve thousand pounds that he had lost, and by dinner, which was at five o'clock, he had ended losing eleven thousand pounds. On the Thursday he spoke in the above debate, went to dinner at half-past eleven at night, from there to White's, where he drank till seven the next morning, thence to Almack's, where he won six thousand pounds, and between three and four in the afternoon he set out for Newmarket. His brother Stephen lost ten thousand pounds two nights after, and Charles eleven thousand pounds more on the 13th, so that in three nights the two brothers, the eldest not twenty-four, lost thirty-two thousand pounds.

The wonder is, not that Fox spoke ill, but that he spoke at all.

They were good losers in those days, and stoicism was a very necessary quality to be possessed by the majority, since all played and few won. One night, when Fox had been terribly unfortunate at the faro-table, Topham Beauclerk followed him to his rooms to offer consolation, expecting to find him perhaps stretched on the floor bewailing his losses, perhaps plunged in moody despair. He was surprised to see him reading Herodotus. "What would you have me do?" Fox asked the astonished visitor. "I have lost my last shilling." "Charles tells me he has not now, nor has had for some time, one guinea," Lord Carlisle told George Selwyn, "and is happier on that account."

> But hark! the voice of battle shouts from far,
> The Jews and Maccaronis are at war;
> The Jews prevail, and, thund'ring from the stocks,
> They seize, they bind, they circumcise Charles Fox.

The money-lenders had been most obliging to Fox at the time when he was heir-apparent to the barony of Holland, but the holder of the title had an heir, which destroyed his prospects;

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whereupon Fox, unperturbed, made it the subject of a joke against his creditors: "My brother Ste's son is a second Messiah, born for the destruction of the Jews." He lived on credit for some time, and so notorious was this fact that when he gave a supper-party at his rooms in St. James's Street, close by Brookes's Club, Tickell addressed verses thereon to Sheridan:

> Derby shall send, if not his plate, his cooks;
> And know, I've bought the best champagne from Brookes,
> From liberal Brookes, whose speculative skill
> Is hasty credit and a distant bill;
> Who, nursed on clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,
> Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid.

Lord Holland had already paid his son's debts on several occasions, and apparently some remonstrance was addressed to the latter.

> In regard to what you say of my father's feelings, I am sure if you could have known how very miserable you have made me you would not have said it [Fox wrote in 1773 to Lady Holland, in a letter in which there is the true note of sincerity]. To be loved by you and him has always been (indeed, I am no hypocrite, whatever I may be) the first desire of my life. The reflection that I have behaved ill to you is almost the only painful one I have ever experienced. That my extreme imprudence and dissipation has given both of you uneasiness is what I have long known, and I am sure I may call those who really know me to witness how much that thought has embittered my life. I own I lately began to flatter myself that, particularly with you, and in a great measure with my father, I had regained that sort of confidence which was once the greatest pride of my life; and I am sure I don't exaggerate when I say that, since I formed those flattering hopes, I have been the happiest being in the universe. I hate to make professions, and yet I think I may venture to say that my conduct in the future shall be such as to satisfy you more than my past. Indeed, indeed, my dear mother, no son ever loved a father and mother as I do. Pray, my dear mother, consider how very miserable you have made me, and pity me. I do not know what to write, so have to leave off writing, but you may be assured that no son ever felt more duty, respect, gratitude, or love than I do for both of you, and that it is in your power, by restoring me to your usual confidence and affection, or depriving me of it, to make me the most unhappy or contented of men.

Once again Lord Holland took upon himself the settle-

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ment of Charles's debt, and just before his death, in 1714, satisfied his son's creditors—at a cost of £140,000! Even this was not a sufficient lesson to the young man, who incurred fresh liabilities, to pay which he sold a sinecure place of £2000 a year for life—the Clerkship of the Peels in Ireland, and the superbly decorated mansion and estate at Kingsgate in the Isle of Thanet, both of which had been left him by his father.

Fox in his twentieth year entered Parliament as member for the pocket borough of Midhurst in Sussex, and, at his father's request, supported the Duke of Grafton's administration. He took his seat in May 1768, and distinguished himself in the following year by a speech opposing the claim of Wilkes to take his seat as member for Middlesex. "It was all off-hand, all argumentative, in reply to Mr. Burke and Mr. Wedderburn, and excessively well indeed," Lord Holland said, proudly. "I hear it spoken of as an extraordinary thing, and I am, as you see, not a little pleased with it." This was the age of young men, for Fox's life-long antagonist, Pitt, entered the House when he was twenty-two, accepted the Chancellorship of the Exchequer twelve months later and became Prime Minister in his twenty-fifth year! The careers of these Statesmen must have delighted another precocious genius, Benjamin Disraeli, who reverenced youth. "The only tolerable thing in life is action, and action is feeble without youth," he wrote. "What if you do not obtain your immediate object? You always think you will, and the detail of the adventure is full of rapture." The blunders of youth, that great man thought, are preferable to the triumph of manhood or the successes of old age.

In February 1770, Fox took office under Lord North as Lord of the Admiralty, when, owing to his attitude in the debates on the press laws, he became so unpopular with a section of the public as actually to be attacked in the streets, and rolled in the mud. It has already been mentioned how, in February 1772, he spoke against the clerical petition for relief from subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles; and later,

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in the same month, he resigned his office so as to be free to oppose the Royal Marriage Bill, which was introduced by the King's command after the announcement of the Duke of Cumberland's marriage with Mrs. Horton. The King was determined, so far as it lay in his power, to prevent the occurrence in his family of another *mésalliance*, and the principal clauses of the Royal Marriage Act forbade the marriage of a member of the royal family under the age of twenty-five without the consent of the monarch, and above that age, if the King refused consent, without the permission of both Houses of Parliament. The bill was fiercely contested in both Houses of Parliament; Fox, Burke, and Wedderburn were its most strenuous opponents in the Commons; Lord Folkestone, in person, and Lord Chatham, by letter, in the Lords. It was denounced by its opponents as "un-English, arbitrary, and contrary to the law of God"; and the objection raised was that it would set the royal family as a caste apart. So unpopular was it that, in spite of the King's influence being exerted in its favour, an amendment limiting it to the reign of George III. and three years longer was negatived only by a majority of eighteen. The bill became law in March 1772.

Fox began to be recognised as a power in the House, and Lord North soon made overtures to his erstwhile colleague to rejoin the ministry as a Lord of the Treasury. This Fox did within a year of his resignation, but his independence soon brought about another rupture; and when, on a question of procedure, he caused the defeat of the ministry by pressing a motion to a division, the King wrote to Lord North: "Indeed, that young man has so thoroughly cast off every principle of common honour and honesty that he must become as contemptible as he is odious, and I hope you will let him know you are not insensible of his conduct towards you." The Prime Minister took the hint, and dismissed Fox in a delightfully laconic note: "Sir, His Majesty has thought proper to order a new Commission of the Treasury, in which I do not see your name."

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In opposition Fox was a vigorous opponent of Lord North's policy in connection with the American colonies. In April 1774, he voted for the repeal of the tea duty, declaring that the tax was the mere assertion of a right that would force the colonists into open rebellion; and he attacked the subsequent proceedings of the English government on account of their manifest injustice. Against the war that ensued he protested with might and main, and to the utmost of his power tried to force the ministry into a pacific path.

> The war of the Americans is a war of passion [he declared on November 26, 1778]; it is of such a nature as to be supported by the most powerful virtues, love of liberty and of country, and at the same time by those passions in the human heart which give courage, strength and perseverance to man; the spirit of revenge for the injury you have done them, of retaliation for the hardships inflicted on them, and of opposition to the unjust powers you would have exercised over them; everything combines to animate them to this war, and such a war is without end; for whatever obstinacy enthusiasm ever inspired man with, you will now have to contend with in America; no matter what gives birth to that enthusiasm, whether the name of religion or of liberty, the effects are the same; it inspires a spirit that is unconquerable and solicitous to undergo difficulties and dangers; and as long as there is a man in America, so long will you have him against you in the field.

And in the following year he compared George III. with Henry VI.—"both owed the Crown to revolutions, both were pious princes, and both lost the acquisitions of their predecessors"—and so earned the enmity of the King, who could not differentiate between doctrine and action; and because Fox supported the rights of the Americans looked upon him henceforth as a rebel. Later, when of all the colonies only Boston remained in the hands of the English, and Wedderburn with foolhardy audacity ventured in the House of Commons to compare North as a War Minister with Chatham, Fox created a sensation by declaring that "not Lord Chatham, nor Alexander the Great, nor Cæsar ever conquered so much territory in the course of all their wars as Lord North had lost in one campaign!" In January 1781 he made a further effort,

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in which he was supported by Pitt, to compel Lord North to abandon the war and make peace with the colonies.

The only objection made to my motion [he declared] is that it must lead to American independence. But I venture to assert that *within six months of the present day*, Ministers themselves will come forward to Parliament with some proposition of a similar nature. I know that such is their intention; I announce it to the House.

Of course his resolution was defeated, and the colonies were for ever lost to the Crown. "I that am born a gentleman," said George III. to Lord Thurlow and the Duke of Leeds, "shall never lay my head on my last pillow in peace and quiet as long as I remember the loss of my American colonies." Not the less, the King never forgave Fox for that attitude which might have averted the disaster.

Fox, who had declined office in 1780, was two years later appointed Foreign Secretary when Lord Rockingham became Prime Minister, and in this position he won golden opinions.

Mr. Fox already shines as greatly in place as he did in opposition, though infinitely more difficult a task [Walpole wrote to Mr. Horace Mann]. He is now as indefatigable as he was idle. He has perfect temper, and not only good humour and good nature, but, which is the first quality of a Prime Minister in a free country, has more common sense than any man, with amazing parts that are neither ostentatious nor affected.

Lord Rockingham died a few months later, when Lord Shelburne was appointed in his place, and soon after Fox, with some of his colleagues, withdrew from the Ministry. The cause of his secession was said to be that Fox wished to grant independence to the American colonies as a boon, and Lord Shelburne would regard it only as a bargain; but the underlying reasons were Fox's hatred of the man and jealousy aroused by the exclusion from office of the Duke of Portland. It was to Lord Shelburne, who was most unpopular and suspected of insincerity, that Goldsmith made his singularly *mal à propos* remark: "Do you know, I could never conceive the reason why they call you Malagrida, for Malagrida was a very good sort of man!"

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Fox allied himself with Lord North, and as they had a large majority in the House of Commons, Lord Shelburne resigned in February 1784. The King was furious, but being powerless, was compelled to appoint as First Minister of the Crown the Duke of Portland, under whom Pitt and Lord North held office as Secretaries of State.

In the previous year the Prince of Wales had come of age, and had at once attached himself to the Opposition, who naturally welcomed so powerful an ally.

The Prince of Wales has thrown himself into the arms of Charles, and this in the most indecent and undisguised manner [Walpole wrote to Sir Horace Mann]. Fox lodged in St. James's Street, and as soon as he rose, which was very late, held a *levée* of his followers, and of the members of the Gambling Club at Brookes's, all his disciples. His bristly, black person, and shagged breast quite open, and rarely purified by any ablutions, was wrapped in a foul linen night-gown, and his bushy hair dishevelled. In these cynic weeds, and with epicurean good humour, did he dictate his politics, and in this school did the heir to the Crown attend his lessons and imbibe them.

Fox told his new adherent that a Prince of Wales should have no party, but, his advice being disregarded, when the opinion was expressed that the Prince should not attend the debates in the House of Commons, he intervened in defence of his friend.

Is the mind, which may at any hour, by the common changes of mortality, be summoned to the highest duties allotted to man, to be left to learn them by accident? [he asked]. For my part I rejoice to see this distinguished person disdaining to use the privileges of his rank and keep aloof from the debates of this House. I rejoice to see him manfully coming among us, to imbibe a knowledge of the Constitution within the walls of the Commons of England. I, for my part, see nothing in the circumstance which has called down so much voluntary eloquence.

There were many, however, who disapproved of this alliance, and many attacks were made upon Fox, who was the subject of many lampoons.

Though matters at present go cross in the realm,
You will one day be K——g, Sir, and I at the helm;
So let us be jovial, drink, gamble and sing,
Nor regard it a straw, tho' we're not yet the thing.
Tol de rol, tol, tol, tol de rol.

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The principal act of the Administration was the introduction of Fox's India Bill, by which powers were sought to take away the control of the great dominion that Warren Hastings had built up from the Honourable East India Company and transfer it to a board of seven Commissioners, who should hold office for five years and be removable only on an Address to the Crown from either House of Parliament. This was bitterly opposed by the merchant class, who saw in it a precedent for the revocation of other charters; but the clause that aroused the greatest bitterness was that in which it was laid down that the appointment of the first seven Commissioners should be vested in Parliament, and afterwards in the Crown. This was, of course, equivalent to vesting the appointments and the enormous patronage attaching thereto in the Ministry, and "it was an attempt," said Lord Thurlow, "to take the diadem from the King's head and to put it on that of Mr. Fox." The Bill was fought with every weapon, but it passed the Commons, only, however, to be defeated by the Lords, upon whom the King had brought his personal influence to bear. Thereupon, in December 1783, the King contemptuously dismissed the Ministry.

In the following May there was a General Election, the chief interest of which centred round the City of Westminster, for which Fox and Sir Cecil Wray had sat in the dissolved Parliament. The King, who had plotted the downfall of the Ministry, had determined to do his utmost to prevent Fox from sitting in the new Parliament, but the latter, who had, however, already been elected for Kirkwall, audaciously carried the war into the enemy's camp by having himself nominated for his old constituency.

It may fairly be questioned [Mr. Sidney said] whether any of the electoral contests of the eighteenth century equalled that of Westminster in point of the prevalence of corrupt practices, drunkenness, tumult and disorder. The polling lasted forty days, and, during the long period over which it extended, the entire western quarter of the Metropolis and Covent Garden, the immediate vicinity of the hustings, presented a scene of uproar and disorder which it is difficult to describe. The latter locality might have been styled "Bear

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Garden" for the time being, so flagrant were the outrages against decency, and so riotous was the violence of which it was the scene.

At first the two Ministerial candidates, Admiral Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, forged ahead, and left Fox so far behind that the prospect of his return appeared hopeless. Then the influence of the many ladies of rank and fashion who canvassed for the latter made itself felt. The Duchess of Portland, Countess Carlisle, Countess of Derby, Lady Beauchamp, and Lady Duncannon were among Fox's assistants, but the greatest service was rendered by the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, whose charms have been chronicled by every contemporary memoirist.

Array'd in matchless beauty, Devon's fair
In Fox's favour takes a zealous part;
But oh! where'er the pilferer comes, beware:
She supplicates a vote, and steals a heart!

A reaction in favour of Fox set in, and when, at three o'clock on May 17, the poll closed, the High Bailiff of Westminster declared the results:

Lord Hood	6694
Hon. C. J. Fox	6234
Sir Cecil Wray	5998
Majority for Fox	236

Great were the rejoicings when it became known that "the man of the people" had snatched the victory from the Court candidate. The Prince of Wales, who had thrown his influence into the scale, went the same evening to a supper-party given by Mrs. Crewe, where all present were arrayed in buff and blue, the victor's colours. The Prince proposed the health of the hostess with felicitous brevity, "True Blue and Mrs. Crewe," to which the lady wittily replied, "True Blue, and all of you"; and the hero of the hour returned thanks to all and sundry.

It was to Mr. Fox and Mrs. Armitstead (with whom Fox was then living and whom he married in 1795) at the latter's house at St. Anne's, Chertsey, that the Prince repaired to

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pour out his woes when, to evade his compromising attentions, Mrs. Fitzherbert went abroad.

> Mrs. Armitstead has repeatedly assured me [Lord Holland relates in his "Memoirs of the Whig Party"] that he came thither more than once to converse with her and Mr. Fox on the subject, that he cried by the hour, that he testified to the sincerity and violence of his passion and his despair by the most extravagant expressions and actions, rolling on the floor, striking his forehead, tearing his hair, falling into hysterics, and swearing he would abandon the country, forego the Crown, sell his jewels and plate, and scrape together a competence to fly with the object of his affections to America.

When Mrs. Fitzherbert returned to England, Fox implored the Prince not to marry her, and received from him a reply, "Make yourself easy, my dear friend! Believe me, the world will soon be convinced that not only is there not, but never was, any grounds for these reports, which have been so malevolently circulated." On the strength of this letter, when the question was raised in the House of Commons in a debate on the Prince's debts, Fox denied the marriage, only to be told by a relative of the lady at Brookes's Club, within an hour of his speech, that the marriage had taken place! It is said that the statesman was furious at the deception that had been practised upon him; but doubtless his sense of humour came to his rescue and overshadowed his anger, and one can imagine him shrugging his shoulders with his almost imperturbable good humour, as he reflected that, while his position as a dupe was distressing, what must be the feeling of him who had duped him. It was, indeed, a case of the biter bit! Perhaps, too, he was amused at having saved the Prince *malgré lui;* and certainly it is to his credit that "when urged by his friends to undeceive Parliament, and thus vindicate himself in the opinion of the country, he refused to do so at the expense of the heir to the monarchy." But there was on his part a coldness towards the Prince for some time, and he never again trusted that royal personage.

It is impossible within the limits of this paper to discuss Fox's subsequent political career, or to make more than an

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allusion to the attacks on Warren Hastings during the famous impeachment, to his advocacy of the Prince as the rightful Regent during the King's illness, and his opposition to many of Pitt's measures. His remark on hearing of the taking of the Bastille has become historic: "How much is this the greatest event that ever happened in the world, and how much the best"; but he never approved of the excesses that followed, and he was opposed to all absolute forms of government, and not more averse to an absolute monarchy or an absolute aristocracy than to an absolute democracy. From 1792 for five years he seldom attended Parliament, but devoted himself chiefly to the composition of his "History of the Revolution of 1688." In 1798 his name was erased from the list of Privy Councillors because at a dinner he proposed the toast of "Our Sovereign, the people." Later he went abroad, had an interview with Napoleon, and on his return, in 1803, in a magnificent speech advocated a peace with France. On Lord Addington's resignation in the following year it was proposed that Fox should be a member of the new Cabinet, but the King intervened to make Pitt promise, firstly, never to support Catholic Emancipation, and, secondly, to exclude Fox from office. However, two years later, he accepted the portfolio of the Foreign Office under Grenville, in the "Ministry of all the Talents." He made his last appearance in the House of Commons on June 10, 1806, to move a resolution preparatory to introducing a bill for the suppression of the slave trade.

> So fully am I impressed with the vast importance and necessity of attaining what will be the object of my motion this night [he concluded his farewell speech] that if, during the almost forty years that I have had the honour of a seat in Parliament, I had been so fortunate as to accomplish that, and that only, I should think I had done enough, and could retire from public life with comfort and the conscious satisfaction that I had done my duty.

A few days after, he was taken ill at the house of the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick, and it was soon apparent that his last hours were near. He was no believer in religion, but, to please his wife, he consented to have prayers read, but

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"paid little attention to the ceremony, remaining quiescent merely, not liking to refuse any wish of hers, nor to pretend any sentiments he did not entertain." "I die happy," he said to his wife, "but I pity you." He died on September 13, and was interred in Westminster Abbey, immediately adjoining the monument of Lord Chatham, and close by the grave of William Pitt, his great rival, who had pre-deceased him by a few months.

As a constructive statesman, Charles James Fox had but little opportunity to shine.

> Charles is unquestionably a man of first rate talents, but so deficient in judgment as never to have succeeded in any object during his whole life [said his "candid friend", Boothby]. He loved only three things, women, play, and politics. Yet at no period did he ever form a creditable connection with a woman. He lost his whole fortune at the gaming table; and, with the exception of about eleven months of his life, he has remained always in opposition.

This is a severe pronouncement upon a great man, who was a great orator and a splendid debater.

> Fox delivered his speeches without previous preparation, and their power lay not in rhetorical adornments, but in the vigour of the speaker's thoughts, the extent of his knowledge, the quickness with which he grasped the significance of each point in debate, the clearness of his conceptions, and the remarkable plainness with which he laid them before his audience [says Professor Harrison]. Even in the longest speeches he never strayed from the matter in hand; he never rose above the level of his hearers' understanding, was never obscure, and never bored the House. Every position that he took up he defended by a large number of shrewd arguments, plainly stated and well ordered.

His voice was poor, his actions ungainly, and he did not become fluent until he warmed with his subject; but in attack generally and especially in connection with the American War, Grattan thought him the best speaker he had ever heard. Burke said he was "the most brilliant and accomplished debater that the world ever saw"; Rogers declared he "never heard anything equal to Fox's *speeches in reply*"; while, when some one abused one of Fox's speeches to Pitt,

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the latter remarked, "Don't disparage it; nobody could have made it but himself."

Fox, however, did not lay undue stress on eloquence, and in a well-known speech declared that one sometimes paid too dearly for oratory.

> I remember [he said] a time when the whole of the Privy Council came away, throwing up their caps, and exulting in an extraordinary manner at a speech made by the present Lord Rosslyn (Alexander Wedderburn), and an examination of Dr. Franklin (before the Privy Council on the letters of Hutchinson and Oliver, the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts), in which that respectable man was most uncommonly badgered. But we paid very dear for that splendid specimen of eloquence, and all its attendant tropes, figures, metaphors, and hyperbole; for then came the Bill, and in the end we lost all our American colonies, a hundred millions of money, and a hundred thousand of our brave fellow subjects.

Fox made mistakes occasionally, as when he asserted the *right* of the Prince of Wales to the Regency; but he was distinguished in the House of Commons for his "hopeful sympathy with all good and great causes." In a day when politicians were not especially enlightened, he was a supporter of Parliamentary reform, a champion of Catholic Emancipation, and an opponent of the slave trade; and, indeed, it was by his advocacy of these measures that he earned the enmity of the King, and thus was prevented from carrying out these beneficial schemes.

It has already been admitted that he was a spendthrift, and had a passion for gaming which, when taxed with it by Lord Hillsborough in the House of Commons, he designated as "a vice countenanced by the fashion of the times, a vice to which some of the greatest characters had given way in the early part of their lives, and a vice which carried with it its own punishment." His weaknesses, however, were far more than overbalanced by his many splendid qualities. He was a noble antagonist, and when Pitt made his first speech, and some one remarked he would be one of the first men in Parliament, "He is so already," said Fox. Which recalls the story of the Prince of Wales' remarks on hearing of the death of the

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Duchess of Devonshire: "Then we have lost the best-bred woman in England." "Then," said the more generous Fox, "we have lost the kindest heart in England."

Fox was a great-hearted man, with a beautiful disposition, high spirits, unbounded good-humour, delightful conversation, a great affection for his friends, an undeniable loyalty to those who trusted him; and these qualities, combined with his great natural abilities and an indisputable charm, made him a great, commanding and fascinating figure. Gibbon, a political opponent, said he possessed "the powers of a superior man, as they are blended in his attractive character, with the softness and simplicity of a child," adding that "perhaps no human being was ever more perfectly exempt from the taint of malevolence, vanity or falsehood"; but the greatest tribute came from Burke, who described him simply and, perhaps, sufficiently as "a man made to be loved."

LEWIS MELVILLE.

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THE POETRY OF NORA CHESSON

THE untimely death of the writer of these poems—an event still fresh in the memory of her many readers—gives them a new and pathetic interest. Her music breathes so much passion and energy, so much of the sheer joy of living, that one can hardly yet realise its sudden lapse into the last silence. And lovers of poetry feel their loss the greater because it was a woman's voice that sang to them, and that sings no more. Most women live in silent places even on this side of the undiscovered country; their whole life is "a spring shut up, a fountain sealed" save to the few who know them best. A woman who speaks for her sex, then, has a revelation of great price to divulge; the secrets of a sea unfathomed and a height unscaled. The romance which invests the explorer clings to the woman-poet who puts herself into her song: she shows us a new world in the midst of our own.

Such a poet, beyond all doubt, was the young Irishwoman in whom Ireland has lost so much. She wrote much in many different styles; she was a critic, a novelist, and an authority on her country's rich variety of folk-lore; she could produce or review a poem with equal ease. But she was before all things a woman—a whole-hearted member of the race which, whenever it is vocal, is sure to "find in Love the heart's blood of its song." She saw the pageant of the world through feminine eyes, as Elizabeth Browning and Christina Rossetti

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did before her; and what she saw she sang. Thus her music, like theirs, has an individual note and a special value; it speaks in natural tones the language of a woman's heart. Nor is this true of the personal poems alone; the charm of her womanhood is in all her work alike, clinging to it as inseparably, even when as impalpably, as the rose-scent to the rose. The vision of sunset on a stormy sea cannot hold her eyes; they see instead the city ways that know her lover's feet. Is not the verse which tells us this the more charming because it mixes Nature's voice with love's?

> Over the western waters the clouds are edged with flame,
> Eastward hovers the darkness whence last the lightning came;
> There's a strange voice in the evening air, a strange breath from the sea,
> And far away in London my lover dreams of me.

So it is in other poems—"Love in September," "On Rye Hill," and "Glamour"—all repeat the same story of exterior beauty changed and softened by a warmth from within. The sweets of the autumnal garden, where "one great star and only one" looks down on the year's last flowers; the ascent of the wooded hill, with the sight of the sea from its crest; and the mystic "glamour" of a world enchanted into unreality by the spell of moonrise—each of these things becomes in turn the mirror of the soul that sees them by its own living light. Hence we find in these poems none of that "merciless description of Nature" which Stopford Brooke condemns as a vice of contemporary poetry. The cry of the heart comes to us with the song of the wind; a tree is not presented to us as "mere firewood," but as a beneficent shadow under which lovers may tryst and happy children play. Even in the vividly-realised "Thunderstorm" (a Nature picture, pure and simple, informed in every line with the eye that sees and the heart that feels it) the landscape is humanised by the woman's tender vision of a weeping child. The poem begins and ends on this note, like music which reverts to its opening theme in its concluding phrase:

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The wind cries like a child to-night;
Its breath has turned the poplars white,
The ivy shudders on the wall,
And petals of red roses fall.

A moment, and the world is dumb,
The moment ere the thunders come;
The earth holds breath 'twixt fear and pain,
Then, child-like, floods her fear with rain.

Love of Ireland and the Irish often blends with love of Nature in the poetry of Nora Chesson; the "Irish ivy" of one of her most characteristic utterances grew in her heart as in its native soil. Her muse was born "Under Quicken Boughs," and sang in their shadow to the end; her work harked back always to its origin among the shamrocks. The mystery and witchery of Ireland beat in her blood; and few of the sweet singers "whom from her wilds Ierne sent" have more passionately desired her peace. She looked out on the dark places of that unhappy land through eyes wet with its accumulated tears, as one belated in the night, but hoping against hope for the dawn. The "Ballads in Prose" (and their companions in verse no less) smell of the very soil of Ireland; the peat fire burns in them with a glow no English hand has force to kindle. And by its light we see the poetry of Celtic thought and the long romance of Celtic history; we are kindled by Erse legends and overshadowed by Erse superstitions; we mourn with the peasant lover over his dead "colleen," or watch, with mingled fear and fascination, the slow drooping of the girl on whom the pixies have cast their fatal spell. The very music of "The Parting of the Ways" is made up of the brogue it echoes:

Come back and say where you dwell to-day, my colleen oge and my colleen bawn;
If I must go where the light burns low, and never a night is friends with dawn?
Or upwards climb to the steeps sublime, where even the hills near by are blue?
Which way will I take for my storeen's sake? which way, agra, must I follow you?

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But it is to "April in Ireland" that we must look for the finest of all the Celtic verse. This lovely rendering of the charm of an Irish spring is one of the poet's masterpieces, whether considered on its technical or spiritual side. As a work of art it is exquisitely wrought, and delicately as those filigrees which embalm, in the solidity of metals, the fragile life of flowers; as a song of the soul it is much more than this, for the heart of Nature beats through it, in time with a human heart that loves her. Like the "Thunderstorm," its music rises to a climax that is one with its commencement, and reverts to this by a transition so natural that no other end seems possible:

> She hath a woven garland all of the sighing sedge,
> And all her flowers are snowdrops grown on the winter's edge.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Sunlight she holds in one hand, and rain she scatters after,
> And through the rainy twilight we hear her fitful laughter.
>
> She seeks the summer-lover that never shall be hers;
> Fain for gold leaves of autumn she passes by the furze,
> Though buried gold it hideth; she scorns her sedgy crown,
> And pressing blindly sunwards she treads her snowdrops down.
>
> Her gifts are all a fardel of wayward smiles and tears—
> Yet hope she also holdeth, this daughter of the years—
> A hope that blossoms faintly set upon sorrow's edge:
> She hath a woven garland all of the sighing sedge.

This deserves a place among the rarest gems of "Dark Rosaleen's" jewel-casket; it may even take its place beside that flawless lyric in which Mr. Yeats has set to music the wail of the exile from Erin's enchanted ground, who is haunted day and night by the voice of "lake water lapping with low sounds on the shore," and knows that he will "have some peace there"—but there only.

Yet, sometimes, a note stronger and deeper than that of nationality (the note of the universal, whose appeal is to an audience too wide to be limited by conditions of race) may be heard in the poetry of this essentially Irish singer. This is

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especially the case in "Songs of the Morning," where human life and love supply the principal themes of the richly varied verse. It is in this volume that we see most clearly the woman behind the poet: we may say of it, as Mr. Le Gallienne said of the "Opals" of Olive Custance, that it "seems to flush and tremble in our hands," for into it the writer has put her own heart's history. Poems like "The Chrysoberyl" and "A Woman's Marriage-Song" take us straight to her inner sanctuary; inwrap us with its incense, dazzle us with its mystic altar-lights, and even give us the key to the Holy of Holies behind the veil. Yet all this is done so delicately that nothing of the hallowed charm of womanhood is lost by the revelation; rather do we gain thereby a new sense of its sanctity, a new reverence for the infinite mystery which no language can disclose in its fulness. The lily's free gift of the gold at its heart leaves it a lily still; and the world is incalculably the richer. What Mrs. Browning did in the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and Christina Rossetti in "Monna Innominata," has been done in these later days by Nora Chesson. She has laid her whole heart in our hands, trusting us with all its treasures; and it seems safe to say that never, save in the twin sonnet-sequences above referred to, has the glory of a woman's love been more tenderly and intimately revealed. Yet always we feel that we must "stand off to see"; that the holy ground remains holy—a place where none may venture rashly, since a guard of white thoughts have it in their charge. To convey this impression is to succeed in a task of the utmost delicacy; only the perfect union of heart and art can hope to achieve it. But who shall say that it is not achieved, and that triumphantly, in poems like "The Pear Tree's Shadow," the "Southernwood," or the "Pearls"? Throughout these "Songs of the Morning" we hear one note sounding, from the marriage-music with which they open to the song of "The Prince I Waited For" at their close. The predominant theme is varied here and there, it is true, by echoes of the earlier melodies—ballads and legends, patriotic

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poems, and songs of the seasons. But the keynote of the new song harmonises all—the note struck in the simple dedication, so deeply moving when read in the light of these later days. The flowers, Irish or English, breathe of Love's garden, and are warm with the wind of his wings.

It will be seen, even from the too scanty specimens which I have culled from these poems, that their author was not undeserving of the high place she had won among contemporary singers. She had no claim to startling originality, to breadth of vision or depth of insight; she was a singer rather than a seer, and her song (if I may describe it by a well-worn phrase) "gushed from her heart" by an impulse as natural as that which prompts the brook's song or the bird's. Sometimes, as in the noble poems on "Helen" and "Hebe," she shows herself capable of clothing the classic myths of Greece in singing-robes of appropriate dignity; oftener she treats a homelier theme in a mood and style proportioned to its demands. But many of her simplest verses are rounded to the clear perfection of the dewdrop, like the flawless close of the "Armenian Song"; and in most of them we find that spontaneity and sincerity of utterance which are among the first essentials of poetic art. Legends and lyrics, songs of Nature and songs of Ireland, are all invested with the individual thought and feeling of the singer; as the heart felt the pen wrote. But perhaps it is her marriage-songs which will be remembered longest and most lovingly; for these, as I have indicated, reveal a new section of that wonderland of womanhood which can never be wholly shown or known. The fact that Nora Chesson was "a woman of women," in her work as in her life, gives that work its chief value and its chief element of permanence; and it is for this that the world will be most likely to award her a place among the singers it delights to honour—a place which neither her noble patriotism, her unfeigned Nature-worship, nor her delicate apprehension of the fabled fairy world could avail to win for her. For older than love of country, older even than love of beauty, is the love of

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that "eternal feminine" which here, as elsewhere, allures us when it calls: which beckons us to the undiscovered and charms us with the unexpected. The day may come when "Ireland for the Irish" will be a long-forgotten cry—nay, when Ireland and England together will be "one with Nineveh and Tyre." But there is one thing the world is never likely to outgrow, and that is the love which beats like a human heart in the prelude of "Aquamarines":

Here are some sunsets we have seen together,
  Some silver-coloured dawns we've watched apart:
November's twilight, May's enchanted weather,
  And the great sea known of no sailor's chart.
Rainbows and rain are here; and here are laughter
  And sorrow of a glad and grieving year;
But joy you give me comes before and after
  And is in every word I write you, dear.

S. Gertrude Ford.

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THE FOLK-LORE OF PARIS

THE legends and traditions which are found in cities are comparatively modern. They originated either in the fertile imagination of some mediæval poet or story-teller; or some trivial incidents, repeated from mouth to mouth in the market-place, grew till they assumed the proportions of the fabulous, and at last reached the ears of some monkish or knightly chronicler, who gravely recorded them. In few instances, I fancy, are they more than eight or ten centuries old, and, perhaps, it is for that reason that they have been neglected by folk-lorists, who like to trace back legends to some forgotten mythology, or a "sun-myth."

The subject seems to me to deserve more attention than it has hitherto received, and it might with advantage be studied both from a general and a local point of view. The former would include a comparison between the legends of different cities, and, perhaps, the first thing that would strike the student would be the number of giants he would meet. London had its Gog and Magog, Antwerp its Antigonus, who was forty feet high—nearly double the height of Gayant, the local giant of Douai who was only twenty-two feet. Brussels, Lille, Malines, Plymouth, and many other places, had their respective colossi; and we must not omit from the list "Angoulaffre of the Broken Teeth," who assumed the title of Governor of Jerusalem, but seems to have visited Italy; for some say that the fact that the "old shot-tower" (as Mark

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Twain calls it) at Pisa is out of the perpendicular is due to Angoulaffre, who thoughtlessly reclined against it one day when he was tired.

Generally, the city giant was a mild-mannered monster, who thought it excellent to have a giant's strength, but "bad form" to use it improperly. He lived at peace with his fellow citizens, and rarely went outside the walls. There was a giant in one of the towns of Alsace, whose infant daughter —it would be a misnomer to call her his little girl—was so unacquainted with rural sights that she had never seen the operation of ploughing. She was so amused at finding a peasant engaged in that work that she picked up oxen, plough, and plough-man, and carried them home in her apron as a new and interesting plaything, but her good papa made her "put them back where she found them."

A giant is a large body, moved by a single mind, and it seems evident that the town giant typifies the strength of a powerful community under the sway of some resolute and capable leader. When the giant is an enemy, and is overthrown by some doughty champion of ordinary size, he stands for a huge host, vanquished by some smaller force.

Paris never had a native giant, so far as I am aware, but was once besieged by a large army, commanded by an enormous giant named Issoire. The cause of this war was somewhat peculiar. There lived, at that time, a celebrated warrior known as "William with the Short Nose." He was born at Orange, in the South of France, and was sometimes called William of Orange, but is not to be confounded with a later and better-known personage of the same name.

In the course of his adventurous career, William was taken prisoner at Palermo, but subsequently released by a comrade, and one or other of them slew Sinagos, the governor. Sinagos was the friend of Issoire, who swore to revenge his death; but why he should besiege Paris because his friend had been killed at Palermo is not very clear. Both begin with a *P*, and, perhaps, that was near enough for a giant who was not strong

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in geography. At any rate he came and pitched his camp on the spot where the Parc Montsouris now is, but does not seem to have prosecuted his military operations with any vigour, for King "Looy" had time to send for assistance.

King Louis thought that as William with the Short Nose had brought this trouble upon him and his people he was the right man to get them out of it, and he sent forth knights, in every direction, to search for William. But that hero was not easily found. He was getting old, and had resolved to pass the remainder of a not over-well-spent life in the seclusion of a monastery. For that purpose, he retired to the Abbey of Aniane, near Montpellier.

Though not exactly a giant, as giants went in those days, William was what hosiers call an "extra size." His cassock was thrice the size of that of the biggest monk, he ate as much as six men, and he drank as much as twelve. Sometimes he exceeded even that liberal allowance, and, when he did, his language was "jest awfu'"; whilst any monk who made an ill-timed suggestion about attendance at matins, or complines, got a cracked head for his pains. On the whole, he was not a model monk, and it is not to be wondered at that the Abbot resolved to get rid of him, though a strict moralist might take exception to the means employed. He was sent to the sea-shore to get a cart-load of fish, and as the forest between Aniane and the Mediterranean teemed with blood-thirsty brigands, the Abbot and monks hoped they would make an end of William, who was sent alone, and not permitted to take any weapon save a stout cudgel.

Half-way through the wood he was attacked by some forty or more robbers; but he knocked out the brains of the foremost bandit, possessed himself of the dead man's sword, and went for the others so vigorously that they retired, leaving fifteen of their number dead on the field. After that, they let him alone, and he returned safely to the monastery, but the monks, when they saw him coming, shut the doors in his face. That, of course, was little use against a man like William, who

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speedily burst open the doors; but the gentle hint served to show him that he was not appreciated, so he retired to a cave some miles away and became a hermit.

It does not seem likely that he took kindly to roots and spring water—at all events, the emissary of King Louis, who found him there, had not much difficulty in persuading him to come to Paris and fight the giant Issoire. I cannot describe the combat, for the MS. of "Le Moniage de Guillaume," in the Bibliothèque Nationale, is sadly mutilated, and that portion is missing, but Issoire was slain, and buried underneath a roadway, which is now a street, in the south of Paris, and still bears the name of the Rue de la Tombe Issoire.

From giants to dragons is an easy and almost natural transition. I know of two dragons which are said to have devastated the country round Paris—there may have been more, but I have not come across any legends concerning them. One of these was a poor-spirited monster, and its career was speedily stopped by St. Marcel, before it had done much mischief. A very beautiful woman died in Paris, and, as her life had been far from moral, she was buried outside the walls, in unconsecrated ground. The next day, a terrible dragon came out of the woods, dug up the body, and began to devour it. The sight was so horrible that "many persons died of fright," but one of the survivors ran off to tell the good St. Marcel, who was then Bishop of Paris. The Saint started off at once, and when he got alongside the dragon, hit it over the head three times with his episcopal staff; whereupon the monster grovelled in the dust, "applaudissant de la queue avec grande humilité." The Saint took it by the ear, led it three miles from the city, and offered it the choice of returning either to the desert, or the sea. The dragon chose the latter, jumped into the Seine, and was not heard of again; for the dragon, which appeared a couple of centuries later, was not, presumably, the same one. We have no data as to the longevity of dragons, for they always meet with a violent end, but two hundred years is a long spell. At all events, this

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particular dragon was a water-monster. It came up the Seine, and evinced a peculiar antipathy to fishermen, smashing the boats, and devouring the occupants. This caused an undue rise in the price of fish in the Paris markets, and several knights, who "knew no fear," volunteered to go and slay the monster, but they were all killed or crippled, and the river-side population continued to be decimated.

At last the Parisians thought of using the same means which had proved so successful on a former occasion, but times had changed since

> good King Dagobert's palmy days,
> When saints were many and sins were few,

and the Bishop of Paris, not feeling confident in his powers as a dragon-slayer, declined the task.

Recourse was therefore had to St. Romain, Bishop of Rouen, who at once came to Paris, and began operations by visiting the prison and picking out two criminals condemned to death, who, of course, would be no great loss if the dragon showed fight. It did nothing of the kind, and though it may not have "applauded with its tail with great humility" it suffered the two convicts to lead it back to Paris, where it was fastened to two strong posts, and fagots were heaped round it and set alight. The poor dragon tried to extinguish the flames by vomiting forth enormous quantities of water, but the Saint "prevented this"—one would like to know how—and the body of Gargouille (that was the monster's name) was consumed. Gargouille means gargoyle, and the curious carved animals round Notre Dame may have something to do with the origin of the legend. An objection to that prosaic explanation is, that for many years after the good St. Romain had been laid to rest, the Bishop of Rouen claimed the privilege of annually releasing from the Paris prison two of the condemned convicts.

The mention of Notre Dame reminds me that, as a matter of course, the Devil had a part in the building of

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that cathedral. There are few Gothic churches which cannot show traces of his handiwork. At Notre Dame, the iron-work on the great doors was to have been made by a man named Biscornet, but he doubted whether he had the artistic ability to make a good job of it, and the Devil undertook to execute the work—on the usual terms. The next morning the whole of the ironwork on the side doors was in its place. The centre door, by which all the holy processions entered or left the church was "aboon the might" of the diabolical craftsman, and was left untouched. If Biscornet had been "half sharp" he might have pleaded breach of contract, for only some of the work had been done; but he did not think of that apparently, made a vain appeal to his creditor, and was found dead the next day, his body horribly contorted.

The Devil was not always so successful, and was frequently outwitted. He lost a country house near Paris through his unbusinesslike habits. This estate was called the Grange aux Gueux, and was situated a few miles to the south of the city. The house was a good one, but was inhabited by a whole legion of devils, so that no mortal dared pass the place, much less enter it. In the reign of Philippe Auguste (1180–1223) Jean de Pontoise, Bishop of Winchester, came to Paris, saw the Grange aux Gueux, took a fancy to it, and finding the property was to be had on the apparently easy terms of ousting the infernal tenants sent six monks to exorcise the devils, and take possession. This did not prove as easy as was expected; the demons stuck to their residence as obstinately as an Irish cottar, and the monks returned unsuccessful. The Bishop then went in person, but fared no better than his emissaries.

The Bishop was nonplussed, but, whilst he was wondering what steps he should take, word was brought to him that a Gascon journeyman-barber had been heard to say that for a hundred crowns he would undertake to turn all the devils out of the Grange aux Gueux. The Bishop sent for the bold barber, and asked him if he had made such a statement.

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The Gascon replied that he had, and was quite prepared to do what he had promised; all that he required was a large bottle of holy water.

"That you shall have," said the Bishop, "and a hundred gold crowns if you succeed; but if you prove only a braggart and an idle boaster you shall be publicly whipped by the executioner."

The barber accepted the conditions, and set out for the haunted grange, taking with him a pitcher of holy water and a short piece of candle. He entered the house easily enough, lighted the candle, and awaited events.

A few minutes passed, and then the door was thrown open, and a tall, thin man, clad in red velvet, appeared, and asked the intruder what he wanted.

The Gascon frankly explained all the circumstances.

"Very good!" said the Devil. "And what compensation do you propose to pay if I vacate the premises at once and give the Bishop undisturbed possession?"

"My soul!" said the barber; "which I may point out to you is a really good one, and not likely to fall into your hands in the natural course."

"The offer is a fair one," replied the Devil, "and the only point that remains to be considered is, when would it be convenient for you to pay?"

"At once!" cried the barber. "As soon as that little bit of candle burns out."

The Devil left the room, and immediately returned with an agreement properly drawn up, signed, and attested; which he handed to the barber, who promptly dropped the document into the large jar of holy water. The Devil was not much surprised at this, and merely regarded it as a proper business precaution; but he uttered a loud cry when he saw the Gascon also drop the candle-end into the jar, and make a dash for the door. At this cry, dozens of imps hurried up, but the brave barber retreated, walking backwards, and keeping his face to the foe, and any demon who ventured near

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was so plentifully besprinkled with holy water that he retired howling.

The Gascon reached Paris in safety, handed the precious document to the Bishop, and received the hundred crowns he had so well earned. "The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman," and performed his part of the contract most honourably, but the delicate irony was probably wasted on both the Bishop and the barber. Jean de Pontoise took possession of the estate, and called the place Winchester, after his see, but the word was troublesome for French tongues to pronounce, and, after several changes, has now assumed the almost unrecognisable form of Bicêtre.

Ghosts do not care for publicity, and are not often found in cities. Some Parisian families had their private spectre—there was a spook who considerately used to inform Ninon de l'Enclos when her friends were going to die—but no particular interest attaches to any of the ghost stories. The best-known Paris ghost was the little red man who used to appear in the passages of the Tuileries when anything was going to happen to the royal owner. It has been hinted that the little red man was invented by Napoleon, who considered that it looked respectable to have a spectre in the family. "The Picqueur" who, in the days of Louis XV., used to haunt the Tuileries gardens, and run pins into ladies, when their backs were turned, was no supernatural being, but an active and cunning monomaniac.

Of local legends, the most dramatic is the story of the old well which used to be near where the Pantheon now stands. From this well strange sounds were oft emitted. The scientific explanation is that the well was really a small subterranean lake, filling a cave, or series of caves, and that any sound, such as the noise of the bucket striking the water, or the clank of the chain, or the chatter of the women who came to draw, was echoed backwards and forwards through these caves. The popular mind needed something more sensational than this, and three theories were invented.

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One of these was that, in a cave of the well there resided a hermit, who had not ceased night or day, for thirty years, to recite the seven penitential psalms. The second was that a man had thrown his wife down the well, and her ghost continued to cry, "Assassin!" The third story is the longest and most sensational.

In the ninth century—so the legend ran—there stood, on one side of this well, the castle of Comte d'Argile, and on the other side was a convent of Benedictine nuns. The Comte had two fair daughters, named Irmensule and Odette. Though an old man, he was still a warrior, and helped to drive back the Normans. In one of these battles he was unhorsed, and would have been slain had it not been for a young knight, named Raoul de Flavy. The old Comte was grateful to his preserver, invited him to stay at the castle, and offered him the hand of the beautiful Irmensule.

The knight accepted the invitation, but though he admired Irmensule, he liked her younger sister, Odette, much better. This did not escape the attention of the old Comte, who was greatly scandalised. He declared that it was contrary to all precedent that the younger daughter should be married before the elder, but lovers care little for precedent, and Raoul continued to "carry on" with Odette and neglect her elder sister.

They seldom adopted half-measures in the Middle Ages, and the Comte's conduct was exactly what might be expected of an obstinate, old brute of a father in those days. The next time Raoul called, he was informed that Odette had gone to pay a long visit to an aunt in Brittany. Weeks went by; Irmensule made herself as amiable as she could—and Odette was forgotten.

One day, when the knight had been for a walk with his new lady-love, they were surprised by a violent storm. Though close to the castle, they did not have time to reach it—perhaps the drawbridge was up and the portcullis down—and were obliged to take shelter under the thatched roof which covered the well. Suddenly there came from the well the words,

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distinctly pronounced in Odette's voice, "Hommes pervers, soyez maudits! maudits! maudits!" Raoul started, and looked at Irmensule, and she was as pale as death. The young man dragged her from the haunted spot, and went and told his confessor, who suggested that the ghost should be laid. A procession of priests and monks came next day, but, just as they reached the spot, the same words were heard clearer and louder than before, and the procession dispersed hurriedly.

Raoul suffered for some time from what would now be called shock to the nervous system, but eventually recovered and married the Lady Irmensule. After his marriage, his wife and father-in-law explained the mystery of the voice. Odette had not been sent to Brittany, but only to the convent over the way, where she was to remain until her sister was married. It can hardly be a matter of surprise that poor Odette, thus suddenly snatched from liberty, happiness, and a lover, proved mutinous. To tame her rebellious spirit, she was confined in one of the underground cells of the convent, which had a grated window opening on the cave of the well. In this dungeon, deprived of light, and fed only on bread and water, her reason gave way, and she cursed and raved till death put an end to her sufferings.

What Raoul de Flavy said or did when his wife and father-in-law made this confession, the legend does not state, but he most likely came to the conclusion that he had committed a *pas de clerc* in marrying into such an unamiable family.

This brings me to a consideration of some of the familiar proverbial phrases which are in daily use by Parisians. Some of them have a definite, others a presumable, local origin. *Un pas de clerc* signifies an error committed by imprudence—the kind of mistake which an inexperienced clerk would be likely to make. There is a legend about its origin, and, though it seems evident the story was invented to fit the phrase, it may be worth while to give it.

Once upon a time there was a good-looking young clerk, who lived in a garret in Paris. Streets were narrow in those

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days, and in the garret on the opposite side of the way resided a beautiful damsel, with whom he desired a better acquaintance. The obvious method of going downstairs, crossing the road, and entering the other house, either did not strike him, or there were objections to it not stated in the story. He was wondering how he could get across, when a voice at his elbow assured him it was quite easy. He turned, and saw the Devil.

"Oh, I don't want your soul," the Evil One hastened to say, "but I am always ready to help my young friends in matters of this sort. "Look here!" With that he sat down with his back to the window, his tail shot across the street, and the barb at the end of it caught against the edge of the opposite parapet.

The tail was taut, and the clerk far too much in love to distrust this uncanny tight-rope. He boldly stepped on it, and crossed safely to the other side. Hours passed, and the young man began to think of getting home again. The Devil was still waiting patiently, and the clerk started on the return journey. When he was half-way across, he looked down and saw a black gulf yawning beneath him. Involuntarily, he crossed himself, and the Devil, who felt as though a red-hot coal had been dropped on his back, immediately pulled back his tail, and the poor clerk lay on the stones below with his head cracked like an egg-shell. There are several morals to be drawn from this story, but the principal one is never make a *pas de clerc*.

Another phrase often heard in Paris is "La Semaine des quatre jeudis." A week with four Thursdays would be rather remarkable, but there is a legend to the effect that Paris once had two Thursdays in a week, and this, by extension, has grown into four. The story runs that a certain Pope was once about to enter Paris with great pomp and ceremony. He arrived outside the city on Wednesday evening and pitched his camp. The next day he was to make his entrance at the head of a grand procession. There was to be a royal banquet,

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the conduits were to run with wine, and there was to be a big show generally. But Thursday was a soaking wet day: it rained all day "cats and dogs," and the procession was quite out of the question. There was nothing to be done but postpone the festival till the following day, and as that, of course, would be Friday, and consequently a fast-day, the banquet could not take place.

The Pope, however, was a man of resource. He decreed that the wet Thursday was a *dies non*, and "didn't count," as children say, and consequently the following day would be the real Thursday. It is to be presumed that by another "bull" (in both senses) he afterwards put matters right again; but on this point the legend is silent.

I pass over several phrases which have no legend attached to them, and conclude with "en revenant de Pontoise,"—the story connected with which is interesting if not historic.

A Princess Marguerite had a castle constructed at Pontoise, and, according to the genial custom of the time, had it provided with a trap-door, down which objectionable visitors might be shot into the vault below—the floor of the vault being thoughtfully studded with sharp spikes, to "mak sikker," as Kirkpatrick said when he stabbed the Red Comyn. The castle was finished and the princess took possession, but the builder, being a conscientious man, wished to see that the numerous secret passages were in good working order before he sent in his bill.

In the course of his wanderings, he came close to the boudoir of the princess, at the precise moment when the *confidante* was asking her royal mistress how she intended to pay for this "desirable residence." The princess owned that it would be very inconvenient for her to settle the account, but she had thought of a good plan, which was to invite the builder to dinner, drug him, and drop him down the trap to handsel his own spikes.

Forewarned of what he had to expect, the builder let himself out of the castle by a secret door, and worked all night

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bringing in armfuls of brushwood, hay, and straw, with which he covered up all the spikes. The next day he was invited to dinner, went, and knew no more till he was awakened out of the sleep into which the drug had cast him by a knight in a comatose condition tumbling on the top of him. In the course of the evening, two other knights "dropped in"—literally, not figuratively. When they had all slept off the effects of their drowsy syrup, the builder introduced himself, and led them out of the castle by the secret door. They rode straight to Paris, and went to the palace, where the King was sitting, with the Princess by his side. She "started like a guilty thing" when she saw the quartet of her supposed victims enter, and in a quavering voice asked whence they had come.

"Madame," they replied in chorus, "we have just returned from Pontoise!"

It seems a pity to spoil a story so dramatic, but I am bound to state that the historians ascribe a different, and more recent, origin to the expression. The Parliament of Paris, having refused to ratify a little financial scheme which the Regent Orléans and John Law wished to pass, was banished to Pontoise, July 1, 1720. After an exile of five months, the members capitulated, and were allowed to return. This ignominious "climb-down" made them feel very much ashamed of themselves, and the Parisians said of any one who had an embarrassed or shame-faced air, "He looks as though he had just come back from Pontoise!"

ROBERT B. DOUGLAS.

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"THE CONVENT'S NARROW ROOM"

THE scene was a grey stone-built convent in the Irish country. It had the charm of the convent surroundings. Monthly roses in flower on the walls, although it was winter: jessamine opening its stars of pale yellow. The convent ran round three sides of a quadrangle, of which the church made the fourth side. The feeling of it was very conventual: the Gothic arches of the cloister had a charm of their own, although time had not yet laid his beautifying hand upon them.

Within the convent the Gothic intention was repeated. The brown doors with their pointed arches; the high, beamed ceilings; the whitewashed walls; the crucifixes on the walls, the austere furniture, spoke eloquently to the worldly visitor of the life of contemplation and peace.

Then the nuns came flocking in, in a soft crowd like flocking doves, so glad to see a visitor from the outside world. They sat round in a half-circle, their hands hidden under their black scapulars, their eyes innocent and outward looking like the eyes of children, their complexions unflawed, the framing of the white coif and black veil enhancing the freshness and purity of the charming faces. Only one or two of the older nuns had a sad and somewhat pinched look, as though they wanted sunlight or open air.

The convent was one that exists under a very easy rule.

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The intention of the founder was not for austerities. Her intention, in fact, was a very kindly and human one, although somehow or other it has been frustrated. She founded her congregation of nuns with the primary intention that they should visit the poor in their own homes; yet her spiritual daughters to this day have for sole occupation the keeping of a poor-school, often in a depopulated district. They never go outside the four walls of their convent enclosure from the time they enter it. They are even buried within the walls. They never come in contact with human suffering or sorrow or sin, or any other of the things that go to make up the human burden, although many of them have all the courage and devotion to carry the Cross of Christ into the dark places of the world. They are obliged by some mediæval feeling about the immurement of women to lead the sterile life till they die. Yet they who have had the courage and the strength in their youth to give up all the human joys are surely the material out of which to make a great ameliorative force in human affairs.

The nuns sat round me in a flock, and one of the elder ones had been very ill. There was a very sweet sisterliness between them, as you could see from the way they talked and laughed, the way the youngest, rosy-cheeked novice, looked with laughing eyes towards the good careworn face of the Reverend Mother.

"I'm so sorry you have been ill," I said to the invalid sister.

"Indeed we get a deal of illness, dear," she replied.

"Ah, the sedentary life, I suppose," I suggested.

I had evidently touched a sensitive place. The invalid sister and the Reverend Mother looked in each other's eyes.

"No, dear," said the Reverend Mother; "it isn't so much the sedentary life. It's the dreadful, dreadful monotony."

It was an amazement to me. I had known the convent all my life, known it as an easy, friendly, cheerful place, where one did not come upon too hard counsels of perfection, where

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the nuns loved to hear who had a new frock, and who was going to be married, and who courting; and even the latest fashion of wearing the hair, although their own was kept shorn under the coifs.

There was a tragedy in the kind innocent eyes of the Reverend Mother.

"It's the dreadful, dreadful monotony, dear. We don't realise it when we come in as young girls. Think of fifty, sixty years between these four walls! We don't go out even to be buried. Oh, if they'd only let us visit the poor round about us! What a difference it would make!"

The speech has followed me ever since like a cry. Doubtless it is a cry which has never reached the ears of the authorities; but it is one which must be heard in many a convent. The dreadful monotony! And the need to do something beyond teaching a handful of peasant children how to read and write and do sums, with no special aptitude or equipment for the art of teaching.

The immurement in the Middle Ages had its reasons. In the first place, considering what violent and armed times those were, there would have been no safety for nuns walking abroad. In the second place, the nuns of the stately old Orders were given abundant occupation. The chanting of the Divine Office in itself took many hours of the day. Then, it was a scholarly life. The nuns were concerned with the fine arts, with the illumination of manuscripts, the embroidering of vestments, painting, music; there were learned nuns and artist nuns, as well as learned friars and artist friars. There must have been outdoor life, too, or how do we come to have Dame Juliana Berners' "Treatise on Hawking"? And St. Teresa, the foundress of the severest order of nuns, seems to have gone to and fro, up and down the world as she would, crossing rivers and mountains, to be with a Duchess in her accouchement; and being pretty well at the beck and call of the many who wanted the Mother, doubtless as much for her immense common sense and humanity as for her holiness.

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Indeed, the Mothers of these severe Orders seem to have immured themselves little. When one thinks of Catharine of Siena, as of Teresa of Avila, one suspects that the immurement must have been of a later date.

Then in the Middle Ages all sorts and conditions of women did not crowd the convents as they do to-day. In fact, one suspects that the convents were very much aristocratic preserves, in which the refined and scholarly life appealed to the noble-born damsel, who had found the glittering violent world of those days too rough.

Now, in Ireland, at all events, all sorts and conditions of girls do flock to the convents. I do not know any place in which religion shows a more alluring face to the impressionable young than the convent school. There is an almost excessive refinement in the nuns' standard of living and thinking. There are exquisite cleanliness and purity. The whole atmosphere of the place is full of poetry. I can see to-day, shutting my eyes, the long corridors of my convent school, with high, wide uncurtained windows, through which the sun shone and showed no mote. I can see the polished floor under foot, and the statues at intervals with little lamps before them and vases of flowers. I can see the dormitories with their little white beds, and the refectory's long brown tables with the stripes of coarse spotless linen upon them, all the utensils shining. I can see the gardens where the nuns used to walk under the twisted apple-boughs, where there were many little oratories hewn out in the the thickest trees; where there were little ponds and summer-houses and all manner of pretty ingenuities. I remember that the nuns made pets of the robins, which used to take the food from their tongues. I see it all in a dim golden twilight of memory, a place of roses and fruit outside, of delicate purity within.

Be sure the convent school many and many a time unfits a girl to be the wife of a rough farmer or shopkeeper; brings her flying back to it from a home where its standards of refinement would be mocked at if they were discovered. Every

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nun is a lady—it is one of the mysteries—and the convent school makes ladies of its impressionable pupils. How desirable a haven it must seem to some of them when they leave it for a matter-of-fact and sometimes rough world! I believe that every convent school-girl who has a spark of poetry in her—and there is a deal of diffused poetry in the Irish character—has intended at one time or another to be a nun.

The convents get their crowds of recruits, and there can be only a limited number who are really called to the life of contemplation. They are no longer like the great abbeys of the Middle Ages, which were necessarily self-contained and self-supporting, and so had work for many hands. The happiness of a convent life must depend on constant occupation; and to satisfy the woman's heart which has given up the home and the husband and the children the occupation must be beneficent.

And what a field is lying there uncultivated while the willing workers stand in an enforced, unhappy idleness! Outside this special convent there is a ragged, straggling village, of sluttishly-kept, insanitary cottages, unwashed children, slatternly mothers, fathers who are driven to the public-house out of the wretched surroundings of their homes.

The situation in Ireland so far does not tend to mend itself. The slatternly mother makes the slatternly daughter: and in no country of Europe is the physical standard of living lower. The habit of generations asserts itself; and you will find the demure, black-gowned maid-servant at the Big House, going home cheerfully for a holiday and returning to the old wretched way of living as though she had never left it. The Irish peasant woman, or working woman, cannot sew, cannot cook, cannot nurse, cannot clean; and, if she learns these accomplishments, as in the case of the aforesaid maid-servant, is quite willing never to put them in practice, or to drop them as soon as she can. Indeed, the most sluttish peasant woman I have ever known had been a lady's maid. The ladies still loved

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her, and sent her many garments for herself and the children, which were put on without any adaptation, and worn without washing or mending till they fell to pieces. Her sister, who was still a lady's maid, came back once a year, and spent a fortnight happily in the two-roomed cabin, with the puddles in the clay floor, which already harboured father, mother, nine children, a cat, a dog, and various fowls. That the children grow up healthy, and that there is a far higher level of good health than there is in the English villages, where there is an efficiency in the housewifery arts, is due to two or three causes, one of the most important being that they are left entirely to Nature, and don't know the name of any medicine, patent or otherwise. Also, they under-eat, rather than over-eat; and the indigestible dainties of the English poor are as much beyond them as the squire's pheasants and champagne.

And here are the nuns, who have all the efficiency the others lack, going to waste! How much it would mean if the nuns were in and out the ragged cabins, teaching lessons of cleanliness, order, thrift; turning the filth out of doors; washing the dirty children, nursing the sick, teaching the mothers how to make the most use of their scanty resources. In the matter of cooking now—the convent cooking is very economical, very dainty, very French. The coffee and rolls of an Irish convent are not easily to be forgotten; and even in the convents where a rule of abstinence from meat prevails the delicious smells from the convent kitchen show what can be done without meat. The nuns live austerely, but it is a delicate austerity; and coarse cooking is unknown. Think what they could impart to the wives of the Irish labourers and working men, whose diet is tea and white bread, with now and again a bit of American bacon. One wonders how long the physique of the race will survive such diet. And here is a great body of willing, unpaid workers, who would be only too eager to teach the poor how to live if they were but permitted.

It must be remembered also that Ireland being what it is.

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the nuns could do more good in this way than the most efficient lay-workers, for the nun shares in the reverence accorded to the priest, and it would be almost a matter of religious duty for the peasants to do as directed by the nuns.

There is a great opportunity for an Order which would simply teach the poor how to live. There are Orders, the Sisters of Charity and Mercy, who do house-to-house visiting and dispense alms and other help, spiritual and temporal. There is the Order of the Assumption, which nurses the sick in their own homes. What is wanted is an Order which will take the broom and the scrubbing-brush and teach the ignorant mothers how to clean; that will teach them how to make nourishing, appetising food out of very little, as the French peasants do it; that will make them learn the beauty of white-washed walls and a clean floor, of light and air, of wholesome clothing for the body, sleeping and waking. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," says the fine old proverb, and it is a heroic truth. There is no one better fitted to impart it than the nuns who practise it, and who feel the dreadful monotony of their lives. It is a very good and praiseworthy thing to help the poor in their hours of bitter need, but after all sickness and sorrow and death are but occasional: the need is for the amelioration of everyday life.

Indeed, the good work which the nuns are free to do is in many cases circumscribed by the rules of the Middle Ages. Not that the nuns will grumble at the rule, which, so far as I know, is believed by almost every nun to be absolutely perfect. I have visited a great many convents and written about them in the course of my life; and I have the greatest admiration and affection for nuns as a class. But whenever I have found their usefulness shackled, their field of labour cramped, it has always been—the rule. It is the rule which forbade at least one congregation of nuns instituted for the purpose of nursing the poor in their own homes from handling midwifery cases, which surely must be the most common kind of illness among the poor. It is the rule of another nursing order which

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cloisters the nuns at night and leaves the sick poor in workhouses to the tender mercies of the pauper nurses. They are rules which men would have broken through or adapted long ago to the requirements of a different world and time. But the nuns are so helpless in their convents, their lives are arranged for them so entirely by others, that even when they desire their rule altered, as in this matter of visiting the poor, their wish probably never reaches the ears of those who could make the alteration.

My plea is for the nuns to have their sphere of usefulness enlarged, to have the enclosure in the case, at least, of nuns who do not properly belong to the contemplative Orders, broken, so that they may go out in the world and do the good they long to do, which is lying awaiting their hands. If the nuns were free to do this there would be less need for the army of paid teachers which works under the Department of Agriculture, or at least these would find the ground made ready for the seed of their planting. This special form of beneficence would give no cause for grievance on the part of "the legitimate worker"; although I do not see why it should be illegitimate for nuns to work any more than other people; but that the grievance is held a grievance and rankles in many breasts there is no doubt.

To be sure, as my poor nun said, the girl of eighteen or twenty, who goes into the Presentation Order or the other inactive Orders, has no idea at all of the monotony, the rusting, of the long years that lie before her. I think I am right in saying that there is no religious order of men conducted on the same lines. Most of them come and go: move up and down the world: go out on missions: keep their hearts and brains unatrophied by contact with their fellow men. In the cases of the strict Orders like the Trappists there is the tremendously active life of the body in the open air, which keeps the spirit sane and sweet, and makes the life absolutely happy. I have always held that what lay at the bottom of Pandora's box was not hope, but work.

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The nun loves her cloister and her rule too well to escape the way she might. I should like to say, for the benefit of my Protestant readers who may not be aware of the fact, that no nun is other than a willing prisoner. Only one or two Orders of women in the Catholic Church take solemn vows, the vows which, as in the case of a priest, bind to celibacy. Even a nun who has taken solemn vows may return to the world if she finds she is unfitted for the conventual life. No convent would hold an inmate so inconvenient as the nun who has mistaken her vocation against her will. In the case of the nun who has taken only ordinary vows, the dispensation to marry, if she desires to marry after returning to the world, is readily granted.

"Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room," says Wordsworth. Well, at the convent itself they do not fret, for they need not stay there if they did not like it. But, like a good many of the world's unattached women, they want work, unselfish, loving, ministering work. Without the work the life passed within four walls is apt to become a nightmare, the natures of those so immured narrow and ill-nourished.

The intervention of a mere lay person in a question of this sort may seem to some a mere impertinence. But the dreadful monotony of the nun has weighed on my heart and conscience, so that I had to make it vocable. All this would no doubt mend itself in time, but meanwhile more and more hearts would be breaking with the dreadful monotony, more and more useful lives would be lost to the service of humanity, which is also the service of God. If this impertinence of mine should be the means of hastening reform by even a very little time I shall not have been impertinent in vain.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

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HOMERIC KNOWLEDGE OF THE HIGH NORTH

THE TALE OF KIRKÊ AND HOLDA HIRKÊ

IT is, I believe, very little known, except to a few scholars, that in the Odyssey there are some remarkable passages showing an early knowledge of the Germanic North. That takes us back to a time long before the Greek astronomer and traveller, Pytheas, had made up his way, in the third century before our era, to Britain, to the German Ocean and the Baltic, and up along the coast of Norway to a still more distant Thule; which may mean Iceland, perhaps Shetland, or one of the Orkneys. Yet, we need only look into the tenth Song of the Odyssey to be struck by some descriptions which cannot refer to any other country than the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Several attempts have been made to reconstruct the geographical lore of the old Greek epic. One is to be found in a map added to the wonderfully faithful and at the same time highly poetic German translation by Johann Heinrich Voss. Quite recently, Professor Wilhelm Dörpfeld, the head of the German Archæological Institute at Athens, has given a lecture there on "The World Chart of Homer and the Errantry Wanderings of Odysseus." A short report of it is before me. In it, it is said that, according to Homer, Skythia and Mysia occupy the North; that "the island Aia, where Kirkê (Circe)

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dwelt, cannot be situated, as is usually thought, at a point of the Mediterranean Sea, but must be at some fantastic place in the Ocean (Okeanos), beyond Ethiopia (Africa); and that Odysseus, after setting out from Troy, came to the south-western part of the Earth's disc—that is, to the coast of the Africa of to-day, opposite Malta, where the land of the Lotophages and Laestrygones lies."

I do not know whether the meritorious explorer and former fellow worker of our common late friend Dr. Schliemann has made any mention of the High North in connection with Homer. In the report of his lecture nothing is said of that. Yet there cannot be any doubt that the Odyssey contains a very curious, though somewhat fabulously dimmed, acquaintance with that far-off part of the world. Where the Laestrygones are described, we virtually hear of a land which cannot be anything else than Western Scandinavia with its rocky coast, its nearly closed bays or fjords; its tall, to the eye of a Greek, gigantic race—a country, too, where a mighty stag, with enormous antlers, lives; evidently an elk.

II

It will always be difficult, nay, impossible, to fix some Homeric localities quite clearly. Probably we would be better able to do so, had not the old heroic ballads been lost, out of which the Iliad and the Odyssey were wrought, glossed over into a whole. Such early poems are generally correcter as to localities and the names of the figures moving in them, than any later, more artistically finished, epic.

A few words, by way of comparison, may here be useful. Those "most ancient barbarous lays" are no longer in existence, which Karl the Great, the King of the German Franks, had had collected, but of which his monkish-minded successor, Ludwig the Pious, would not hear any more on account of their heathen character. Among those lost lays there were certainly those from which our Nibelungen Epic arose.

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However, Icelanders travelling and studying in Germany in the early Middle Ages, gathered a number of ballads concerning the Siegfried story, and brought them to the North. There they were repoetised, and are found in the Icelandic Edda still in their pagan garb—not christianised, not made a theme for a kind of mediæval knighthood. The scene of the whole Sigurd (Siegfried) tragedy is laid, in the Edda, on the Lower and Middle Rhine, and Sigurd, together with all those figuring in the Nibelung story, are Teutons.

But in the far later German Nibelungen Lied, owing to the confusion of races which had occurred during the Great Migrations, the scene of the revenge for the death of Siegfried, who was a ruler of German *Hunes*, according to the "Edda,' is transferred to the Danube; and Atli, a king on the Lower Rhine, is changed, by a misunderstanding of words, into Etzel (Attila), the ruler of the Mongolic *Hunns*.

Now, the oldest heroic songs about the struggles between Greeks and Trojans are even more thoroughly lost than the German ones about the Nibelungen tale. A faint trace of those early Hellenic lays can only be recognised still in some manifest contradictions, gaps, and linguistic differences of several parts of the Iliad and the Odyssey. It is known, moreover, that the text which Alexander, the Makedonian king, carried with him on his expeditions, was different from the one we possess. Who can say, if we had the older Greek ballads, whether much that has been obscured, and blurred, in matters of races and geography, would not stand out clearer and truer than it does in the later epics?

III

Let it be noted, also, that a number of those ancient Homeric heroes whom it is the custom to look upon as belonging to dim Hellenic antiquity, were, by descent, non-Greek—namely, Thrakian; that is, kindred to the Scandinavian and Teutonic race. A vast number of tribes with a multitude of

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names (Phrygians, Mysians, Getes, &c.), but all of the great Thrakian stock—"the largest," according to Herodotos, "except the Indians"—occupied the countries north of Greece, as well as the east of Europe, and a considerable part of Asia Minor. Out of that vast stock came such warriors as Agamemnon. For that reason he is taunted in Sophokles' "Ajas" with being the descendant of "a Phrygian, a barbarian."

The Makedonians and their rulers were, of old, of the same Thrakian connection (Strabon, vii. 7, 1). They only became, in course of time, Hellenised in speech and culture. With the Thrakian Getes we come upon the forefathers of the Goths. They dwelt from the Black Sea up to the High North, where Pytheas already found Teutons and Goths near the Baltic. Add to this that there is full proof of the semi-nomadic Skythians having been—at least in their more westward located majority—in racial kinship with the Germanic Thrakians. These latter are historically described as having been fair or golden-haired, blue-eyed, tall, very martial, very musical, much given to the cups, and not seldom inclined to high learning and cosmogonic speculations on the origin of things; wherefore the ancients spoke of "Thrakian Philosophy." A good portraiture, truly, of a Germanic race. The Skythians, too, once reached up to the High North. In Gothic and Anglo-Saxon times we hear of the south of Scandinavia being still called "Scythia."

When we consider all this, and piece the various links together, we can fully understand that tales concerning the High North should have been brought down to Hellas, through Thrako-Skythian intermediaries, in times beyond historic ken, and before the Homeric epoch. The likelihood, or rather certainty, of this long line of connection is all the greater, because, as ancient Greek writers themselves testify to, various Thrakian tribes once dwelt in what only afterwards became Greece, and were but slowly amalgamated in language with the invading Hellenes. This applies to Greece in general, and pre-eminently so to the Athenian population, which of yore was of barbarian speech. (Herodotos, i. 57, 58.)

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IV

But enough of a subject which might easily be enlarged, so as to carry thorough conviction. Now for some verses of the Tenth Song of the Odyssey.

There we hear how the companions of Odysseus, driven away by a hurricane, were borne into the high seas towards a Western sphere, far from their own fatherland (*γαίης ἀπὸ πατρίδος*). With plenty of tears—so curiously often met in the Greek epic—and with heavily stricken hearts, they steer away. For six days they sail by night and by day, and on the seventh come to the steep stronghold of the Laestrygones, "where herdsman, driving his flock in, hails herdsman; and the other, who drives forth, makes answer to that call."

"There," we are told, "a sleepless man might have earned a twofold wage: the one as a neat-herd; the other by shepherding white flocks—so near are to each other the outgoing ways of Day and of Night."

That, certainly, does not point to Africa. It can only mean the High North, where for a time the sun, hovering near the horizon, does not cease to clear up the night. Only there a sleepless man might earn a double wage.

In that manifestly Scandinavian land, Odysseus and his crew reach "an excellent harbour, where, on each side of it, a steep, unbroken cliff rises up, and headland clefts, stretching forward at the mouth of the haven, form a narrow and close inlet. There they all put in their twofold-rowed vessels, ranged hard by each other within the high-walled harbour; for never did any wave swell within, whether great or small; but, all around, the water was brightly calm."

Here we have a Norwegian fjord fully pictured.

Odysseus, the crafty, does not venture into the bight, but moors his dark sea-ship outside the port, at the very end of the creek; fastening the hawser to the rock. Thus he kept himself beyond the danger of capture, one would think from his own report. Then he climbs up a craggy slope to have a good

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outlook into the land. He sends forth some scouts to spy out what kind of men are there; and they meet with a maid drawing water before the town. She is the daughter of the Laestrygone king, and leads them to the palace. There they see a "gigantic woman," his consort, who quickly calls her lord home from an assembly.

Here the Greek poet lets his fancy run riot, depicting those barbarian people as man-eaters, before whom the scouts run away, though some are caught for the cannibal feast. The thousands of Laestrygones whom the king had called together, by his war-cry, are said to be, "not like ordinary men, but giants."

That is the Norse race, of high-grown stature. Did not the Romans, in clear historic times, look upon the Kimbrians and Teutons, who came from the North, as giants before whose unaccustomed tall figures the soldiers of the South broke out into weeping lamentations? The companions of Odysseus were deeply affected ever afterwards, when remembering those monstrous Laestrygones. Such were their lachrymose feelings also when they arrived at the island, called Aiaia (not Aia), where the divine sorceress Kirkê (Circe) dwelt, the "fair-haired, powerful goddess, of beautiful voice."

"On Aiaia," Odysseus relates, "some God had compassion for me in my loneliness, for he sent a mighty stag with vast antlers into my way." With his lance he kills "the great monster, the powerful beast," and makes a meal of him.

Have we not here an elk of the North?

There are other passages in which Odysseus again speaks of the Midnight Sun. "Oh friends!" he exclaims, "truly we know not where darkness or where the dawn is, nor where the sun, who gives light to mortals, goes down at the edge of the earth, or where it arises up anew." Unquestionably another feature of the High North! If, between all this, Greek names appear, it is only what we generally meet with in such obscured recollections, or tales, when used for poetical purposes.

Coming to the Kimmerians, "who dwelt wrapt in fog and

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darkness," and where the great world-stream, Okeanos, flows—that is, again, in the North—Odysseus (Eleventh Song) goes down into the Nether World, the Realm of the Dead. His gruesome description reminds us of a similar one in the Edda ("Völuspâ"). It was in the North-West of Europe that an entrance into Hades was by the Greeks imagined to exist. In those quarters, therefore, Kirkê's rocky isle, Aiaia, must be held to be localised.

And do we not, in the word Aiaia, actually find the two-fold or threefold sound which in various Germanic tongues means an island—namely, aa, ei, ey, and ö? Norderney, for instance, the German island near Hamburg, means the northern isle.

High up in the North, it was said in classic times, there is an isle famed for its richness in poetical songs. Pomponius Mela calls it "Thule, celebrated among the Greeks and among us, by its lays" (*Thule. . . . Graiis et nostris celebrata carminibus*). There are short, quite clear, nights there, he adds with various details. Again the land of the Midnight Sun!

Now, Kirkê, the fair-haired, who lives in a far-off island surrounded by an endless tumult of the sea—where one does not know how the sun goes down below the rim of the earth, or how it comes up anew—is, in the Homeric poem, called the melodious Goddess, a bewitching enchantress by her charmful singing. Was her's the isle famed among Greeks and Romans?

V

It is certainly surprising that among the many divine, or semi-divine, figures which have branched off from the Teutonic and Norse Goddess Freia, or Freyja—who is a Goddess of Love, connected with the water, and who also bewitched men by her melodious song—there is actually one, in Germany, called Herkê, or Hirkê. How very near to the name of the sea-nymph Kirkê!

The Teutonic Freia-Holda is often said to sit in a crystal

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grove, spinning, whilst alluring men by irresistible chaunt; for she is also a representative of housewifely and motherly qualities. More still. Together with the name of the divine Herkê, or Hirkê, we meet with, in German antiquity, the female name, KERKA.

In some parts of Germany, the Venus-like enchantress, surrounded by virgins of snow-white skin and golden-yellow hair, was said to bathe in secret ponds, some of which are still shown near the river Main. "Near that river, when the vines are in bloom, and are filling hill and dale with their fragrance, Freia-Holda has often been seen sitting, in the moonlight, on a rock. There she sang, whilst her white dress brightly shone down the valley, sweet and winsome lays that made the heart of man melt. But children in the village were warned not to listen, but to pass on, saying the Lord's Prayer—or else they would have to career about in the forest, with Frau Hulli (Holda) until Doomsday. A youth who had nevertheless hearkened to her melodies, wished to be for ever with her, so as to listen to her song through eternity. After three days he died, and has now to remain with her until the crack of doom." ("Die Götter der deutschen und nordischen Völker"; von Wilhelm Mannhardt).

Out of numerous tales of that kind, Heine's immortal "Lorelei" is a later re-poetisation. The word Lore-Lei literally means the charmful songstress of the echoing slate-rock, where there is, on the Rhine, the well-known remarkable echo. In Franconian folk-speech, the slate, used by school-children, is still called the "lei," as I remember from early boyhood.

In the same way as the Teutonic Freia-Holda, who, in multiplied form, appears as Herke, Hirke, Harke—nay, even as Harfe (harp), and as Frau Harfen-bart (harp-bearer?)—is depicted as captivating the heart of the hearer by her magic singing: so we find the same quality in the Norse Gefion. She, too, is a differentiated figure from the Scandinavian Love-Goddess Freyja. Gefion mostly appears as a virgin sea-deity,

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to whose name girls appeal when binding themselves by an oath. She is sometimes spoken of, in a more anthropomorphic way, as a minstrel-singer, who obtained, by her beautiful lays, much land from a Swedish king, but who, by her sorceries, enlarged it into the isle of Seeland. Here we are reminded of Kirkê's witchcraft.

The assonance of the names of Kirkê and Hirkê; the seductive chaunts of the two lovely spell-workers; their connection with the water; nay, the identity of their very dresses, are, however, not the only characteristics common to them. Freia-Holda, in the German tales, often appears surrounded by cats and dogs. Possibly this symbolises the various howling, yelping, screeching noises heard at the approach of thunder and in a rain-storm. For, Freia is not only Aphroditê and protectress of domesticity, but also a cause of fertility in Nature: hence a maker of weather, both for rain and sunshine, for storm and snow. In the German folk-tale of Frau Holle (Grimm's "Märchen," 24), snow is typified by the shaking up of her bed-feathers. It is a popular expression in Germany even now. And curious enough, Herodotos (iv. 7) reports that Skythians speak of a land in the highest North where "the earth and the sky are so filled with feathers that one can scarcely see." Does not this, too, point to an old mythic tradition reaching Greece from those distant Skytho-Thrakian regions?

"It rains cats and dogs" is still a saying manifestly dating from the Asa creed of the forefathers of the English. Now at Kirkê's palace there are also wild beasts of the dog and cat kind (wolves and lions), which, like unto house-dogs, wagging their tails, ramp about and fawn upon the companions of Odysseus, "as dogs do when their master comes back from a feast, and they expect him to bring some morsels from the meal."

In the case of Holda's modified image, Hirkê, we hear that she is a gigantic woman, who drives, in the morning, various kinds of animals, especially wild boars, to their pasture-ground.

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At night she calls them back to their lair or sty. Her calling cry for all of the beasts is the same as for hogs or pigs: "Pickel! pickel!" (Comp.: "pig.") Is it not remarkable, then, that these swine are to be met with also in the Homeric description of how the companions of Odysseus, by unwholesome drugs which the enchantress Kirkê has mixed, are turned into hogs by the use of her wand, and shut up into styes? Their heads and their voices, their bristles and their form, became those of pigs. But "their mind remained unchanged, as before."

VI

A not less curious point of contact is that, even as Freia-Holda is busy with spinning, so Kirkê is with weaving. Here we have housewifely qualities in both. Already at the outer gate of her palace, those nearing it "hear the fair-haired goddess singing within with a sweet voice as she plied the loom, weaving a great and immortal (ἄμβροτον) garment, such as is the handiwork of Goddesses, beautiful of woof and full of graceful splendour."

The sensual nature of Kirkê ("Goddess or woman," as Homer has it) is sufficiently depicted in the Odyssey. The errant hero, immediately on his arrival, and after a sumptuous repast, is invited to mount her couch. After a similar description, we are told he was "kept in her charmed circle for a year." "Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald!" These words of another Lorelei Lied seem to be re-echoing from the Greek verses. One also thinks of Tannhäuser and the Hörselberg tale.

In their very garments the two divine figures are alike. When Odysseus, at last, gets away, Kirkê adorns herself for that leave-taking, and perhaps with a hope of his return, with a silvery bright dress (ἀργύφεον φᾶρος) and a golden girdle. In German mythology Freia, too, wears a white garment, "shining from afar." In a Tyrolese Freia-Holda

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tale she, exactly like Kirkê, even wears "a silvery garment, with a golden girdle."

In Homer, Kirkê is called a nymph—a sea-nymph, no doubt, as a semi-divine dweller on an island. In fact, she gives Odysseus full information about wind and wave, about the Okeanos and the streams through which he is to reach Hades. A passage in Tacitus' "Germania" is useful here. On an island of the ocean—he states—a Teutonic Goddess, Nerthus, who was also an Earth Mother, has her sanctuary in a sacred grove. She was worshipped there by Baltic Suevians, the forebears of the Swabians of to-day; that Suevian tribe having, later on, moved southwards to Upper Germany. When one of the ceremonial processions of Nerthus—the Roman historian goes on—is over, her car, her garment, "nay, if you can believe it, the Goddess herself," are bathed in a hidden lake. These bathing rites remind us of the similar ones that are reported about Freia-Holda, near the Main, in certain secluded ponds.

The name of Nerthus herself I hold to be clearly connected with that of the Norse Sea-God Niörd, the father of Freyja and Freyr. In Nerthus we probably have the name of a consort of Niörd not mentioned in the Edda. Probably the name is suppressed there because the two had lived in a marriage of brother and sister, according to that Vana religion which, in grey antiquity, came into hostile conflict with the Asa religion, when finally, after a bloody struggle, Niörd and his Vanic offspring, Freyja and Freyr, were received into the Pantheon of the Asic creed, which forbade such marriages. These two religions may be looked upon as two different cosmogonic creeds: a water-worshipping and a light or fire adoring faith.

That the "Vana" name is to be explained as "water," I have shown, many years ago, by extensive linguistic comparisons. The word is traceable, in that meaning, in Germanic languages of Scandinavia, of the Shetland Islands and of Germany—also, as far as India, in Sanskrit, but even in Tamil;

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in Slav languages, in Finnish too, and in Chinese. Professor Max Müller, with whom—as well as before with Professor Benfey—I have been in correspondence on the subject, was much struck by the multiplicity of those proofs. I had been led to make the inquiries in consequence of having read the important work of Quitzmann: "Die heidnische Religion der Baiwaren," ("The Heathen Religion of the Bavarians,") which deals with the Vana problem. My surmise as to the significance of the name was confirmed by these researches even beyond expectation.

I mention the point because, in Love Deities, we come so often upon their origin from, or lasting connection with, the water. Freyja, who is also called Vanadis, Water Goddess, in the North, and Holda-Hirkê, have, in this matter, too, contact with Kirkê throning in a sanctuary (*ἱεροῖς ἐν δώμασι*) on an island round which the sea endlessly roars, and who is familiar with wind and wave, the course of the ocean and of various streams.

VII

Among the Saxons of Germany, Freia-Holda was also worshipped as Hera. Herkê or Hirkê is the diminutive of that name. Jakob Grimm, the great philologist, raised the question as to whether there is contact of the Teutonic Hera with the Greek Hera?

Be that as it may, the double idea of a Goddess of Love risen from the sea-foam, and of an Earth Mother, was often combined of old, in the same divine figure. Water and land touch and fertilise each other. From an Ango-Saxon incantation we see that Herkê, the differentiated form of the Love Goddess Freia, was—with the omission of the aspirate—appealed to as "Erce (Erkê), Erce, Erce! Eordhan Môdhor (Earth Mother)."

I have before shown that in these Water Goddesses, Love Deities, and Representatives of Fertility in Nature, we generally come, symbolically, upon the bristled animal which is

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known for its prolific quality. Here, another statement of Tacitus is noteworthy. He says that, further away in the Baltic Sea, then called the Suevian Sea (*Mare Sucvicum*)—namely, at its eastern end—boars' images were worn as a religious symbol, by the inhabitants, in honour of a divine mother. They served as a protective magic charm against enemies. The Angles and Saxons, who were of Suevian connection, are known to have fought under boars' helmets.

So we have again here this animal connected with the sorceresses Kirkê and Hirkê.

And does not the Norse Freyja, like her brother Freyr, ride on a boar, which in her case, according to its name ("Hildiswin") is conceived as a war boar? whilst, in the case of the golden-bristled boar ("Gullinbursti") of Freyr, we have to think of the golden rays of the fast travelling sun?—he, who had lost his sword, being a solar deity.

All these widely spread symbolic coincidences make it more than probable that Kirkê's magic spell of changing men into swine is a mythic story referable to an ancient animal cult and sacrificial custom.

To Aphroditê the pig was hallowed! So also to the Earth Goddess Ceres. And Aphrodite was not only a charmer by her personal beauty, but she possessed a wonderful magic girdle with which to work, as by witchcraft, upon men. That girdle, Herê borrowed from her, in order to regain the love of Zeus (Iliad, xiv.). Aphroditê, the golden-haired, be it remembered, was said to have come not from Greece, but from more northern parts, going southwards on the waves of the sea, and finally landing, as the foam-born, on Cyprus. Whole Nature broke out into a shout of delight as she stepped on the shore. Flowers sprouted up under her feet.

So also, in German tales, Freia-Holda floats along, at night, on a shimmering path; and flowers are sprouting up beneath her feet.

A very different kind of a Goddess of Love, on Cyprus, is the one who later came in there through Phoenikian

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invaders. She was a Semitic Ashtoreth, or Astarte, figure. Before that immigration from Asia Minor, Cyprus evidently was inhabited by a people of the Thrakian stock—as the remarkable excavations of Dr. Ohnefalsch-Richter have proved—whose vast extent up to the High North I have before described. Who that knows Herodotos is not aware how much the Hellenic religious cult has been influenced from the North? (Compare, for instance, Book IV., 33-36.)

VIII

Now as to the name of the melodious sorceress Kirkê, the charmful dweller in some island of the far-off North, whose captivating, witch-like powers remind us of the German words: "Gott steh' mir bei! Du bist die Hexe Lorelei!"

Kirkê's and the Teutonic Hirkê's name, I believe, may originally have been exactly the same. I will not go here into a philological disquisition of many details beyond saying that, from Gothic down to the present German dialects, the frequent change of guttural and kindred sounds to aspirate ones, or even to the dropping of both, can be proved up to the hilt. Ch, K, and H, gradually become interchangeable in many words. Chlodowech, or Klodowech—the name of the Frankish conqueror of Gaul—is transformed, first, into Klodowig; then into Ludwig, or Louis. Kirche (church), in old German and present Alemannic, is sounded Chilcha, or Chilche. In Gothic, many words, like to "laugh, to load, to leap," have had an aspirate before them (hlahjan, hlathan, hlaupan). Once they may even have had a stronger guttural sound. It would, therefore, not be astounding to see in Hirkê, etymologically, the counterpart of Kirkê.

But how did the tale about Kirkê travel southwards?

The Greek story of the origin of amber from the tears shed over the death of their brother Phäethon by his sisters, who were changed into trees, is clearly traceable to the Baltic coasts, when we carefully compare the classic passages concerning

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that poetical tale. It was from the Baltic, as well as from the coasts of the German Ocean, that the precious material, so highly valued in antiquity, next to gold, came to Greece and other southern and eastern lands. In the apparently fantastic myth, a truth of natural history is even hidden, as is often the case in mythological stories. The tears shed from the trees are nothing but the exuded resin, out of which, by some geological revolution, amber was formed and changed into tear-like balls by the action of the sea. A passage in the Edda, referring to the Sun and to the possibility of a great terrestrial conflagration, also seems to point dimly to some ancient tradition of a great solar catastrophe, such as the Phäethon story indicates.

Before the time of Herodotos (iii. 115), amber was known to have come from the North. He speaks of a river called Eridanos by the barbarians, which discharges itself into the sea towards the North, from which amber is said to come. But he throws doubt on the statement, "because I have never been able to hear from any one who has himself seen it, that on that side of Europe there is a sea." That was the misfortune of the Greek geographer not to have ever met such a man. The sea in question was the Baltic. The river evidently was the Radan, a confluent of the Vistula. Out of that name, the Greeks, adding the usual ending syllable, formed the word Rhodan(os), and Eridan(os), and then they and the Romans located it fabulously in Italy, or in Spain, in connection with amber. Another proof how earlier knowledge was often the correcter one! But Plinius ("Nat. History," xxxvii. 11) afterwards put the matter again right.

Long before the Iliad and the Odyssey were made up as epics from previous heroic songs, this southward amber traffic was in full swing. Dr. Schliemann's excavations, and the chemical examination made by Dr. Otto Helm, of Danzig, have proved the Baltic origin of the amber found in the prehistoric castles of Greece which were built by Thrakian invaders. The amber traffic went evidently through Thrakian

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and Skythian countries—nay, as far as Assyria, according to a cuneiform passage communicated to me by my old University friend, the late distinguished Assyriologist, Professor Julius Oppert.

It was along a "sacred road" this amber-trade was carried on from north to south. In other words, the intermediate populations between the Baltic, the German Ocean, and the South protected the travelling traders. The end of this sacred road, which must have lain through Eastern Germany, was at the Adriatic Sea. And old tradition had it that there, probably in the neighbourhood of the present Trieste or Venice, there was an island on which statues stood, made of tin and amber. They formed signals, as it were, to future generations, reminding them of the importance of the trade in those two products. So once a statue stood also on one of the West African islands pointing a finger across the Atlantic. It meant an old discovery of the great Western Continent before Columbus. There have, no doubt, been several pre-Columbian discoveries of America; for instance, the Norse one in the year 1000 of our era.

From what I stated in the first part of this essay, it will easily be understood that many mythological conceptions must have come to Greece from the North, along that sacred road, through frequent trade intercourse. Travelling interpreters served as natural links of communication. The Thrakians, through their intermixture with the Hellenes, were especially apt for dragoman's service on such occasions. It seems "barbarians" had the greater aptitude for bilingual intercourse. Witness what Herodotos (viii. 135) reports of the Thrakian Mys, who, when consulting an oracle, spoke both in Karian and Greek, to the astonishment of his Theban companions. The priestess herself had given her answer in the Karian Thrakian tongue.

We hear a great deal, too, in classic writers, of the general cleverness of those Northern races; of the many important inventions due to them; of the intercourse of the Greeks,

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since olden times, with the Hyperboreans. All this goes to show that it would be a grave error to look upon ancient, prehistoric Greece, when it was scarcely yet Greece, as cut off from the Northern world. The influence Thrakian cults have had even in historical times on the Hellenic Pantheon and the religious ceremonial of the Greeks is specially notable. Thus the whole worship of the Muses was introduced by the highly musical Thrakian race. Helikon, Hippokrenê, and other famed places were founded by the Thrakians (Strabon, ix. 2, 25).

All this shows that the line of connection between Greece and the North existed in both prehistoric and historic times. Pytheas evidently went there with Kimbrian guides. Hence he was able to preserve us place-names of clearly Germanic origin in Scandinavia.

Surely, then, it may be asserted that in grey antiquity there was already some knowledge of the high North and of the kinship of races reaching up to the fog-surrounded Kimmerians. Long before Pytheas went there by sea, in order to get upon the trade-route of the Phoenikians, who kept their commercial relations with distant countries very dark, the land-way between North and South had been often enough trodden. In this manner both the Amber Tale and the Tale of Kirkê must have come to the Hellenes. Later on, the tradition of that early intercourse was, as usual, obscured.

The same had happened between Europe and the great Western Continent beyond the Atlantic, until Columbus—awakened by what he had, no doubt, heard in Iceland about an earlier Norse discovery and settlement—once more opened up the intercourse, without, however, having any idea, down to his death, that he had come upon a new part of the world.

KARL BLIND.

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ON THE LINE

THE origin of Zimbabwe and the other Mashonaland ruins has until quite recently been veiled in a mist as impenetrable as that which shrouds the origin of the Egyptian Sphinx. The early Portuguese "conquistadores" believed them to mark the kingdom of the Queen of Sheba, from which Solomon drew stores of "gold and silver, ivory, and apes and peacocks" (or guinea fowls), and from their time up to the present many have been of the same opinion. Dapper, the Dutch geographer (A.D. 1670), supposed them to be "the work of the devil." Some have professed to find in them traces of the long-lost ten tribes of Israel. Theodore Bent, who examined them in 1891, concluded, not without good foundation for his theory, that they were built by Sabean colonists, but until Mr. Randall Mac Iver visited them last year no one was bold enough to suggest that they were not of great antiquity. Mr. Randall Mac Iver, who has had much experience in the excavation of ancient Mediterranean and Egyptian sites, might be supposed to be biassed in favour of one or other of the pre-existing theories; but the result of his investigations (**Mediæval Rhodesia.** By David Randall Mac Iver. London: Macmillan) convinced him that the ruins are not more than six or seven centuries old, and were actually built by the some Bantu people of the Makalanga tribe whose descendants still inhabit Mashonaland. This dispersion of the glamour that has for so many years hung

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over these mysterious ruins will be regretted by those for whom the dim past has more attraction than the prosaic present, but it will be welcomed by those anthropologists who contend that the Bantu people are capable of attaining a higher degree of culture than is at present apparent, and also by students of modern South African problems who, as they read "Mediæval Rhodesia," will see a possible solution of many of the difficulties that at the present day confront South African statesmen.

It is impossible here to follow the intricate arguments elaborated in "Mediæval Rhodesia," but mention should be made of three of the most important discoveries on which Mr. Mac Iver bases his conclusions. The supposition that the inhabitants of Zimbabwe were sun-worshippers was largely based on the fact that that part of its walls which faces the rising sun at the time of the summer solstice is decorated with a chevron pattern (described by the early Portuguese as "an inscription so ancient that no one understands what it means") which resembles the Egyptian symbol for fertility. That this is mere coincidence, however, is suggested by the fact that the chevron pattern is the most common form of decoration used by Bantu Africans, and is such as could most easily be made with rough hewn or "pummeled" slabs of stone, and is confirmed by Mr. Mac Iver's discovery that in similar contemporary ruins the parts of the wall which are thus ornamented face other points of the compass. Mr. Mac Iver found the entrance of another ruin barred by a wooden rail so placed as to slide back into a socket. This rail, he discovered, must have been placed there when the wall was built, for he could not remove it without dislodging the stones which surrounded it; and he therefore concluded, in view of the comparatively perishable nature of wood, that the ruin in question could be of no great age. The approximate date at which the ruins were built was ascertained with more certainty by an examination of the rubble on which the foundations of some of them were based. Among this rubble Mr. Mac Iver

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discovered fragments of Arabian, Persian and Chinese pottery, which experts assign to a period not earlier than the thirteenth century. From such conclusive evidence Mr. Mac Iver was obliged to ascribe the date of the Mashonaland ruins to a period not much earlier than the first settlement in East Africa of the Portuguese; and as we have no knowledge of any Oriental race exercising sovereignty in South Africa at this time he was bound to consider the possibility that they were built by an indigenous Bantu tribe, and eventually came to the conclusion that though the buildings were vastly superior to any work now produced by African natives, there was nothing absolutely foreign in their design, since the theory that they were scientifically oriented proved to be untenable.

Confirmation of Mr. Mac Iver's conclusions is to a great extent afforded by the early Portuguese chronicles.[1] These describe the country now known as Mashonaland as ruled over by a powerful native dynasty, of which the successive rulers assumed the title Monomatapa. Although instances of African chiefs attaining any considerable degree of power are rare, they are not altogether wanting. In the fifteenth century a large part of the Congo territory was under the dominion of one ruler, and the Zulu despots of the last century afford an instance of the great power to which an African ruler with a genius for organisation may attain. From the Portuguese records it appears that the Monomatapas ruled over the greater part of Mashonaland and Matabeleland as well as a considerable area in what is now Portuguese East Africa, and that they carried on a considerable trade with the Arabs and Portuguese, exchanging gold and ivory for articles of European and Oriental manufacture. It does not appear, as one would be inclined to suppose, that the Monomatapa had his head-quarters at Zimbabwe, but that the ruins were at that time inhabited is apparent from the following passage in the records:

[1] Collected in Theal's "Records of South East Africa."

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In the middle of this country is a fortress built of large and heavy stones inside and out. It is a very curious and well-constructed building. In other districts of the said plain there are other fortresses, built in the sam emanner *in all of which the King (Monomatapa) has captains.*

Those who are satisfied that these ruins are of native origin will wonder at the vast amount of labour required to build them, no less than the skill displayed in their construction. The buildings are so colossal in comparison to the area they cover, that probably only a very small proportion of those who built them actually lived within their walls. As it is estimated that if all the ruins were restored they could afford shelter to the whole present population of Mashonaland, it follows that at the period when they were built the population must have very greatly exceeded that of the present day. The most northerly ruins, known as the Niekerk ruins, consist of what appear to have been ten or twelve forts, each protected by a series of from thirty to fifty circles of massive stone walls. The labour entailed by their construction may be compared with that required for the building of the Pyramids, and for their adequate defence many thousand men must have been required. Further South the many ruins in the valley between Zimbabwe and what is known as the "elliptical temple" do not, however, appear to have been fortresses, for the impregnable "acropolis" must have been within easy reach of those who inhabited them, and it is unlikely that men would build in a valley fortresses that could have been built to so much greater advantage on the surrounding heights. It appears, therefore, that these ruins were built for ostentation, rather than for defence, by men enriched by trade with the Arabs, to which trading the many articles of foreign manufacture found in neighbouring middens bear witness. If this is the case, the wealth of those who could command the labour necessary for the construction of such massive and elaborate buildings must have been considerable. Though no traces of ruins exist in the district around Umtali, many articles of foreign and native manufacture found there show that this part was also thickly populated.

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To those who are interested in the future welfare of South Africa the deductions suggested by Mr. Mac Iver's discoveries are of the highest importance. The development of South Africa is at present checked by scarcity of native labour and the indolence of the native people. If British influence can restore the conditions which enabled the natives who build these ruins to become so industrious and so numerous, the principal problem which at present confronts South African politicians will to a great extent be solved. From the evidence supplied by Mr. Mac Iver we may conclude that the people who built these ruins were united under the rule of the Monomatapas, that they were secured by massive and almost impregnable fortresses from the aggression of other tribes such as has proved the curse of, and has arrested the development of, the African races; that they were stimulated to industry by foreign trade as exemplified by the discovery among the ruins of silver, bronze, and enamelled ornaments, Venetian beads, and Oriental pottery. May not peace, secured by British influence, after a few generations, enable all the Bantu peoples under British rule to become as numerous and industrious as were the Makalanga under the Monomatapas?

One further reflection is suggested by the perusal of "Mediæval Rhodesia." To support so dense a population the land must have been cultivated by far more scientific methods than are employed by the natives of the present day. That this was the case is proved by the discovery of innumerable admirably planned water-furrows, from an examination of which Mr. Mac Iver concludes that the system of cultivation to which they bear witness was at least as scientific as that of the modern Egyptian fellah. In South Africa to-day we find the anomaly of a country with excellent climate and soil unable to supply itself with food; but if in the past the soil of Mashonaland supported a dense population it is not unreasonable to suppose that not Mashonaland only but all parts of South Africa where the climate, soil, and water-supply are equally good will in the future repay intense and scientific

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cultivation. Mr. Mac Iver's book does not enlarge on these topics, but merely supplies the data from which these conclusions may be deduced. Though he has destroyed the romantic mystery which surrounded the Mashonaland ruins he has rendered them ten times more interesting to all who are interested in the future welfare of South Africa.

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THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE

CHAPTER VII

THE CALL

MRS. WHELER had entertained a small party of friends at an early luncheon, but when the clock struck half-past three, she began to hope that they would not linger unduly over their coffee and cigarettes in the drawing-room, as they seemed much inclined to do, lest her programme for the afternoon be disarranged.

The butler, who was entirely in his employer's confidence on such matters, was also growing uneasy. He knew that Mrs. Wheler had an important engagement at the other end of the town, and he did not see how she would be able to keep it, and be home again in time for her bridge party at half-past four, unless some sort of a move were made.

But then neither did he see how he could hurry the Duchess away.

He had already announced her Grace's carriage in a confidential whisper, not to interrupt more than was necessary her Grace's animated conversation with Mr. Wheler; and the Duchess said "thank you," and went on talking to her host as though nothing had happened.

Of the other ladies, one was intending to walk; and, being

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the least important of the three, did not like to make the first move; and the other, having no horses to consider, but a motor which conveyed her so quickly from one spot to another that she had some ado to fill up her afternoon in proportion, was not sorry to dawdle over her cigarette a little longer than usual.

The butler, being an adept at reading his lady's almost expressionless face, decided, as a desperate remedy, to admit callers; though Mrs. Wheler was never at home to anybody except by appointment, save one or two intimates, whose names were specially registered in the butler's brain.

Thus it came about that Jeanne was presently ushered into the presence of eight ladies and gentlemen seated round the spacious room; and into the midst of a buzz of conversation which the loud announcement of her name brought to a sudden though momentary pause. For the space of a single second, eight pairs of eyes glanced curiously towards the smiling, dimpling, blushing countenance of the timid visitor.

Jeanne was abashed almost to faintness. Yet the room and its occupants were instantly impressed upon her consciousness, even as she paused, hesitating, upon the threshold.

A stately room, with red walls, dark pictures, a quantity of gilding, many mirrors, and a polished slippery floor.

One thin bald-headed gentleman; two tall middle-aged gentlemen; and one young, rather small, fair gentleman.

A stout, short, commanding looking lady, with a curled grey front, and a red face, talking in a very loud voice to the bald gentleman, and holding long-handled glasses to her short-sighted eyes. This was the Duchess.

A thin lady in rough tweed with a tartan blouse and an air of great distinction. This was the lady who did not feel important enough to get up and go away; though she, and Mrs. Wheler, and the butler, all wished that the party might come to an end. An exquisite languid lady in flowing draperies and a Gainsborough headpiece, who was the owner of the motor brougham.

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And a lady to whom the only epithet that could be applied was the word "smart," and this was Mrs. Wheler; though it did not occur to Jeanne as a possibility, even at an early and informal luncheon, that the lady of the house could be wearing a hat in her own drawing-room.

Mrs. Wheler was smart, and she was nothing else in particular. Neither kind nor cross in temper; neither warm nor icy in disposition; neither interested nor bored by life in general. Even her appearance was of the negative order; though it varied considerably with the changes of fashion.

When waists were worn high, she was short-waisted; when low, her body grew miraculously longer. Her abundant hair had been fair, until straw-coloured hair became too expressive, when it blushed a modest Titian red, which was darkening by easy stages into brown. Presently, as she grew older, a few silver threads would certainly appear, for Mrs. Wheler had a strong sense of the fitness of things; and nothing would have induced her to allow her head to turn white, "in a single night"; though when the time came, a *coiffure à la Marie Antoinette*, with dark eyebrows and lashes to form an agreeable contrast, would probably not be wanting. Yet she contrived to avoid all unpleasant obviousness of the artificial; presenting only, so to speak, her picturesqueness to the public, and keeping her methods modestly in the background, as becomes a true artist.

From habit Mrs. Wheler never made an engagement without writing it down; so she kept her memory clear for facts concerning that portion of humanity in which she was chiefly interested. Her mind was stored with their names; their relationships recognised or unrecognised; their doings and their undoings; and the approximate value of their social or financial status.

Racing and card-playing received a large share of her conscious attention. Entertaining, visiting, slumming, and theatre-going, had become almost mechanical processes. With-

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out referring to her engagement-book she could hardly have told what she had been doing on the previous day.

Her mind, deprived of sufficient repose, learnt to rest though her body was in action; and remained blank, very often, whilst her person was being rushed from one function to another; whilst her lips were smiling, and her well-trained tongue uttering short platitudes.

It required something out of the ordinary to arrest her real attention.

Jeanne's appearance was something out of the ordinary, and for a moment Mrs. Wheler's mechanism of politeness ceased to work in consequence.

Then recovering her presence of mind, and recognising the butler's strategy at one and the same moment, she advanced to meet her unknown visitor, who was so obviously unable to distinguish her hostess that general conversation was immediately and politely resumed, to give her an opportunity of explaining herself.

Nevertheless, the butler had triumphed, for the admittance of an afternoon caller produced the anticipated effect.

"Good gracious," said the Duchess, looking across the room at the Empire clock, and not perceiving that the hands were pointing to twenty minutes past twelve; "I had no idea it was so late. I must fly. Now you will promise to consider what I have been saying, Mr. Wheler. It is persons like yourself to whom we look in this matter,—practical businesslike men."

Mr. Wheler, who was on the Stock Exchange, and who desired rather to be considered fashionable than businesslike, gave a somewhat sickly smile, and declared himself already convinced by the arguments of the Duchess—the more warmly because she gave some evidence of a desire to repeat them all over again from the beginning.

Whilst he was engaged in combating this inclination by recapitulating them himself as rapidly as possible, Mrs. Wheler shook hands with Jeanne, and said, "How do you do?" in an uncertain, puzzled voice.

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It was then that Jeanne found courage to utter the remark which she had rehearsed to herself at intervals ever since the announcement of the Whelers' arrival in town had appeared in the *Morning Post*.

"I am very glad to see you, Mrs. Wheler, and I hope you are feeling a little more settled by this time, Mrs. Wheler."

The heartfelt kindness of her tone, and careful repetition of Mrs. Wheler's name, were due to Jeanne's determination to follow her model as closely as possible. She reproduced the Rector's wife with great exactness.

But Mrs. Wheler's astonishment at this address was so painfully obvious that Jeanne was obliged to descend into a stammering explanation, in her own person.

"I live at 99, over the way," said Jeanne. "The house belonged to my aunt, Miss Marney of Orsett, and she is dead, and I am living there all alone till my brother comes home. I —I saw in the papers that you had only just arrived—so being such a near neighbour, I—I thought I would come and see you."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Wheler, speechless.

The brown eyes grew larger, and the red cheeks turned white.

"I am afraid I must have done something wrong, or unusual, after all," said Jeanne.

Mrs. Wheler's vacant expression offered so little consolation that she looked round, almost wildly, as though for a means of escape from the situation into which her ignorance had betrayed her.

Her glance fell upon the face of the young gentleman whose conversation with Mrs. Wheler her entrance had interrupted. He was so close that he must have heard the greetings which had been exchanged between his hostess and her uninvited guest, and Jeanne thought he looked rather sorry for her; her brown eyes conveyed to him an unconscious appeal for help.

The young man responded instantly to that mute, almost despairing look, and flung himself gallantly into the breach.

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"Ninety-nine was my father's old house," he said in very gentle and courteous tones. "Will you introduce me to Miss *Chum—chum—chum?*" with a polite mumble to cover his ignorance of Jeanne's name.

"The Duke of Monaghan," said Mrs. Wheler's mechanical tongue before she remembered that she did not know in the least to whom she was presenting her visitor.

"Oh!" said Jeanne—she forgot her embarrassment in her surprise and delight. "Are you really—the little boy who fell down the nursery staircase?"

"I am indeed," said the Duke. His blue eyes regarded her with an expression in which mirth and melancholy held equal shares.

"But I was told you were crippled for life," she said ingenuously.

"Not quite so bad as that." He turned the conversation dexterously.

"Did I not hear you say that Miss Marney of Orsett was your aunt?"

"My great-aunt."

"My father had the honour of claiming cousinship with her," said the Duke politely.

"Yes, she told me she bought the house from him. But then *we* are—we must be related, too," said Jeanne; and her face, returning to its natural colour, looked quite happy and animated again.

"I hope so," said the Duke, with a little bow which she thought rather charming, but very old-fashioned in a boy of his years. Louis never bowed like that.

Here there was a general movement among the company, and every one advanced to take leave of Mrs. Wheler, who was listening, petrified, to this conversation.

The Duke, springing from his seat as his hostess rose, moved a pace or two forward, and Jeanne saw that he was lame.

Poor "little heir!"

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Jeanne, conscious of her own rustic strength and ruddy health, felt very sorry for the Duke.

He was still rather little, scarcely taller than herself; slight and fair, and absurdly delicate-looking, she thought, for a man.

Jeanne had but one standard for manhood in her heart, and the Duke fell grievously short of it.

Louis, at twenty years old, when she had seen him last, in the very flower and perfection of youth, had measured six-foot one in his stockings. She thought of his broad chest, his lithe slender form and active springing gait, his strong muscular brown hands, and sunburnt face.

Poor sickly Duke! so little and weak and lame; and colouring like a girl with the mere effort of speaking to a stranger. Jeanne forgot her own shyness in the warm pity which filled her heart.

"Good-bye, dear, I have had such a delightful conversation with your dear good man, I could hardly tear myself away. I have been boring him quite *too* dreadfully," said the Duchess, meaning to be playful, and unaware that she was emphasising an unhappy truth. "Denis!"

"I am going to walk, mother," said the Duke.

The Duchess looked vexed.

With another gallant effort, causing yet a fresh variation from pallor to redness of his unfortunately tell-tale complexion, the young man boldly presented Jeanne to his parent, explaining the connection very clearly and briefly as he did so.

"A new cousin, dear me, how charming!" said the Duchess, looking rather disapprovingly at Jeanne through her glasses. "Do come and see me. I never understand relationships. It is quite hopeless, you know, for a stupid person like myself. I am generally in after five. Well, if you won't come, Denis, I must go alone." She turned once more to her hostess. "Good-bye, dear, it has been too nice, seeing you again. Don't forget Wednesday, at four; and I shall depend on you for all the prettiest things on our stall."

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Mrs. Wheler assured her that she would not forget. Mr. Wheler escorted her Grace downstairs, and the rest of the party gradually melted away.

The Duke in his turn shook hands, and Jeanne watched him limping away across the great room with much concern lest he should slip and fall upon the polished floor.

She came to herself with a start, observing that Mrs. Wheler was obviously waiting for her too, to take leave and depart, though she did not speak until the door had closed behind the Duke.

"I am afraid I must ask you to excuse me. Pray don't think me rude, but I have an engagement," she said, with more civility than she would have shown perhaps had the Duke not been so good-natured as to claim cousinship with this rather shabby stranger; but still without any kindness in her voice. Jeanne was too obviously a nobody, too rustic in appearance and manner, to make her a possible acquaintance for Mrs. Wheler, let her be related to whom she would.

Mrs. Wheler knew the Duchess of Monaghan well, and was acquainted with all her ways.

She had a loud and hearty manner, and was always as gracious to nobodies as only really great ladies can afford to be; and she always asked them to go and see her after five, and then forgot all about them.

They generally went, and then they heard that the Duchess was not at home, and derived what satisfaction they might from leaving their humble cards, and there was an end of it.

If she had really wished to seek the further acquaintance of her new cousin she would have asked her to lunch, thought the experienced Mrs. Wheler. So she was civil but not *empressée* when she begged Jeanne to excuse her.

"Oh, I will go at once, Mrs. Wheler," cried Jeanne. She was distressed, but there were no servants present to make her nervous, and in her eyes Mrs. Wheler was a woman almost old enough to be her mother, who would surely, now that they

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were alone, be too kind to be angry, when she knew that her visitor had only trespassed through ignorance, and was sincerely penitent.

"Please forgive me, Mrs. Wheler," said poor rustic Jeanne, who had no idea how this constant repetition of her name jarred upon the well-trained instincts of her hostess, who was as full of conventional good breeding as she was empty of emotions. "In the country, where I was brought up, our Rector's wife used to call upon neighbours directly they arrived, and I thought it was the same in London. I am afraid it is all wrong, and I have done something dreadful. I saw it in all your faces somehow, as I came in, and I could have sunk through the floor, Mrs. Wheler—but I am very lonely at home, and hoped I was going the right way to make a few friends by being neighbourly and paying calls."

She looked anxiously into the impassive face. What odd fishy eyes had Mrs. Wheler, thought poor Jeanne; they looked through you, and at the wall beyond, as though you were transparent, or not there at all.

"It would be very kind of you to explain why it was wrong, Mrs. Wheler," she pleaded; and she realised that with every word she had spoken Mrs. Wheler had grown less interested, though her vague civility of tone and manner never faltered.

"I am afraid I have really no time for explanations." She was walking to the fireplace. "Of course I *quite* understand it was a mistake." Her hand was on the bell. "Pray think no more of it." She rang twice. "Would you like a cab sent for?—oh, you have a carriage!"

She looked at the servant who entered, and this time her expressionless countenance spoke, and dumbly directed him to show the unwelcome guest out as speedily as might be.

Jeanne found herself walking down the grand staircase, wrapt, as it were, in a cloud of shame and mortification.

The Duke's lameness caused him, perhaps, to move very slowly. He was still in the hall, where the invaluable butler

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was carefully fitting him into his fur coat. His closely-cropped head emerged from the black astrachan collar, looking very small and very fair; and he held his hat in his hand, and bowed politely to Jeanne as she passed hurriedly by. She scarcely saw him.

The burning red of her cheeks, and the glistening of tears on her downcast black lashes, caused him to divine that she had obtained scant comfort from her explanation with Mrs. Wheler.

He limped to the front door and looked after her in a hesitating, undecided manner, before asking for a hansom.

For Jeanne, instead of waiting decorously upon the steps of the mansion for the late Miss Marney's massive equipage to be drawn up before the front door, flew past the astonished servants, past the yet more astonished William, who was standing on the pavement with the rug over his arm, and ran to the spot where Buckam and the fat horses were sleepily waiting half-way down the square. She ran, she flew, she opened the door for herself, she scrambled into the carriage and hid herself as quickly as she could within its friendly shelter.

Poor William, rug on arm, saw nothing for it but to pocket his dignity and run after her as fast as he could; but he was not young, and he was little accustomed to running, so that Jeanne had a moment's breathing-space in which to collect her scattered wits and gather up her failing powers before he arrived panting at the door of the brougham.

"Drive me home at once," she said with a courage born of despair. "I am—I am ill; at least I am tired—and I can't go any further to-day."

William touched his hat and mounted the box.

"She took and run like a lamplighter, and then she said she was ill!" he said in deep amaze to his fellow.

Jeanne held her head high as she descended at her own front door, and walked through the hall into the morning-

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room. But directly the door was shut behind her she sank upon the couch and wept tears of humiliation.

"I must never let Louis know. He would be ashamed of me. Oh, how could I be such a fool? The sister of an officer and a gentleman! She might have been a little nicer, and me in mourning. If anybody in the kindness of their heart dropped in to see me—would I treat them so?"

Her tears relieved her a little; but, alas, the lady of the house, even though she be a lonely lady, cannot weep at will. She cried with one eye, so to speak, on the door, lest Hewitt should come in to make up the fire before she had done; and presently crept to her room to remove all traces of her tears before Dunham should arrive to put away her outdoor things.

Dunham had sternly insisted that Jeanne must now be waited upon as beseemed the head of a household so magnificent; consequently the aged maid climbed the steep staircase for the purpose of hanging up in the wardrobe the little black hat and jacket which Jeanne could just as easily have put away for herself; and for taking out of it the plain black gown which was only one of two that had been purchased as mourning for Miss Marney.

But it pleased Dunham to maintain this semblance of an occupation; and Jeanne was very willing to give her pleasure, and indeed very thankful for her company on any pretext, that she might indulge herself in the luxury of conversation.

As she mounted the nursery staircase in haste to be beforehand with Dunham upon this occasion, she cast a glance of pitying recollection at the little white gate, and thought of the young man who was paying a life-penalty for one woman's carelessness.

"He was *very* good and had nice blue eyes, with a kind, funny expression," she thought, "but oh, I shall never be able to think of the 'little heir' again in the same way. He must always have been fair and gentle, and not at all my idea of a man. I thought of a sturdy beautiful laughing boy like Louis used to be. Oh, I *wish* I could tell somebody what I have

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done this day. I know I shall lie awake all night, thinking what a fool I have made of myself. It would be a relief to even tell Mrs. Dunham," but she struggled bravely against the temptation.

"Oh dear, oh dear. But I must keep it secret, if only for the sake of Louis, and because I am a de Courset." Then she tried vainly to comfort herself.

"After all, it was only a mistake."

She looked up at the simpering disdainful face of the Comtesse Anne-Marie, which now smiled upon her from the wall of her bedroom, where she had ventured, now that the house belonged to Louis, to suspend the triple frame of miniatures.

"Mrs. Wheler would not have turned *you* away from her door," she said proudly.

As soon as Dunham appeared, and after the fashion of womankind, Jeanne played round the edge of the secret she was determined not to betray.

"Who do you think I met to-day, Mrs. Dunham?"

"I am sure I can't say, ma'am," said Dunham, who having already heard from William of her young lady's extraordinary exit from 129 Grosvenor Square, was burning with curiosity as to the why and the wherefore of such behaviour.

"The little boy who fell down the nursery staircase here! He is not a cripple, but slightly lame. He is grown up now, but he is still not very big, and looks very delicate for a man. The Duke of Monaghan."

"Well, to be sure! I dare say you mentioned, ma'am, that the old rooms was kept just as they was?"

"I had very little conversation with him," said Jeanne rather hastily. "I was very sorry for him though," and she added to herself, "and he looked a little sorry for me."

"Sorry for him, ma'am! It's not dukes and such-like as usually calls for sorrow," said Dunham, rather shocked.

"If you had seen him, Mrs. Dunham, you would have been sorry for him too. He is so delicate looking; and so fair

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that he blushes like a girl. Of course he is only a boy, and I dare say he may be very shy."

"The accident happened over twenty years ago, ma'am, I can't quite think him so young as all that," said Dunham rather stiffly.

"Is it possible? Then he must be quite as old as Louis when he left home. How dreadful! for beside him he would look as though a breath might blow him away. I don't mean he isn't very nice-looking in his way, Mrs. Dunham; but if a *man* isn't straight and strong and active, I don't see what he's fit for," said Jeanne, whose views of mankind were strictly limited to the horizon of Louis.

"Well, 'm—there's many things he's fit for, if you ask me," said Dunham, with an increase of asperity, "a duke is a duke, and you may depend on it his Grace would find plenty of strong active men only too thankful to stand in his shoes, even if one of them is filled with a lame foot."

"His Grace! is that what he is called?" said Jeanne. "It sounds very pretty, but somehow more appropriate for a nobleman of the olden time, in a court suit and a powdered wig, than for just an ordinary young man with a black coat and a bunch of violets in his buttonhole."

"Dukes is not ordinary men, ma'am," said Dunham reproachfully. "I was brought up to respect my betters."

"Do you think that his title makes him your better?" said Jeanne, thoughtfully.

"Yes, ma'am, I do," said Dunham, who had the courage of her opinions. "I'm no Radical. Church and State is what I always says. If his ancestors wasn't no better than mine it stands to reason they wouldn't have been made dukes."

"There's something in that, Mrs. Dunham, and I'm rather glad you like titles so much, for I have always thought them prettier than plain names myself. But Uncle Roberts is a Radical, and he says he despises them."

"Most likely your Uncle Roberts has never come across them, miss," said Dunham, snorting.

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"I don't know that he has," said Jeanne, rather crest-fallen.

"People as has them is glad enough to wear them, ma'am, knowing well enough it gives them a right to be respected more than common folk."

"Are folk who have titles so much more respected than other folks—unless they are great—*really* great I mean in other ways as well?" said Jeanne, rather doubtfully. "Living with Uncle Roberts I have never realised that. He always speaks of them as though he were rather sorry for them than otherwise, and Louis never said anything about it." Suddenly her face lit up with pleasure. "But now that Louis is rich, perhaps he will be able to buy back the Château de Courset, and the land that belonged to his ancestors, and claim his right to be called the Marquis de Courset. You would like to hear him called that, Mrs. Dunham, wouldn't you?"

"I can't say I should, Miss Jane."

"Not! But why?" said Jeanne, in surprise.

"Well, ma'am, since you ask me, I have no opinion of them foreign titles. An honest English marquis is a very different thing to a foreign marquee."

"Why is it different?" asked Jeanne, in a mortified tone.

"I can't say why, but so it is, 'm. People think nothing of it. In fact, if anything they think the worse of you. I hope the Captain will be satisfied to stop as he is, for if he goes calling himself a marquee, or anything of that kind, it's my opinion," said Dunham, firmly, "that as likely as not wherever the poor young gentleman goes, he will be taken for an adventurer or an impostor, and get suspected of being no better than he should."

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CHAPTER VIII

THE CALLER

HEWITT threw open the door of the morning-room, and with swelling chest and sonorous tones of deepest gratification announced:

"The Duke of Monaghan."

Jeanne came forward to greet her first visitor, looking both shy and eager; and the Duke, as he shook hands said:

"I hope I need not apologise for venturing to call, unasked, upon my cousin."

It did not occur to his inexperienced hostess that this introductory remark had been almost as carefully prepared as her own opening speech to Mrs. Wheler.

"Indeed, I'm only surprised and delighted," she said with honest joy. "I think it most kind and—and neighbourly of you to come."

"Cousinly!" he said, accepting with a smile the low chair she drew forward for him as solicitously as though he were really the helpless cripple she had imagined him to be.

"Do you know that nobody has been to see me once since I arrived?" she said, wistfully, "except professional gentlemen" (with a sudden reminiscence of her aunt's reproof), "who do not count as visitors."

"Don't they count?" said the Duke, amused.

"They do not," she said firmly. She felt that though the Rector's wife might make mistakes, old Miss Marney must know better than this youthful gentleman, smile as he would.

Jeanne, however, felt inclined to smile too, as she looked at him.

It was certainly refreshing to see somebody young, and the Duke looked very young indeed to Jeanne, hardly more than a boy.

He was also pleasant to behold. His clothes were so severely well cut, his collar so glossy, his boots so spotless, his

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fair hair so closely cropped, his buttonhole of violets so fresh.

Louis had always been particular about his clothes.

Jeanne smiled approvingly at her visitor, and he divined her approval and was secretly pleased, not knowing that it arose entirely from her fondness for seeing everybody and everything clean and tidy.

"Do many professional people come to see you?" he asked with polite curiosity.

"Not very many. Mr. Valentine came this morning, to explain to me all about the power of attorney, you know, that Louis is sending him—and other business matters"—with dignity. "This house and everything in it belongs to my brother Louis, but Mr. Valentine is to manage it all till he comes home, and I am taking care of the furniture and pictures. He is a soldier, you know, and now he is in Somaliland. He must have arrived in Obbia by this time. Just as he was coming home he was ordered there, from South Africa. He was all through the Boer War. And never was sick nor sorry once, nor wounded, though he was in so many battles."

"He was very lucky," said the Duke.

Jeanne interpreted his expression as one of regret, and answered it with the outspoken sympathy of a child.

"It must have been dreadful for you not to be able to go."

He coloured, but replied, as simply as she had spoken:

"Thank you, yes, it was. But both my brothers went. It was rather rough luck on you, wasn't it, his going? I suppose he is your only brother."

"How did you guess that?" she said, surprised.

His blue eyes twinkled more than ever. He was certainly a very pleasant looking young man, though so unfortunate as to be neither tall nor strong.

"He is my only brother, and my twin. If you would like to hear about him—but, of course, I don't know if you would be interested—still, he is your cousin too," she said. The soft

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orange-brown eyes glowed beneath the black lashes, and the fresh red lips parted, as she looked at him, pathetically unconscious of her own eagerness, yet obviously trembling with the hope that here, at last, she had found one who would be interested in Louis.

The Duke, too, was young, and solitary, and sympathetic, He drew his low chair a little closer to the Book of Beauty which lay upon the low table dividing them.

Her freshness and sincerity charmed him now as they had charmed him at his first meeting with her, when he had realised instantly (being, in spite of his youth, a man of the world) that her unconventional behaviour arose from no want of modesty, but from inexperience.

Her apparent boldness of action was as the boldness of the robin perching on the gardener's very spade—so timid that he will fly at a sudden movement—so confident that he trusts without proof or warrant the friendship of mankind.

Before Hewitt and William appeared with the tea-things, the Duke knew almost as much about his cousin Louis as Jeanne did herself.

He learnt of his successes at school, at Sandhurst, and in the army; he learnt that she had not seen him for five years—that she thought of him still as the bright eager boy who had left her when he was scarce twenty years old, and that her life and heart and soul were filled with his image.

And he wondered how much the real Louis resembled the Louis of her faithful dreams.

"Look—I have his new photographs; the first he had done since he left England. And he is so changed I can hardly believe it is Louis. But oh, how glad I am to have them!" said the little sister. And she fetched, with hands that actually trembled from pleasure and excitement, a shabby desk from a corner where it lay hid from Dunham's disapproving eye.

"I brought it down from my own room, for it gives me something to do, when I feel too dull," she said apologetically,

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"to sort and arrange his letters and read them. Some of them are very interesting, at least to me," she added hurriedly, alarmed lest the Duke should ask to see them, "of course they are rather private, for I am the only person he has to confide in, in the whole world, and it is just the same with me. There is only Louis, *really*. To-day I have the first letter he has written since he heard of Aunt Caroline's death, and of her leaving her great fortune to him. Doesn't it seem wonderful? For Louis always wished to be rich."

"Is he very glad?" said the Duke.

"He is not so glad but that I thought he would have been gladder," she said, unconsciously betraying her disappointment. "But Louis is always original, and never takes things as one would expect. He is more full of the expedition, and shipping the horses, than of anything else; but yes—he is very glad. He says, 'Now all your dreams may come true;' and that is a great deal for a boy who is apt to laugh at one's foolish dreams, you know."

The Duke looked at the photograph of his new cousin, and saw a tall young soldier in *khaki*, with a face so much older than Jeanne's that it was difficult to believe him her twin brother.

A stern good-looking face; with marked eyebrows meeting over the bridge of an aquiline nose, and a thick moustache partially veiling the short upper lip.

"He is a fine fellow," said the Duke, in interested tones. "I do not wonder you are proud of him."

"Any one would be proud of him, for there is nothing he cannot do. He could never bear to be beaten," she said, holding her head high.

"He does not look as though he would ever be beaten. I am sure he will get on."

"If they give him a chance, if they are not jealous of him,—but I am always afraid they will be jealous—he is so young, and so clever," said Jeanne, shaking her head over this mysterious reference to the powers that be. "And Louis is

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not one to think of his own interest. He is only *too* disinterested; a little too scornful and quick to show people what they ought to do—or he used to be; but he had very persuasive ways too. He was the only person who could ever manage Uncle Roberts. And I daresay he has grown wiser still, with all he has been through, poor boy."

A tear rolled unheeded down her cheek and splashed on to the little bundle of letters clasped in her lap, as she told him how Louis, in his poverty, had yet managed to insure his life for his sister's benefit, and to pay his debts.

"To think he will never be anxious about money any more," she said, wiping her eyes. "It was *that* I could not bear,—that a boy like him should be anxious; it was foreign to his nature. He was so generous that he couldn't help spending, poor boy,—but it was his only fault. And now Aunt Caroline has saved him from those worries and troubles that made us wonder whether he would ever be able to stick to the army, after all he had gone through to get there."

She now told him about Uncle Roberts, and the why and wherefore of her arrival in Grosvenor Square, and how much disappointed she was in London life; but he thought her so pretty and so earnest as she said it, that he did not even smile.

Young people are usually fond of talking about themselves when they find an attentive and sympathetic auditor, and perhaps the Duke was no exception to the rule.

But he had the advantage of Jeanne in good-breeding, and thus found himself constrained to be, upon this occasion, only a listener.

His courteous attention never wavered for an instant; though it is possible he might not have been so exemplary in his politeness had her personality appealed to him less strongly. As it was he enjoyed the opportunity her conversation afforded him to observe her at his leisure; as he rested comfortably in poor Miss Caroline's easiest chair, sheltered by a glass screen from the roaring fire which Hewitt had built up, with a zeal proportionate to the visitor's rank.

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She was dressed in the plainest of black mourning gowns, with snowy collar and wristbands; but her hands and throat were white and soft enough to bear the contrast.

He thought he had never seen colouring so pure, with eyes and hair so dark; nor half so pretty an effect as the pointed shadows cast by those downcast black lashes upon the clear red of her cheeks.

Her beauty was beauty of the round, childish, dimpled order; but she looked so healthy, so innocent and so modest, that her little rusticities were all "in the picture," as the young man told himself in the jargon of the day.

It was only the setting that was all wrong.

This garish room, with its meaningless mixture of modern fashion, and relics, real or imitation, of a bygone day.

This wistful creation of an old woman trying to identify herself with the present which she neither understood nor cared for, instead of clinging to the past which was one with her, and to which she belonged.

Typical of Aunt Caroline was the juxtaposition of her antiquated harp and a bran-new Bechstein grand piano; as was the *mélange* of Moore's Irish melodies and Bellini's operas with the latest burlesques of the day, in her music-holder.

Jeanne knew not a note of music. Her studies had not included pianoforte-playing; partly on account of Cecilia's jealousy, and partly because the Rector's wife had pointed out that since there was no piano at Coed-Ithel it would be waste of time for her to learn. She had been very glad to be spared the trouble, for Cecilia's scales and exercises did not sound very tempting, and the less so because Jeanne had an ear for harmony.

Miss Caroline's new piano was therefore wasted upon her niece; but the Duke was a musician, and had consequently noted it directly he entered the apartment which, as he observed, made such an inappropriate background for Jeanne's rustic prettiness.

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So she was a farmer's niece. That, of course, accounted for it all. He saw her, as in a picture, at home upon the mountains, her dark hair blowing in the wind, her red cheeks and dark eyes bright in the sunshine of her native Wales, her pretty hands busied among the flowers of a garden bounded by tall hedges of clipped yew—or working in the cool dark dairy among the red earthen pans of frothing milk.

In such places would this simple maid be at home, but never—never in a modern drawing-room. Starting from a reverie, he found his hostess inviting him, but with a pretty solicitude and hesitation, to visit the old nurseries if he chose.

"Nothing is changed," said little Jeanne. "There is the white gate at the top of the steep staircase which your father, I suppose, had put up."

"I don't remember that," he said, shaking his head.

"Of course not. It was put up after your dreadful accident," she said, with pitying eyes and lowered voice. "But that is the only change. There are the barred windows, and the nursery-rhyme paper—only it is rather faded and dirty, I am afraid."

"Ah, I recollect that," he said quite eagerly. "'As I walked up Pippin Hill,' was my favourite, because the pretty maid was so very pretty, and the hill so remarkably steep. And the other was Curly-locks sitting on a cushion to 'sew a fine seam.'"

"Yes, yes," said Jeanne, delighted. "But there are several others, 'Tom the Piper's Son,' and 'Simple Simon.'"

"So there were. I can see it all perfectly."

"You have a very good memory, then, for you must have been quite a baby, since it was over twenty years ago."

"I was nearly six years old."

"Nearly six! And it was over twenty years ago! Then you must be as old as I am," she said, astonished. "Louis and I were twenty-five in October."

"I was twenty-five last April," he said smiling. "I am even a little older than you are!"

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"And I have been thinking of you as quite a boy, about eighteen or nineteen," she said, ingenuously.

He would have minded more had he been five years younger; and above all, had she not blushed as she said it; as it was, he rather enjoyed her discomfiture.

"I am afraid I must put off visiting the scene of my disaster," he said, smiling, as he rose from the low chair before the fire. "I have trespassed upon your good nature rather a long time already. But perhaps—I venture to hope—you will let me come again one day?"

He stood beside her, and held the hand she gave him for a moment longer than is quite usual in shaking hands; but Jeanne was too fluttered to observe it.

"Must you go?" she said, with sincere regret. "Oh yes, please come again, and let it be soon, as soon as you can; for I should like to ask you so many things which it would be easier to ask you than Mr. Valentine, since you are my cousin, and young—though not so young as I fancied," she laughed shyly.

"It is much easier to talk to people of one's own age," said the Duke.

"That is just it. But it is one of my chief faults that I talk too much when once I set off; and don't let the other person talk at all; and then they go away, and I recollect they have said nothing—only listened to me——"

This was so much the true state of the case in the present instance that the Duke could not help laughing outright.

"It will be *my* turn to talk when I come again," he said, consolingly.

"That reminds me of Louis; when he used to come home from school we took it in turns by the clock to speak. Five minutes each. There was so much to say," said Jeanne, seriously. "I had no idea I should have had so much to say to you, however. But all these weeks and weeks I have been so silent that I suppose it all had to come out with a rush. Yet I *did* want to ask you——"

"Anything you will."

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"Was it a very wrong thing I did the other day, going to call on Mrs. Wheler?"

"Not in the least *wrong*. In the country it would have been quite right. I saw at once why you had mistaken. It was just that you were not used to London."

"Then what is the rule here?"

"Here you may live in a house for twenty years, and scarcely know your next-door neighbour by sight."

"Then how do you ever make new friends?"

"People are introduced to you—and you ask them to call," he said, laughing and reddening, "just as you might have asked me, only you didn't."

"But I would in a moment if I had known it was a right thing to do," Jeanne assured him earnestly.

"I hoped that was so, and that is why, being your cousin, I ventured to come," he said, and his blue eyes twinkled merrily. "Is there anything else you wish to ask me?"

"Only this. I am afraid you will think me ignorant, but if I *am* ignorant, it is better to tell the truth. I do not quite know, for instance, what I ought to call you, nor even know how I should address a letter to you—not that I was thinking of writing," she added hurriedly.

The Duke appeared not to notice her confusion.

"I should like you—if you would—as I am undoubtedly related to you through the Marneys of Orsett—to call me Cousin Denis—as my other cousins do," he said instantly. "And I am afraid you will think *me* very ignorant, for I was obliged to ask for 'Miss Marney's niece!' And as I am very bad at knowing how to spell people's names—even when I do know them—if you will be kind enough to write down yours for me, I will write down mine for you."

Jeanne moved with alacrity to the writing-table, and set forth materials for this purpose.

"I should like to call you Cousin Denis very much, and I hope you will call me Cousin Jeanne," she said, brightening up. "'Duke' sounds so unnatural, somehow, to me. And

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I can't tell you how glad I am to find some relations. I have always longed to be like other people, and have cousins and uncles and aunts. Uncle Roberts is a bachelor, you see, and the last of his family; and Aunt Caroline was a spinster, and the last of the Marneys of Orsett."

"Orsett Hall was burnt down, I remember," said the Duke. "I have always heard it was one of the finest places in the West of England, noted for its picture-gallery."

"Most of the pictures were saved, you know," said Jeanne. "They are upstairs."

"I should like to see them some day," he said with great animation.

"I will ask Mrs. Pyke to uncover them. They are all covered up."

"Covered up? but why?"

"Mrs. Pyke is afraid of the gold frames being fly-blown; and Aunt Caroline was afraid the London smoke would hurt them," explained Jeanne. "You see, she could not get used to London smoke after living for sixty years in the country."

"And such a beautiful country."

"Do you know it?"

"My mother has a house on the other side of the county, near Exmoor. We used to be there a great deal."

"I hoped you lived in London."

"I *live* in Ireland," he said smiling, "but we are a good deal in London too. My mother likes it."

"I had looked forward to London, but now I am quite sure I like the country far, far better," she said mournfully. "Still——" she brightened up again. "It is nicer now that I know I have relations here. It is very pleasant to have relations."

"I hope you may find me a pleasant relation," he said; and he made her another grave little bow, in the manner Jeanne had observed before to be so old-fashioned, and yet so pleasing in a person of his years.

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As he opened the door she sprang forward, blushing more than ever.

"Cousin Denis—would you—would you like one of his photographs?" said Jeanne; "he has sent me six. I—I could spare you a copy if you liked."

"I should like it of all things," said the Duke, and he received it gratefully.

"I wonder if that was right, or too—too familiar," thought Jeanne, as the door closed upon him, and she ran to the bell and rang it, as she had observed Mrs. Wheler did, for her departing guests. "Oh! I hope I have not babbled—as Louis used to call it—too much. But he was so kind, and I am *sure* he was interested. So now the Duchess will see Louis' photo, for he will certainly show it to her. I hope she will be as much struck with it as poor Aunt Caroline was with the one in my locket. Or more, since Louis is handsomer than ever. But how he is changed—it is not his laughing face. The war has aged him—or perhaps seeing so many of his comrades die. Oh, Louis, Louis—if you would but come safely home!"

The serious eyes of the photograph seemed to return her gaze, and to suggest that thoughts unspeakably sad and lofty lay behind that grave young brow.

Decidedly Louis had grown older.

She turned with relief to the familiar boyish face in the locket, now restored to its resting-place next her heart.

"When he talks and laughs with me his dear face will come back to me as it used to be," she said, and the tears filled her brown eyes. "Oh, Louis—I have waited so long that I sometimes feel the day will never come."

As Jeanne changed her day gown for the plain black muslin which Dunham had placed ready for her and insisted she should wear every evening for her solitary dinner, she received, instead of the delighted congratulations she expected, a solemn warning from her self-appointed maid and guardian.

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"Yes, ma'am, I don't deny it was attentive of the young gentleman to call—though to my thinking it's a pity he should have waited till my poor lady was dead, what was nearer to him than ever you was, Miss Jane—but like seeks like. And Hewitt tells me his Grace is young-looking for his age, as you are yourself, Miss Jane. Eighteen or twenty I would give you, and not a day more."

"Oh, Mrs. Dunham, I hope I look older than he does."

"Maybe so and maybe not. There's his age in Debrett for all to see, and Hewitt and me looked it out this very day. But it's a very distant cousinship if at all, as Mrs. Pyke has been telling. I would have liked it better, ma'am, if the Duchess, his mamma, had come along with him. I don't hold much, ma'am, with single young gentlemen calling on single young ladies without their mammas coming with them."

"Oh, Mrs. Dunham, what could be the harm?" said Jeanne. She felt inclined to cry. Was she to shut the front door in the face of her only visitor to please Dunham?

Had she made another mistake? People living in Grosvenor Square were governed by rules that would never occur to the inhabitants of Coed-Ithel, where, if one was lucky enough to possess a cousin, he would be made welcome as a matter of course.

She thought of the Duke, his politeness, his gentleness, above all his lameness. How could she appear ungrateful for the kindness he had shown? She blushed as she recalled her warm and pressing invitation to him to call again as soon as might be. Jeanne began to feel Dunham's *surveillance* a tiresome thing; but she had lived under authority all her life, and had not the courage to defy the old woman.

The brightness died out of her eyes and cheeks, and the dull weary expression returned. Her lips quivered. She yearned so terribly for companionship.

"Is there anything more I can do for you, ma'am?"

"Nothing more, thank you," said Jeanne, with sinking heart.

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Dunham had done enough for one evening, was her dismal reflection. Spoilt the recollection of the first happy afternoon she had spent since her arrival; and all her anticipations of future visits from her kind cousin Denis.

"Are you quite sure, Mrs. Dunham," she faltered, "that I ought not to have visits from single gentlemen who are relations, however nice and polite and well known they may be?"

"Not without their mammas has called, ma'am. I'm very sure of that. If you wasn't alone it would be another matter."

"If I wasn't alone—I shouldn't want him," said Jeanne, almost petulantly. "After all I *was* introduced to his mamma, Mrs. Dunham, and she asked me to go and see her."

"Then I should go, ma'am."

"Would that make it all right for cousin—for the Duke to come and see me, do you think?"

"It is not for me to advise my betters, ma'am. I hope I know my place too well. A hint is a very different thing to giving advice," said Dunham, closing her thin lips in a manner which, as Jeanne knew by this time, meant that either she had nothing else to say, or that, having more in her mind than prudence permitted her to reveal, she intended to keep it all to herself.

"Mrs. Dunham is a *very* unsatisfactory companion," sighed Jeanne.

As she went down the echoing stone staircase of the mournful empty house, and walked into the silent morning-room to await Hewitt's solemn announcement of dinner, she was seized with a sudden despair.

"I won't—I can't bear it any longer," cried Jeanne. "I am too wretched and solitary. I shall go mad here all alone, waiting and waiting for Louis, and nobody allowed to come near me. It is all very fine to say I am taking care of his furniture and his house, but what do they leave for *me* to do?"

She looked wildly round for inspiration, and her eyes fell

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on her shabby desk, standing among the costly trifles on the occasional table, and looking sadly out of place there.

Yet how solid and handsome she had thought the old leather case when it stood on the painted window ledge of her attic at home!

At home!

The word brought the inspiration which Jeanne was unconsciously seeking; it pointed out the way of escape, even for a moment, from the intolerable *ennui* of her life in Grosvenor Square.

She took an instant resolve. To-morrow morning—would it could be to-night!—she would go *home* to Coed-Ithel, and entreat her Uncle Roberts either to come back with her or to let her stay at home till Louis returned. At least, Uncle Roberts would not tell her that it was not his place to advise her; and though his experience of what should or could be done by young ladies living in Grosvenor Square must be very limited, he was nearly as old (in Jeanne's eyes), and quite as sensible as Dunham.

He had sometimes talked of his intention to go and see the sights of London before he died.

Surely she could put it to him delicately, that now was the very time, since he could not expect to live for ever.

Jeanne would have been glad enough to see the sights of London herself, had she been quite certain what and where they were.

But she had not liked to inquire lest she should be suspected of hankering after amusements instead of mourning her aunt; her kind aunt who had given all she had in the world to Louis.

Secretly Jeanne felt quite sure that Miss Caroline would rather have sympathised than otherwise with her wish for companionship, and her longing to let a little brightness in upon the dulness of her life; but she was not by any means so sure of Dunham, and it was Dunham who now practically governed the house, and had almost assumed Miss Marney's

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place therein. Mrs. Pyke was too old, and Hewitt too stupid to contend against her rule.

The old servants clung faithfully to their duties, and watched with jealous eyes for the least symptom of a desire on the part of the little upstart stranger to rebel in the slightest degree against the traditions of the house.

Jeanne was uneasily conscious of their watchfulness, and it increased her timidity and discomfort in her solitary state.

She respected Dunham and Pyke, and even the serious upper housemaid, who never, it seemed to her, spoke at all; even Hewitt and William and the stout coachman held some share in her regard. They were all so respectable, so steady, and so faithful to their duties. But she could not help, for all that, secretly looking forward to the time when Louis should descend like a bombshell upon this dull and solemn household, and scatter the old traditions and the silence and the solemnity to the winds. Louis, with his merry laugh and imperious will and cheerful disregard of difficulties.

Far from never allowing young gentlemen to come near the house without their mammas, thought Jeanne, indignantly (for the phrase rankled), she was assured he would, on the contrary, fill it with his friends from morning till night; and Louis had many friends, for he was constantly referring with enthusiasm to one or the other of them. A revelation was certainly in store for the old servants.

She took out his last letter.

"Of course the cable couldn't go into detail," Louis had written, "but it looks as though our hard times were over for evermore, my Jeannie dear. If old Valentine and thingumbob are *my* solicitors now (sounds very magnificent!)—they will see you have everything you want in this world till I can arrange to go shares with you, as, of course, I shall when I come home. I'm writing them all sorts of directions by this very mail." . . . (That was so like Louis! always perfectly ready and willing to give orders, where Jeanne would have hesitated and scrupled for weeks) . . . "Oh, my Jeannie, if you knew what

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an immense load this had lifted off my chest. God bless poor Aunt Caroline. I shall be able to write more when I get your letters and Valentine's! I hear from my boss here that he knows the firm, and it's a first-rate West-end firm, so I can trust the old boy straight away, which is a comfort. Thank God it came just before I started, which enables me to do all necessary business before I leave, besides sending me off with a light heart. My chief advises me to send old Valentine a power of attorney, which he thinks will facilitate matters for you greatly . . . I have been so occupied that I've had no moment to sit down and write a coherent letter, and now that I try I can't concentrate my thoughts. I went on board the ship this morning, and after three years' blissful forgetfulness of ships, the same old feeling of nausea came over me that always assails one as one gets the first whiff of engine-room, kitchens, etc., and all the vile things that make life on board intolerable to many landsmen . . .

"I am so anxious for your first letter writ on receipt of my telegram about Somaliland. I hope you won't be too disappointed, my darling Jeannie, but quite cheerful when you think it is to be but a short trip. No more three-year wars, I hope. If you can find any, send me some maps of the country I'm going to, but nothing else, however rich we may be!

"God bless you, my gentle Jeannette; think what times we shall have when we meet. I've no end of surprises in store for you, and how we will make the money fly! . . . I am forgetting this is a sad time for you, though, and you may be crying your dear eyes out for poor Aunt Caroline. But for my sake cheer up, and be as happy as ever you can. I hope I shall find letters from you waiting at Obbia . . ."

Louis bade her cheer up, and if he were here, he would understand in a moment how utterly impossible was cheerfulness under the circumstances, for his doleful and isolated little sister.

With beating heart she rang the bell, and desired William

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to say that the carriage would be wanted the first thing in the morning to take her to Paddington.

"He will tell Hewitt, and Hewitt will tell Mrs. Dunham, and she will tell Mrs. Pyke, and so the ice will be broken," she thought, triumphantly. "That will make it easier for me to just say casually to Mrs. Dunham, at bedtime, that I have made up my mind rather suddenly to go home and see Uncle Roberts for a couple of nights or so. I am very glad I have settled it. Now there can be no drawing back;" and the lonely lady, outwardly composed, but inwardly quaking, presently sat down to her solitary meal.

(*To be continued*)

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	Page
ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND SOCIALISM —— LAURENCE JERROLD	1
WALTER PATER——ARTHUR SYMONS	14
ANTONIO FOGAZZARO——HARRIET REID	25
CRICKET SHARPING——"VARSITY"	38
THE MUTINY AT VELLORE, JULY 1806——F. W. BLUNT	47
CLERICAL FEELING IN FRENCH CANADA——V. DE M.	63
BY AN IRISH STREAM——"LEMON GRAY"	79
THE QUEST OF PROLONGED YOUTH——DR. CARL SNYDER	90
THE EFFECTS OF CIVILISATION UPON CLIMATE——S. LEONARD BASTIN	116
THE HUMAN STATE——F. CARREL	125
JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET——A. HUGH FISHER	135
THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE (CHAPTERS IX—X)——MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE	138

No. 72. XXIV. 3.—SEPT. 1906 A

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CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (AUGUST)

Recollections of a Board School Teacher

After Capitalism—Ernest E. Williams

The Coming of the Turbine—Hugh W. Strong

The Age of Pretence—Basil Tozer

A Moorland Sanctuary—Alfred W. Rees

Charles James Fox—Lewis Melville

The Poetry of Nora Chesson—S. Gertrude Ford

The Folk-Lore of Paris—Robert B. Douglas

"The Convent's Narrow Room"—Katharine Tynan

Homeric Knowledge of the High North—Karl Blind

On the Line

The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square (Chapters VII–VIII)—Mrs. Henry de la Pasture

The Editor of the Monthly Review *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* Editor, *"Monthly Review," 50a Albemarle Street, London, W.*

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ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND SOCIALISM

THE Englishman who had been abroad since last year finds on returning that the British middle classes have "discovered" Socialism since the last General Election. The Frenchman returning to his country after a rather longer absence would find that the *bourgeoisie* in the interval has been "discovering" Individualism. This no doubt is as it always is, and perhaps as it should be. The two peoples have often been called complementary of one another. In many ways they develop along reverse lines, and whither one is travelling thence the other hastens, both persuaded that they are on the road of progress, rightly, perhaps, as there is more than one road. When both halt, turn round, and look at each other, criticism on both sides is commonly and very naturally of the old mote-and-beam sort. Admirable advice is given to the British people by French critics, and every one knows how generously British opinion champions some French causes. Counsel and enthusiasm might often be just as useful at home, but at home "one sees things differently." The intelligent and informed foreigner can be a wonderfully acute judge; he may also be an illuminating encomiast. While he surprises us by finding fault with our pet foibles, he may delight by praising everyday virtues by which we set no store; he even reveals gold in our vices. Many Frenchmen admire John Bull precisely for that which in him annoys his critical sons,

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and English observers are constantly celebrating French characteristics which critical France is trying to get rid of. The variety of such international views is invaluable; they may be often crooked, and no one could expect them to be always straight, but they are rarely dull.

England is not more surprised to find France discovering Individualism than is France to find England discovering Socialism. In fact, the two countries agreeably surprise each other. The rights of the individual are as old as the hills here and a burning topic there; here the theory of Socialism is still a subject to talk about, there it is worn threadbare; here an agrarian question exists, there a question exists how long district civil servants directly and solely answerable to the Home Office are to continue lawfully to wield judicial powers which are a negation of habeas corpus.

On the subject of Socialism, the Englishman in the street has latterly learnt a cheerful glibness, though a boy of twenty can easily remember when a Socialist with a vermilion tie was a lunatic, harmless if British to the backbone, dangerous if tainted with foreign ideas. Who fears to speak Socialism or meet Socialists now? Of course, these, *ipso facto*, have ceased to belong to the smart set, but the man in the street is now familiar with them. Any one can hear him reasoning gently with them on the tops of motor 'buses, or hear them holding forth with all the freshness of neophytes. Nationalisation of the soil, the unearned increment of capital, natural wealth versus artificial wealth, and so on, are all "in the air"—in the street air. They have even penetrated into the City man's suburban home, where ten years ago you might as well have put a bomb on the hearthrug as have thrown out some suggestions that labour alone produces wealth, or even some milder one than that. The thinking young generation is still jumping at the theory of Socialism with an eagerness which seems very fresh to any one who has lived latterly abroad. One finds the subject still perfectly alive and wild in literary sets, the equivalents of which on the Continent have long since

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either killed and buried it, or stuffed and preserved it, or caged and tamed it. Of course, England has been in many ways, like M. Jourdain speaking prose, creating Socialism all the time without knowing it: a part of England has been creating it, perhaps more practically than other countries, and the rest of England did not know, or pretended not to know. Any Englishman among his acquaintance in the sturdy middle classes can point to a score of the sturdiest pillars on whom the last General Election brought down a bolt from the blue, bringing down Socialism from the region of mad dreams to reality, wrong or right, but still a reality henceforth to be reckoned with.

There has been no such recent discovery in France. The Frenchman in the street, as a rule, long since either has walked in step with the army of Socialism or has tired of the crusade altogether, and smiles happily, or wearily jeers, when the host goes marching by him. The prosperous *bourgeoisie* either refuses to think of the cause otherwise than as of that of dangerous fanatics whose faith has long ago been proved absurd, and refuses to consider their arguments at all, or else has called and proclaimed itself Socialist these ten years, usually for politic reasons. The "aristocracy of the intellect" has for twenty years past turned the subject over and over unto weariness and scepticism. The old "Ivory Tower" of the poet, seer, mystic, and egoist has crumbled, and left its denizens standing open to the modern world. But the old castle in the air of the altruist, reformer, and regenerator has large rents in its vaporous sides too. Either a great scepticism or a great mellowness has come over the *jeunesse pensante*, which looks all round Socialism and other things. The *jeunes* "are all Socialists now," of course, but none are "unified" Socialists of the Parliamentary party. Socialism may have gained by losing good intellectual haters, but also has lost fervent intellectual enthusiasms.

Enthusiasm, in fact, goes more to individualism. The "cult of the ego" has died, but not the cultivation of person-

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ality. The old conflict between the person and the State is still acute, and if the Socialism of the future is to absorb the individual, thinking young France will fight it. The contradiction in that enlightened Socialism which aims at levelling and at raising, at subjecting the one man to the many, and yet at exalting the one man, disturbs minds. Reconciling contradictories would be no new thing, and might be a mere matter of one more nice adjustment of social forces, but it would be nice to a hair's breadth in that Socialism of the future. At all hazards, State Socialism is condemned, unless the individual is to perish, and with State Socialism modern philosophising France will have nothing to do on any account. It has come to that definite conclusion, at any rate, after many years of wondering.

The middle classes have reached the same conclusion, after less meditation, through practical experience. The French people in the main is opposed to State Socialism, knowing what *étatisme* means. In England, the average man's idea of Socialism is State Socialism, and if he has any leanings towards Socialism he will not object to giving State Socialism a trial, as has been done already by now. Many to whom one mentions Socialism quote instantly municipal undertakings, as though these were the be-all and end-all of it, and to them the antithesis of Socialism is non-interference of the State. The fact is, that with us the State had so long learnt non-interference as to drive reformers appealing to its arms. The French State has never learnt non-interference, and France's best Governments have been the most grandmotherly. The people's instinctive yearning for tutelage still remains, and "functionarism" is as rampant as ever. But the best business men of the country are learning independence and enterprise, and are becoming fractious children under an over-centralised Government which controls them at every turn, all for their good. They are looking more and more to England for lessons in self-defence and self-advancement. The British business instinct, which it is something of a fashion to cry

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down in England, is constantly cracked up in France. Thus is prosperous and enterprising France an enemy of State Socialism; whereas business Englishmen could do, or think they could do, with, at all events, a few mild instalments of it. Busy France is in the same regard distrustful of Socialism in general, while it has, to a great extent, called itself Socialist these ten years. Instalments are accepted because Labour clearly insists upon them; but the middle classes, even when advertising their adherence to Socialism, are preoccupied with the need of safeguarding individualism. The French governing mind will always be ready enough to govern in and out of season; it will be only too ready to adopt principles of benevolent despotism and to allow freedom to take care of itself. The enterprising leaders of the *bourgeoisie* feel that theirs must be the reverse function. State Socialism may succeed only too easily in France; their care must be for that safeguarding of the individual at which an enlightened Socialism, if Socialism there is to be, must simultaneously aim. In this way is the French *bourgeoisie* "discovering" individualism.

In Parliamentary life, French and English Labour parties, or Socialist parties—to use the everyday English and French terms, which are practically equivalent—are travelling in opposite directions for the present. The most obvious difference is superficial and passing. Union on one side and division on the other are due to difference of age in Parliamentary political existence. The old English political parties, of course, began long ago splitting up; the French Parliament did long ago split up. But the Labour movements in both countries are doing exactly the reverse. If French Socialism is now "unified," it was for years divided into factions. Unlike most of the other political parties in France, it has in its evolution not forgotten but learnt party discipline. But it began by scorning discipline on principle, and the various English Labour parties have apparently made the same beginning. Barring accidents, the evolution will continue logically. It is not a rash forecast to imagine that, while the historic

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English parties go on splitting up, the present Labour factions will in their turn reach the stage at which "unified" Socialism has arrived across the Channel. Possibly then the other *disjecta membra* of Liberals and Conservatives will be "unified" also; even the City man foresees a day when there will be only two parties left at Westminster, the unified Socialists and the unified anti-Socialists, for and against Labour as one side will put it, against and for Society as the other will. The *bourgeois* of Paris has long since mused on the coming of such a day in his country, though accidental and passing cares have often diverted his meditations in the interval.

The contrast between the "unified" state of Socialism in France and the multiplicity of more or less antagonistic Labour parties in England is a difference, not of kind, but of degree, in evolution. There is a deeper difference in present policy. With boyish assertiveness English Socialism, young in Parliamentary life, is agog for independence. It yearns to stand alone and burns to prove as often as possible that it is a real independent party, having no connection with the old political forces, and able to walk and talk and vote by itself. But the one great fact in the otherwise almost uneventful history of French Socialism during the past few years has precisely been its alliance with "Bourgeoisism." One incident has its almost exact counterpart in England. M. Millerand, then a Socialist, took office as Home Secretary in the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet, in which the Minister of War was General the Marquis de Gallifet, who fought against the Commune. M. Millerand, having been solemnly excommunicated by the Socialist party, has since cheerily turned moderate Republican, and one might now call him a sort of Whig. Mr. John Burns is still in the early Millerand stage of evolution, and already being slanged. But with this incident the likeness between the present Parliamentary positions of the parties in the two countries ends. The same incident has occurred in divergent developments. French Socialism has been "unified," well and

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good, but it has not unified itself away from contact with "Bourgeoisism," and what the purists of the party call the stain remains. The Waldeck-Rousseau Government was the time of open and unblushing alliance with "Capitalist" parties. M. Jules Guesde, the prophet, was then out of the Chamber, but lifted an awful voice now and then in the country. After the Millerand excommunication M. Jaurès continued more gingerly the alliance. Suspected of Millerandism —and no one knowing him doubts that, other things being equal, if he were offered office in a sufficiently Radical Cabinet, he would perceive no danger to Socialism in his acceptance—he narrowly escaped excommunication in his turn, saved himself with a "mea culpa," and was "unified," only a few minor men besides M. Millerand, then far outside the pale, being refused "unification." (All French politicians, and the most advanced in particular, lack a sense of language and rejoice in a spurious coinage of words.) But the stain remains on M. Jaurès himself and on the party. He made a sudden effort, which betrayed haste, at the outset of the first session of the new Chamber, to take up his stand as an unsoiled prophet and uncompromising theorist of Socialism, in a great speech which was deplorably crude in parts. The effort proved only that he can never be anything but a practical politician. The great fact of the recent history of French Socialism precisely is that by joining the Bloc of Republicans against the adversaries of the Republic it descended to practical politics. Its influence upon the country at large was almost doubled thereby. Having "unified" itself not long before the last General Elections in May, during which, nevertheless, it worked in intimate harmony with the Bloc candidates, it advertised itself ostentatiously in the new Chamber, no longer as a wing of the Bloc, but as an independent Bloc. But once a practical politician, always a practical politician; power and effectual influence in the government of a country once tasted, the taste will not be lost. French Socialism may "unify" itself as much as it likes, it cannot forget that when it was of the

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Bloc it was such a vital force among the ruling forces of the nation as it never had been before. Its high dream of distant regeneration will always be tainted by recollection of the time when it was a power of the day, not a possible power of some day; one can also say that its utopianism will henceforth be corrected by an element of practical sense. As a matter of fact, no sooner had the present French Government shown a tendency, which will probably develop, to shift its majority slightly and gently over from Left to Right, than unified Socialism pricked up its ears. It is now talking of forming a new Bloc with the extreme Radicals against the Government. But these extreme Radicals are no Socialists. What ought a party of "pure" Socialism have to do with them? "Pure" Socialism across the Channel is tainted.

Our Socialists, though still much variegated, are, as is easy to see, slowly growing purer and purer; with their three factions and a larger variety of personal equations, they are obviously far from a "unified" state, but that is the ideal at which all their purist leaders aim. These, as jealously as possible, guard against every fleck of "capitalist" influence, in the House and at the polls. Thus it can be seen how the two countries play at cross purposes in Socialism as in some other things. The English Labour movement looks to the continental countries, and particularly to France, in many respects as to the advance guards of Socialism in the world. It is usual to hear contrasts drawn between the solid phalanx of the party in the French Chamber, a power in Parliament, already with a history at its back, and the young beginnings of groups at Westminster, and these look up to that. But you find that very "unified" party in France looking up in the same degree, though for other reasons, to the English Labour movement. In fact, French Socialism is, not altogether consciously, busy learning from England much that our Labour parties are as busy unlearning, and vice versa. The Mother of Parliaments is still reverenced abroad, even by those to whom a Parliament is a *bourgeoise* institution. French "unified" Socialism is now, not only

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completely at peace with parliamentarism to all practical intent, but fast learning to enjoy the game of parliamentary tactics and to play it with skill. The day was, some ten years ago, when at international Socialist congresses half the representatives of France were dogmatically and violently opposed to the parliamentary system, and carried principle into practice by paralysing discussion, to the horror and anger of punctilious English chairmen and English delegates well drilled in the discipline of public meetings. That was at a time when the Labour Party at Westminster was a handful which ultimately dwindled to one member. Now "unified" French Socialism is an official parliamentary party; English Labour members sit in numbers at Westminster, but desire it to be understood that they are in the capitalist Parliament but not of it. On the contrary, in France, "unification," a stroke of genius, has almost killed the movement against Parliamentary representation. The "unified" party is pledged to representation; opponents of the latter are reduced to being free lances. The "unified" party has learnt the power of parliamentary action and the practical use of parliamentary discipline, and having tasted government, likes it; and all that it has learnt from England. English Labour parties, trained for Parliament from infancy, like all public groups of Englishmen, aim at the independence and solidarity of French "unified" Socialism, and looks up to it precisely as to the State of the future, standing by itself and untrammelled, in the "capitalist" State of the present.

Each people looks on the other with fresh eyes. The English Labour member envies France her "unified" Socialism; the French Socialist envies England her Trade Unionism. The old distinction between theoretical France and practical England is always true with qualifications, and is substantially true of the Labour movement in both countries. Trade Unionism with us is leading, or has led, to Socialism; French Socialism is developing "Syndicalism," *i.e.*, Trade Unionism. The very words picture the contrast, as do those of "unified"

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Socialism and Labour. French Trade Unionism is in its infancy compared with the historic English movement. It makes much noise, but has relatively no money; it could not dream of sending members to Parliament and paying them even a pound a week; it has since recent laws an official status, but it has not yet a universally acknowledged standing in the country; it has outbursts of revolutionary effervescence unknown in England, and has carried incursions into regions forbidden by national prudence and State reasons; but among the nation and against national customs it still struggles where British Trade Unionism has long since conquered; its present conflicts with employers read like past episodes of English social history; it fights still over questions which British Trade Unions long since settled, and now treat with the solemn authority of official bodies; it has small hold over the labouring classes themselves, which often either fight shy or wax sceptical. In France "unified" Socialism is the parent, and Trade Unionism a wayward offspring, wayward because young and still weakly. This condition of things works out into curious results. In English Labour, Trade Unionism stands for the staidest and soberest element, often is the drag on the wheel, and sometimes the very bar blocking the way for Socialistic doctrine. Such a position is unthinkable in France, where the Parliamentary Socialist Party has the weight, and Syndicalism would drag it ahead if it could. French Labour organised earlier to send deputies to the Chamber than to assert its own immediately practical interests, and a result has been that Socialist opposition to parliamentary representation, though it has somewhat died down, survives chiefly among the Syndicates, the same opposition when it exists in English Trade Unions being due to exactly contrary reasons. When a British union holds aloof from the Labour Representation Committee, it does so through a natural conservatism; it is an old-established institution, with vested interests, and compared with it the Labour Representation Committee is something of an upstart. French Syndicates,

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for whom vested interests are possessions hitherto undreamt of, chafe at omnipotent "unified" Socialism, and would ever be rushing ahead, because, not having the weight to drag, they can act effectually only by careering on. The Confédération générale du Travail is merely a federation of Trade Unions; call it that, and it has a harmless, respectable, almost *bourgeois* air; but in France the *bourgeoisie* looks upon it as a wild anarchist host, and the federation itself seems to rejoice in fostering the idea.

French Labour, with a "unified" Socialist party fifty-four strong and twenty-two more Independent Socialists in the Chamber, is still clamouring for rights or privileges many of which have been granted years ago in "Conservative" England. To this day open-air meetings are forbidden, and public opinion on the whole approves of their being dispersed instantly by armed force. I have seen three workmen knocked down and carried kicking away by the Paris police on the deserted Place de la Concorde because some strike committee had announced a meeting there. In the coal-mining districts of Northern France one heard for years at strike times mystic and childish chants of "Bou, bou, bou yè yè!" The explanation was that "Vive la grève!" until a year or two ago was a "seditious" cry, rendering the utterer liable to some six months' imprisonment, so the men translated the words into a gibberish of their own invention. Now "Vive, vive, vive la grève!" is tolerated, while dragoons, hussars, and mounted gendarmes look grimly on, pouncing every few moments on *rassemblements* of three or four men arm-in-arm, "dispersing" them, and running them in if they "commit rebellion," which they always do. The argument of "strong" French Governments is that French Labour has not learnt responsibility in freedom, and it certainly has not; but it never has had the chance of learning. Kept under the gendarme's eye, the striker has one idea—to throw a brickbat when the eye is not looking. The right to strike at all has only recently been acknowledged and is still contested by the majority of employers, though they accept it *de facto* when

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they cannot help themselves. Any organisation of wage-earners at all is still opposed tooth-and-nail by a large section of the French middle classes, which take the view that Trade Unionism makes, not for responsible association, but for irresponsible agitation; and the more the view prevails, the more it will be justified: the more the Syndicates are denounced as revolutionary, the more revolutionary they will become. Picketing is illegal in France, and "persuasion" is almost invariably considered by the courts as an "infringement of the right to work." The result is that strikers, knowing that in spreading a strike it is ten to one on their breaking the law, break it deliberately, and smash blacklegs' cottages. Finally, there never has been a "Taff Vale decision" question across the Channel, for the simple reason that no French Trade Union ever had power enough to inflict any lasting damage on a trade, or has ever possessed by a long way enough capital to be held usefully liable. This in a country where "unified" Socialism is a power in Parliament. French Labour looks up in awe to British Trade Unions as to powers in the land.

French Labour has little more to gain by theorising, but much by practice. A vague and crude "Collectivism" has many adepts; the rights of Labour are fewer than in England. In the future, French Socialism will by a curious anomaly be supported by the country in practice and opposed in theory. It is only apparently paradoxical to say that French Socialism will be popular inasmuch as it makes for individualism. In any struggle for such conquests as the right of meeting, it will gradually gain the support of a great part of the nation, as now popular sympathy, in opposition to many employers, maintains the right to strike. In any attempt to narrow, instead of broadening, social life, and to tighten the grip of the State in the name of the social weal, it will have the nation against it. Circumstances which could arise only in France gave Socialists these latter years a part to play, and one stroke of active policy did more for them in the country than much propaganda. Their alliance with the Bloc of the

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Republicans against the "White" Revolutionists, from Royalists of a Jacobite turn of mind to mere adventurers, and all more or less under the rule of Clericalism, the bugbear of France, proved them public-spirited and ready to join with the hated *bourgeois* for the sake of their common freedom; practical as well as utopian; individualists as well as Socialists. The *bourgeoisie* has looked upon them with human sympathy ever since. One cannot suppose that English Socialism will ever have a similar part to play. It has its own stalking-horses in lieu of the "defence of the Republic," and of a totally different breed—the questions of the unemployed and of the *latifundia* of England, the first of which has not for the present, and the second of which cannot have, any counterpart in France. These special British problems give to British Socialism a particular twist of its own, and here comparison is impossible. But our Labour may yet have something to learn from Socialism in France. The French *bourgeoisie* has "discovered" individualism; our individualism can for the present be left to itself. But France has learnt already to foresee that any "pure" Socialist State which may ever come about will have to rediscover the individual.

LAURENCE JERROLD.

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WALTER PATER[1]

WRITING about Botticelli, in that essay which first interpreted Botticelli to the modern world, Pater said, after naming the supreme artists, Michelangelo or Leonardo:

> But, besides these great men, there is a certain number of artists who have a distinct faculty of their own by which they convey to us a peculiar quality of pleasure which we cannot get elsewhere; and these, too, have their place in general culture, and must be interpreted to it by those who have felt their charm strongly, and are often the objects of a special diligence and a consideration wholly affectionate, just because there is not about them the stress of a great name and authority.

It is among these rare artists, so much more interesting, to many, than the very greatest, that Pater belongs; and he can only be properly understood, loved, or even measured by those to whom it is "the delicacies of fine literature" that chiefly appeal. There have been greater prose-writers in our language, even in our time; but he was, as Mallarmé called him, "le prosateur ouvragé par excellence de ce temps." For strangeness and subtlety of temperament, for rarity and delicacy of form, for something incredibly attractive to those who felt his attraction, he was as unique in our age as Botticelli in the great age of Raphael. And he, too, above all to those who knew him,

[1] No "official biography" of Walter Pater has appeared, or is ever to appear. But the latest volume in the series of "English Men of Letters," "Walter Pater," by A. C. Benson, gives, with sympathy and simplicity, an adequate narrative of the few external facts of his life and analysis of his published writings.

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can scarcely fail to become, not only "the object of a special diligence," but also of "a consideration wholly affectionate," not lessened by the slowly increasing "stress of authority" which is coming to be laid, almost by the world in general, on his name.

In the work of Pater, thought moves to music, and does all its hard work as if in play. And Pater seems to listen for his thought, and to overhear it, as the poet overhears his song in the air. It is like music, and has something of the character of poetry, yet, above all, it is precise, individual, thought filtered through a temperament; and it comes to us as it does because the style which clothes and fits it is a style in which, to use some of his own words, "the writer succeeds in saying what he *wills*."

The style of Pater has been praised and blamed for its particular qualities of colour, harmony, weaving; but it has not always, or often, been realised that what is most wonderful in the style is precisely its adaptability to every shade of meaning or intention, its extraordinary closeness in following the turns of thought, the waves of sensation, in the man himself. Everything in Pater was in harmony, when you got accustomed to its particular forms of expression: the heavy frame, so slow and deliberate in movement, so settled in repose; the timid and yet scrutinising eyes; the mannered, yet so personal, voice; the precise, pausing speech, with its urbanity, its almost painful conscientiousness of utterance; the whole outer mask, in short, worn for protection and out of courtesy, yet moulded upon the inner truth of nature like a mask moulded upon the features which it covers. And the books are the man, literally the man in many accents, turns of phrase; and, far more than that, the man himself, whom one felt through his few, friendly, intimate, serious words: the inner life of his soul coming close to us, in a slow and gradual revelation.

He has said, in the first essay of his which we have:

> The artist and he who has treated life in the spirit of art desires only to be shown to the world as he really is; as he comes nearer and nearer to

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perfection, the veil of an outer life, not simply expressive of the inward, becomes thinner and thinner.

And Pater seemed to draw up into himself every form of earthly beauty, or of the beauty made by men, and many forms of knowledge and wisdom, and a sense of human things which was neither that of the lover nor of the priest, but partly of both; and his work was the giving out of all this again, with a certain labour to give it wholly. It is all, the criticism, and the stories, and the writing about pictures and places, a confession, the *vraie vérité* (as he was fond of saying) about the world in which he lived. That world he thought was open to all; he was sure that it was the real blue and green earth, and that he caught the tangible moments as they passed. It was a world into which we can only look, not enter, for none of us have his secret. But part of his secret was in the gift and cultivation of a passionate temperance, an unrelaxing attentiveness to whatever was rarest and most delightful in passing things.

In Pater, logic is of the nature of ecstasy, and ecstasy never soars wholly beyond the reach of logic. Pater is keen in pointing out the liberal and spendthrift weakness of Coleridge in his thirst for the absolute, his "hunger for eternity," and for his part he is content to set all his happiness, and all his mental energies, on a relative basis, on a valuation of the things of eternity under the form of time. He asks for no "larger flowers" than the best growth of the earth; but he would choose them flower by flower, and for himself. He finds life worth just living, a thing satisfying in itself, if you are careful to extract its essence, moment by moment, not in any calculated "hedonism," even of the mind, but in a quiet, discriminating acceptance of whatever is beautiful, active, or illuminating in every moment. As he grew older he added something more like a Stoic sense of "duty" to the old, properly and severely Epicurean doctrine of "pleasure." Pleasure was never, for Pater, less than the essence of all knowledge, all experience, and not merely all that is rarest in sensation;

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it was religious from the first, and had always to be served with a strict ritual. "Only be sure it is passion," he said of that spirit of divine motion to which he appealed for the quickening of our sense of life, our sense of ourselves; be sure, he said, "that it does yield you this fruit of a quickened, multiplied consciousness." What he cared most for at all times was that which could give "the highest quality to our moments as they pass"; he differed only, to a certain extent, in his estimation of what that was. "The herb, the wine, the gem" of the preface to the "Renaissance" tended more and more to become, under less outward symbols of perfection, "the discovery, the new faculty, the privileged apprehension" by which "the imaginative regeneration of the world" should be brought about, or even, at times, a brooding over "what the soul passes, and must pass, through, *aux abois* with nothingness, or with those offended mysterious powers that may really occupy it."

When I first met Pater he was nearly fifty. I did not meet him for about two years after he had been writing to me, and his first letter reached me when I was just over twenty-one. I had been writing verse all my life, and what Browning was to me in verse Pater, from about the age of seventeen, had been to me in prose. Meredith made the third; but his form of art was not, I knew never could be, mine. Verse, I suppose, requires no teaching, but it was from reading Pater's "Studies in the History of the Renaissance," in its first edition on ribbed paper (I have the feel of it still in my fingers) that I realised that prose also could be a fine art. That book opened a new world to me, or, rather, gave me the key or secret of the world in which I was living. It taught me that there was a beauty besides the beauty of what one calls inspiration, and comes and goes, and cannot be caught or followed; that life (which had seemed to me of so little moment) could be itself a work of art; from that book I realised for the first time that there was anything interesting or vital in the world

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besides poetry and music. I caught from it an unlimited curiosity, or, at least, the direction of curiosity into definite channels.

The knowledge that there was such a person as Pater in the world, an occasional letter from him, an occasional meeting, and, gradually, the definite encouragement of my work in which, for some years, he was unfailingly generous and attentive, meant more to me, at that time, than I can well indicate, or even realise, now. It was through him that my first volume of verse was published; and it was through his influence and counsels that I trained myself to be infinitely careful in all matters of literature. Influence and counsel were always in the direction of sanity, restraint, precision.

I remember a beautiful phrase which he once made up, in his delaying way, with "wells" and "no doubts" in it, to describe, and to describe supremely, a person whom I had seemed to him to be disparaging. "He does," he said meditatively, "remind me of, well, of a steam-engine stuck in the mud. But he is so enthusiastic!" Pater liked people to be enthusiastic, but, with him, enthusiasm was an ardent quietude, guarded by the wary humour that protects the sensitive. He looked upon undue earnestness, even in outward manner, in a world through which the artist is bound to go on a wholly "secret errand," as bad form, which shocked him as much in persons as bad style did in books. He hated every form of extravagance, noise, mental or physical, with a temperamental hatred: he suffered from it, in his nerves and in his mind. And he had no less dislike of whatever seemed to him either morbid or sordid, two words which he often used to express his distaste for things and people. He never would have appreciated writers like Verlaine, because of what seemed to him perhaps unnecessarily "sordid" in their lives. It pained him, as it pains some people, perhaps only because they are more acutely sensitive than others, to walk through mean streets, where people are poor, miserable, and hopeless.

And since I have mentioned Verlaine, I may say that

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what Pater most liked in poetry was the very opposite of such work as that of Verlaine, which he might have been supposed likely to like. I do not think it was actually one of Verlaine's poems, but something done after his manner in English, that some reviewer once quoted, saying, "That, to our mind, would be Mr. Pater's ideal of poetry." Pater said to me, with a sad wonder, "I simply don't know what he meant." What he liked in poetry was something even more definite than can be got in prose; and he valued poets like Dante and like Rossetti for their "delight in concrete definition," not even quite seeing the ultimate magic of such things as "Kubla Khan," which he omitted in a brief selection from the poetry of Coleridge. In the most interesting letter which I ever had from him, the only letter which went to six pages, he says: "Rossetti, I believe, said that the value of every artistic product was in direct proportion to the amount of purely intellectual force that went to the initial conception of it; and it is just this intellectual conception which seems to me to be so conspicuously wanting in what, in some ways, is the most characteristic poetry of our time, especially that of our secondary poets." What he praises, in the verse he likes, is its "precise and intellectual grasp on the matter it deals with"; and, in the poet, "one who has the talent of conceiving his motive with so much firmness and tangibility—with that close logic, if I may say so, which is an element in any genuinely imaginative process."

"Browning, one of my best-loved writers," is a phrase I find in his first letter to me, in December 1886, thanking me for a little book on Browning which I had just published. There is, I think, no mention of any other writer except Shakespeare (besides the reference to Rossetti which I have just quoted) in any of the fifty or sixty letters which I have from him. Everything that is said about books is a direct matter of business: work which he was doing, of which he tells me, or which I was doing, about which he advises and encourages me.

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In practical things Pater was wholly vague, troubled by their persistence when they pressed upon him. To wrap up a book to send by post was an almost intolerable effort, and he had another reason for hesitating. "I take your copy of Shakespeare's sonnets with me," he writes in June 1889, "hoping to be able to restore it to you there lest it should get bruised by transit through the post." He wrote letters with distaste, never really well, and almost always with excuses or regrets in them: "Am so overburdened (my time, I mean) just now with pupils, lectures, and the making thereof"; or, with hopes for a meeting: "Letters are such poor means of communication: when are we to meet?" or, as a sort of hasty makeshift: "I send this prompt answer, for I know by experience that when I delay my delays are apt to be lengthy." A review took him sometimes a year to get through, and remained in the end, like his letters, a little cramped, never finished to the point of ease, like his published writings. To lecture was a great trial to him. Two of the three lectures which I have heard in my life were given by Pater, one on Mérimée, at the London Institution, in November 1890, and the other on Raphael, at Toynbee Hall, in 1892. I never saw a man suffer a severer humiliation. The act of reading his written lecture was an agony which communicated itself to the main part of the audience. Before going into the hall at Whitechapel he had gone into a church to compose his mind a little, between the discomfort of the underground railway and the distress of the lecture-hall.

In a room, if he was not among very intimate friends, Pater was rarely quite at his ease, but he liked being among people, and he made the greater satisfaction overcome the lesser reluctance. He was particularly fond of cats, and I remember one evening, when I had been dining with him in London, the quaint, solemn, and perfectly natural way in which he took up the great black Persian, kissed it, and set it down carefully again on his way upstairs. Once at Oxford

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he told me that M. Bourget had sent him the first volume of his "Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine," and that the cat had got hold of the book and torn up the part containing the essay on Baudelaire, "and as Baudelaire was such a lover of cats I thought she might have spared him!"

We were talking once about fairs, and I had been saying how fond I was of them. He said: "I am fond of them, too. I always go to fairs. I am getting to find they are very similar." Then he began to tell me about the fairs in France, and I remember, as if it were an unpublished fragment in one of his stories, the minute, coloured impression of the booths, the little white horses of the "roundabouts," and the little wild beast shows, in which what had most struck him was the interest of the French peasant in the wolf, a creature he might have seen in his own woods. "An English clown would not have looked at a wolf if he could have seen a tiger."

I once asked Pater if his family was really connected with that of the painter, Jean-Baptiste Pater. He said: "I think so, I believe so, I always say so." The relationship has never been verified, but one would like to believe it; to find something lineally Dutch in the English writer. It was, no doubt, through this kind of family interest that he came to work upon Goncourt's essay and the contemporary "Life of Watteau" by the Count de Caylus, printed in the first series of "L'Art du XVIII. Siècle," out of which he has made certainly the most living of his "Imaginary Portraits," that "Prince of Court Painters" which is supposed to be the journal of a sister of Jean-Baptiste Pater, whom we see in one of Watteau's portraits in the Louvre. As far back as 1889[1] Pater was working towards a second volume of "Imaginary Portraits," of

[1] In this same year he intended to follow the "Appreciations" by a volume of "Studies of Greek Remains," in which he then meant to include the studies in Platonism, not yet written; and he had thought of putting together a volume of "theory," which was to include the essay on Style. In two or three years time, he thought, "Gaston de Latour" would be finished.

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which "Hippolytus Veiled" was to have been one. He had another subject in Moroni's "Portrait of a Tailor" in the National Gallery, whom he was going to make a Burgomaster; and another was to have been a study of life in the time of the Albigensian persecution. There was also to be a modern study: could this have been "Emerald Uthwart"? No doubt "Apollo in Picardy," published in 1893, would have gone into the volume. "The Child in the House," which was printed as an "Imaginary Portrait" in *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1878, was really meant to be the first chapter of a romance which was to show "the poetry of modern life," something, he said, as "Aurora Leigh" does. There is much personal detail in it, the red hawthorn, for instance, and he used to talk to me of the old house at Tunbridge, where his great-aunt lived, and where he spent much of his time when a child. He remembered the gipsies there, and their caravans, when they came down for the hop-picking; and the old lady in her large cap going out on the lawn to do battle with the surveyors who had come to mark out a railway across it; and his terror of the train, and of "the red flag, which meant *blood*." It was because he always dreamed of going on with it that he did not reprint this imaginary portrait in the book of "Imaginary Portraits"; but he did not go on with it because, having begun the long labour of "Marius," it was out of his mind for many years, and when, in 1889, he still spoke of finishing it, he was conscious that he could never continue it in the same style, and that it would not be satisfactory to rewrite it in his severer, later manner. It remains, perhaps fortunately, a fragment, to which no continuation could ever add a more essential completeness.

Style, in Pater, varied more than is generally supposed, in the course of his development, and, though never thought of as a thing apart from what it expresses, was with him a constant pre-occupation. Let writers, he said, "make time to write English more as a learned language." Mr. Benson is no doubt right in taking Ruskin, De Quincey, and Flaubert as among

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the chief "origins" of Pater's style. He is still more significantly right in pointing out that matter, in Pater, was developed before style, and that in the bare and angular outlines of the earliest fragment, "Diaphaneité," there is already the substance which is to be clothed upon by beautiful and appropriate flesh in the "Studies in the Renaissance." Ruskin I never heard him mention, but I do not doubt that there, to the young man beginning to concern himself with beauty in art and literature, was at least a quickening influence. Of De Quincey he spoke with an admiration which I had difficulty in sharing, and I remember his showing me with pride a set of his works bound in half-parchment, with pale gold lettering on the white backs, and with the cinnamon edges which he was so fond of. Of Flaubert we rarely met without speaking. He thought "Julien l'Hospitalier" as perfect as anything he had done. "L'Education Sentimentale" was one of the books which he advised me to read; that, and "Le Rouge et le Noir" of Stendhal; and he spoke with particular admiration of two episodes in the former, the sickness and the death of the child. Of the Goncourts he spoke with admiration tempered by dislike. Their books often repelled him, yet their way of doing things seemed to him just the way things should be done; and done before almost any one else. He often read "Madame Gervaisais," and he spoke of "Chérie" (for all its "immodesty") as an admirable thing, and a model for all such studies.

Once, as we were walking in Oxford, he pointed to a window and said, with a slow smile: "That is where I get my Zolas." He was always a little on his guard in respect of books; and, just as he read Flaubert and Goncourt because they were intellectual neighbours, so he could read Zola for mere pastime, knowing that there would be nothing there to distract him. I remember telling him about "The Story of an African Farm," and of the wonderful human quality in it. He said, repeating his favourite formula: "No doubt you are quite right; but I do not suppose I shall ever read it." And

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he explained to me that he was always writing something, and that while he was writing he did not allow himself to read anything which might possibly affect him too strongly, by bringing a new current of emotion to bear upon him. He was quite content that his mind should "keep as a solitary prisoner its own dream of a world"; it was that prisoner's dream of a world that it was his whole business as a writer to remember, to perpetuate.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

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ANTONIO FOGAZZARO

FOGAZZARO is the prophet of the new awaking of the Catholic Church; one of that group of writers in England, France, Switzerland, Austria, Russia, Italy, who are treating religion as the matter of supreme human interest and receiving an amazing popular response; one of those latter-day reformers who believe that the Church has but to act up to the original article of her constitution expressed in the words, *Regnum meum non est de hoc mundo*, to become once more the "one fold" of Christendom, and who, out of their very loyalty, are seeking to bring her back to her lost ideals. And there are many others, not Romanists, who share this enthusiasm, and who, valuing the liberty for which our fathers fought, rejoice in the dawn of this liberty in the older Church. To such as these every "clerical defeat," from the great *débâcle* of 1870 to the latest French election, has seemed but a step towards purging the poison of politics out of her blood; every stripping of temporal power has meant the restoration of so much vital energy to its proper spiritual channel. There are even many who, recognising not only her heritage of truth held in common with all Christendom, but also her unique hold upon the human heart in her deep comprehension of, and response to, its needs—the fruit of her age-long experience—like to count themselves the spiritual members, and their various cults the *sorores minores* (some day to be so acknowledged) of the one great Church, Catholic and Apostolic, the reverend and revered Mother of us all.

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To all such the present movement appears of an intense interest and significance. A religious mood such as this is, of course, no new thing in literature. Any reflex of human life must again and again return to this, its most universal note. As at the beginning of the twentieth century, so at the beginning of the nineteenth, writers were possessed by this recurrent theme. Chateaubriand was restoring religion to art at the same time that Manzoni's *Inni Sacri* were infusing its ideals into the popular movement of the day. But the mood passed; in the stupor that followed the feverish years of the Napoleonic domination the interest in religion died out, and when the intellect of Europe re-awakened it woke not to religion but to science.

Needless to recall how science dominated the middle century, and how the popular mind, intoxicated with a little knowledge, cast aside its old gods, false and true alike. The new conception of evolution and the extended knowledge of natural law had, as everybody knows, their first crude effect in an enormous loss of religious faith. Atheism was the great word on people's tongues, soon relegated to the lower sort of working-men's clubs, where boys in their teens fulminated on the strength of a couple of penny pamphlets against the wisdom of the ages, and modified on the lips of the better educated into the more reasonable word Agnosticism, a word still favoured by many, were it only as a sounding term for throwing the whole business over the hedge. Whatever the word of the moment, the spiritual inspiration was gone, and writers of romance were thrown back upon their sensuous perceptions—with results not at first entirely displeasing. But the sensuous, thus materialised, could not but degenerate into the sensual. Romance, to sum up some words of Pompeo Molmenti's, became first physiological, then pathological, then putrid.

Inevitably, and mercifully, the reaction has come. Science is seen to be but in its infancy, or at most in its adolescence, and not yet in position to challenge convictions rooted in elemental human nature and truths recognised before it was

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born. The general intelligence is beginning to perceive what the finest intellects have all along seen, that natural and spiritual law are neither intersecting lines which run athwart each other, nor parallel lines which never meet, but radii of the same circle, merging in the central truth. First there has been the rehabilitation of religion as belonging to a reasonable intelligence, then the renewed insistence on the Christian definition, and finally the movement represented by Fogazzaro, in which the future is boldly claimed for the Catholic Church, no longer a temporal but a spiritual power, no longer Roman but Universal.

The three contemporary Italian novelists, Gabriele d'Annunzio, Grazia Deledda, and Antonio Fogazzaro, are to some degree typical of three stages in this development. D'Annunzio, whose genius is beyond all question, who in respect of art is the greatest of the three, whose fine imagination, poetic insight, delicate sense of beauty, and magic spell of language, should have made his work a great gift to literature, is nevertheless without moral greatness. The refined sensuality which appears to form his philosophy of life has not sufficed to inspire a single strong and noble character. His books are an ornament to the *dolce favella*, not to the *alma d'Italia*.

Grazia Deledda is of a far nobler, a far stronger, but scarcely of a more inspiring spirit. Her realism is of the relentless type which spares no detail of the sordid, or even ghastly, wages of sin. Duty is her ideal, high, austere, cruel. Do right, she seems to say, though knowing that only evil will come. Gather up the forces of the soul and set forth steadily along the road of an august despair. Towards the end of "Cenere," representing her hero's mood, she writes: "Tutto era cenere; la vita, la morte, l'uomo; il destino stessa che la produceva." And though a few lines lower the book is closed with the assurance that "egli sentì che fra le cenere cova la scintilla, seme della fiamma luminosa e purificatrice, e sperò, e amò ancora la vita," yet there is no uplift in the words, and the

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conviction clings to the unamended thought. That, not this, is the true outcome of the whole matter; the close reads rather as if some instinct of wholesomeness had risen up and compelled her to give the lie, though feebly, to the whole philosophy of her own book.

Contrast Fogazzaro's handling of the tragedy of Cenere—the effect upon an upright man's career of a disgraceful and degraded mother—as it occurs, episodically, in "Daniele Cortis." There is an equal truth, an equal pain, but not an equal despair. His tragedies do not have their issue in the outer darkness. He has the immortal gift of recognising the ideal in the real, the poet's ear to discern the underlying harmonies of existence. Above the degenerate Epicureanism of d'Annunzio; above the brave but unillumined Stoicism of Grazia Deledda, he surveys with clearer eyes the mystery of life, *sub specie aeternitatis.*

The outward facts of Fogazzaro's life can be summed up in few words. He was born at Vicenza in 1842, amid troublous times for Italy and for Venetia. His father took part in the defence of Vicenza against the Austrians in 1848, while his mother sat at home making cockades for the troops. Though his imagination was thus stirred in childhood by the agitations and alarms of war, yet the family life was, on the whole, tranquil, occupied for the most part with the cultured interests to be expected in a city which liked to be called the Venetian Athens. The elder Fogazzaro was musical, an accomplished pianist, and a lover of Bach and Mozart, Beethoven and Haydn, even in the 'fifties and 'sixties, when classical music was little regarded in Italy. The boy was brought up amongst books, bred on Dante, in love with Ariosto. He was fond of English novels, especially those of Dickens. German he never liked and seldom read. Perhaps the events of 1848 had left him with the true Italian prejudice against the Tedesco. It is only fair to say, however, that he loved Heine—in a French translation! But no book was more constantly in his hands than Chateaubriand's "Memoires d'Outre-Tombe," the volume

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so beloved by Elena in "Daniele Cortis." Cortis himself, by the way, is represented as having had in his boyhood "un amor fantastico" for Chateaubriand's Lucile, wherein it may be permitted to suspect a touch of the author's autobiography. From his boyhood he was a dreamer of great dreams, resentful of the prose of life when it broke in upon his musings. Study for its own sake was his passion; the University degrees it brought were unimportant accidents. Needless to say, he had the usual sorrows of youth, the sharper for the fine issues to which he was touched. He went through his Freethinking period, when he revised his inherited creed and defined its relation to himself—"ma pur conservando sempre nel fondo un vago senso di spiritualità," says his biographer, Molmenti, though he does not add, as he might have done, that this innate sense of the spiritual was no more than his poet's heritage. He had his forty days in the wilderness, too, like most people who have a great task before them, and spent several weary years of apparent idleness suffering "il tormento di che si sente chiamato a qualche cosa e non s'è ancora trovato," years which in their lack of visible achievement were a disappointment to his friends and most literally a "torment" to himself.

The deliverance from this stage was reached in the writing of "Miranda," a poem in which a youth's transient love is wrapped—as youth wraps all its griefs—in an atmosphere of tragedy. It is a boy's poem, with some fine lines in it and a promise of better work to come. When, after long secrecy, his father was permitted to see it, it won his warm commendation. And no doubt the story of the youth's immature passion, of the maiden's fidelity and sorrow, of the death at his feet whereby she regains the love she had lost in life, provides legitimate matter for a tragic poem. But Fogazzaro had not quite weight enough for it at the time; he was too inexperienced, too young. Not that he was a boy in years, for he was already fully thirty; but it appears that the time a man takes to get to know the world depends greatly on how wide

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a world he is capable of. The poet has his horizons in infinity. It was part of this great heritage that he kept his youth so long.

Verses having filled up the intervening years, "Malombra" was published in 1881, at the expense of the author. It has since gone through many editions and been translated into various languages; yet nobody can blame the publishers for their first hesitation. Though the book had been in hand for six years, it showed on publication almost as much need of pruning as if it had been dashed off without revision. It is marred by perpetual digressions, too often vague and futile and with little relation to the subject in hand. The explanation is simply that Fogazzaro had been steeping himself in spiritualism, hypnotism, mysticism, and what not, without sufficient touch on ordinary daily life to provide the necessary correction, and that his mental grip was weakened, his thought diluted, his style spoilt by diffuseness. The book is in a sense a study of the Buddhistic conception of immortality in reincarnations and transmigrations of souls. The heroine, Marina di Malombra, believes herself to be animated by the spirit of the long-dead Cecilia Varrega, with certain tragic responsibilities attaching to that personality. Like Maria Selva in "Il Santo," and (to quote a still more recent example of an incident apparently growing in popularity!) Pierre Loti's Turkish heroine in "Les Désenchantées," Marina enters into a correspondence with an unknown writer whom she meets later in emotional and peculiar circumstances. The interest, for most readers, centres on this man, Silla. He has been compared to Werther and also to Hamlet, and is, as a matter of fact, like neither, though it is possible to discern traits of both. In any case, he forms a fine study of a certain type of intellectual temperament.

In 1882 Fogazzaro spent some time in Rome, an experience which seems to have developed that practical grasp of affairs, more generally associated with the poetic temperament than a superficial world realises. He studied political theories,

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and political practices, and learned to bring his idealism into touch with mundane conditions. The familiarity which he gained with the methods and surroundings of the Chamber of Deputies equipped him for the writing of his great novel, "Daniele Cortis," still his literary masterpiece, since the excellence, like the present vogue, of "Il Santo," lies rather in its propaganda than in its art.

"Daniele Cortis," "il breviario degli idealisti," appeared in 1885, and was at once seen to be, in point of art, a great advance upon "Malombra." There is more measure, more control. The fanciful element is more disciplined and superfluities are less tolerated. The hero, Cortis, is one of the finest creations of modern romance, a statesman, strong, virile, and dignified, carrying his high ideals into Parliamentary life, and exemplifying in the difficulties of his career the discouragement that invariably attends the effort to take the even way of justice rather than the easy slope of political partisanship. When he says that a Government must have regard to the religious sentiment of the nation a bruit goes round the papers that he is a clerical. When he denounces the evils of unworthy priests, the clergy of his own parish forbid the people to vote for him, or, would have done so had not his cousin Elena (with a fine disregard of general principles!) timed her charities well. When he proposes to establish a new and moderate party, to be represented by a journal called the *Democrazia Cristiana*, he cannot find a man to understand his aims. His ill-conducted mother, long supposed to be dead, appears upon the scene to shame him with her false emotions and her vulgar jealousies. Elena, the woman he loves, and who desires nothing better than to devote her life to him, is married to an unworthy and disgraced husband, and their friendship is a danger to them both. He takes his mother to live with him, supports Elena in her decision to go to America with her husband, and turns, as a brave man should, without self-pity and without despair, to the public work lying at his hand.

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The scene of their parting is utterly pathetic, he supporting her weaker will in the duty of abandoning him, and lifting her up out of her doubts into his own strong faith.

"'Daniele,' diss' ella 'ci vedremo più?'

"'Dio è buono,' rispose Cortis, gravemente."

Then they exchange their marriage vow in the words graven on the old column beside which they stand:

"INNUPTI SUNT CONIUGES NON CARNE SED CORDE: SIC CONIUNGUNTUR ASTRA ET PLANETAE, NON CORPORE SED LUMINE; SIC NUBENT PALMAE, NON RADICE SED VERTICE."

After she is gone he reads her parting message, left for him: "D'inverno e d'estate, da presso e da lontano, fin che io viva e più in là. 18 aprile 1882."

An hour later he sends this telegram, "Senatore P. Roma. "Parto subito per mettermi interamente a disposizione degli amici. CORTIS."

This is the keynote of the book, straightforward, uncompromising devotion to duty—an ideal as high, as exacting, as ever was Grazia Deledda's, but whose last word is not pain, nay, which offers the only antidote to pain, an antidote lying homely and at hand like the dock-leaf beside the nettle. This is Fogazzaro's "idealism"—to see the dock-leaf there, and to use it.

The mysticism driven out of "Daniele Cortis" by the sheer grit of its hero found a graceful outlet three years later in "Il Mistero del Poeta," a romance known to English readers through the sympathetic translation of Miss Anita MacMahon. It has some of the faults of the earlier books, and is indeed little more than a mist of love and tears, but its sweet and exquisite feeling has beauty even where it misses strength.

For the next ten years Fogazzaro, like the rest of the world, was occupied in adjusting his thought to the new theories of existence and of religion, brought into view by the new scientific discoveries. He was practically the only Italian Catholic to accept the theory of evolution, and his "Discorsi" and "Ascensioni Umane" are chiefly concerned with the

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Darwinian theories and their relation to religious thought. His attitude of mind to such questions seems to have a good deal in common with that of the late Professor Henry Drummond, whose "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" and "Ascent of Man" had such a phenomenal popularity some twenty years ago. The "Ascensioni Umane" has just the suggestion of the former in its thought that it has of the latter in its title.

This vein of religious disputation is pursued in his next romance, "Piccolo Mondo Antico," published in 1896, the hero, Franco Maironi, and his wife, being the protagonists for faith and scepticism. With Fogazzaro it is nearly always the man who is the believer and the woman the sceptic, a view which, while it reverses the popular idea in this country, has no improbability in the educated class of which he writes. Men, even irreligious men, usually prefer women to be religious, and women who are not trained to intellectual independence, generally take the view which wins the approval of those about them. But these women are not of the class from which Fogazzaro draws his heroines. There is in fact no rule of sex in the matter among educated people, unless it may be said that men are more often sceptics through indifference and women through defect of imagination. Fogazzaro's heroes and heroines are alike in earnest, and out of his characteristic view of a high spiritual sense on the one side and a keen practical intellect on the other there is developed a conception of love, as noble as it is rare, in which the man has some moral inspiration to offer to a woman with brains enough to judge of its worth.

"Piccolo Mondo Antico" is, on the whole, chiefly interesting as introducing the now famous Maironi family. Four years later in "Piccolo Mondo Moderno" we follow the earlier fortunes of Franco's son, Piero Maironi, the "Santo" to be. As he appears in this book he is by no means a saint, though there is the vein of mysticism in him which makes such a development possible, but merely a clever, cultivated man of the world,

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of no particular morality. Jeanne Dessalle, a young married woman, separated from her husband, falls in love with him, and he, being free from domestic ties, since his wife is in a lunatic asylum, is willing enough to devote himself to her. The story is not a pleasant one, being a somewhat detailed study of the decadent side of modern life, a study, which some of Fogazzaro's admirers regretted, though, as the event has proved, it has provided the germ of his most notable achievement.

In 1898, Miss Helen Zimmern, writing in the *Bookman*, hinted that Fogazzaro was then at work on a new book which should develop his philosophy of this "piccolo mondo," and set forth his views as to the future of the Church. "Il Santo" is that book. In it Piero Maironi, the profligate and decadent, appears as the saint of the new movement, the Teacher whose holiness of life and doctrine point the one way by which the Catholic Church may be restored to its ideals. The steps by which this conversion is attained are characteristic of the author and of Maironi. Called to the death-bed of his wife, he is brought to penitence by her words. In the night after her death, while keeping vigil in the chapel hard by, he sees, as it were, written upon the darkness, the words, *Magister adest et vocat te.* Obeying this call he leaves Jeanne and all his worldly associates, and buries himself in a monastery, not as a member of the Order, but as a humble outdoor worker. His purity of soul attracts the affection and reverence of his confessor, Don Clementi, the leading spirit in a group of Catholic Liberals, eager for reform. He sees in Benedetto (as Piero is now called), the master soul who will recall the Church to her true mission.

The history of this liberal movement, Benedetto's experiences among the peasant folk (who will have him a miracle-worker, disclaim it as he may), the sympathy of the Pope, the jealousy of the Curia, and the intrigues of Quirinal and Vatican, are the vivid material of the book. For those who care little for propaganda of any complexion, the atmosphere of romance is provided in the presence of Jeanne Dessalle, her persistent

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search for her lost lover, her solemn meeting with him before the altar, his promise to summon her at a supreme moment in the future, her continual interventions in his interest, and her final acceptance of the faith as she receives the crucifix from his dying hands. But to those who concern themselves with the signs of the times and with the religious movement of Europe, it is more deeply significant. Fogazzaro is no longer in Italy as a voice crying in the wilderness. He is only one of thousands of Liberal Catholics, Christian Socialists, Catholic Democrats, or whatever name they may prefer, who will no longer submit their souls to the governance of such as seek to keep the Church out of her inheritance of light and growth, and who are insistent in their demand for her freedom and reform. Fortunately there seems reason to hope that in the Vatican itself there is a growing spirit of liberality; it was not quite without protest that "Il Santo" was at last put upon the Index. Fogazzaro's own loyalty is as unfaltering as his zeal for purity. "Ciascuno di voi adempia i suoi doveri di culto come la Chiesa prescrive, secondo stretta giustizia e con perfetta obbedienza," says Benedetto to his friends, though he has not shrunk from telling the Pope that "quattri spiriti maligni" have entered into the Church "per farvi guerra allo Spirito Santo." They are "menzogna," "dominazione del clero," "avarizia," "immobilità." Who shall say that they are all confined to Rome? Cortis in political, and Maironi in religious, life are the protagonists of the same ideal, expressed years ago in Fogazzaro's confession, "Io sono cristiano cattolico, accetto quindi tutti i dogmi nel loro vero e proprio senso, dalla isperazione dei libri sacri alla infallibilità pontificia," and proved in his unquestioning submission to the Council's decree against his book. His letter (printed in the *Morning Post* of April 28) is that of a devout son of the Church, to whom obedience is an elementary duty. It is strange how fully he has had to walk in the footsteps of his own hero, Cortis, in suffering the attacks of the clamant partisans on both sides. The Clericals have denounced his book as

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unfit for the faithful to read, and the Anti-clericals have in their turn denounced his submission as proving him unfit to hold his place on the Council of Education. The Italian Government has shown its wisdom in that it has refused (on June 15—the news comes at the moment of writing) to remove him.

Apropos of the confession just quoted, Molmenti says, "ma nel cattolicismo separa cio che egli, come i pochi veri credenti, accoglie come ispirazione divina, dalla ire e dalla fiere intransigenze del clericalesimo costituito in parte politica." This he sees to be the great evil, as indeed it is the bane and degradation of every church and sect where it occurs, "questo ignobile connubio della religione con la politica." It is not that he would wish to forbid the clergy their interest in public affairs. For him "il prete che non si sente cittadino e un oltraggio alla stessa religione," but there is a class of priest in which he sees a disgrace and menace to the Church, "il clero politicheggiante, incapace d'ogni alto ideale, privo d'ogni istruzione scientifica e letteraria, misero di pensieri e di sentimento." It might be worth the while of observers belonging to other communions to leave our horrified exclamations at such a state of things and inquire what is the deep secret of vitality in a Church which has survived the ministrations of such priests as these.

As a writer Fogazzaro is the child of Manzoni; as a social reformer he has much in common with Lamennais. DIEU ET LIBERTÉ, the motto of Lamennais' paper, *L'Avenir*, might have served for Cortis' *Democrazia Cristiana*, Lamennais too found in the Catholic Church the great voice of humanity, and the channel of the Divine response. Lamennais too declared that the Church, were it but freed from political shackles, would give new life to the world. The phrase, "a *bonnet rouge* planted on a cross" marks rather a distinction than a resemblance between the different ideals, but the cross is common to both if the *bonnet rouge* is not. They have both loved truth and desired to see it enthroned in the Mother Church. And to neither of her sons has the Mother

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Church been particularly grateful, though more so now than then. For now it is the Church herself who is beginning to wake from sleep, and respond to the cry for light and progress. And in view of the function of a Church in this world, it is good to see in the forefront of a movement for sincerity a personality that can be described, even after criticism has enumerated all possible limitations, as "sempre significativa di un alta spiritualità."

HARRIET REID.

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CRICKET SHARPING

THE sixpenny crowd, in whose name this article is written, likes the county championship. It does not wish to see it abolished. On the contrary, it takes great pleasure in watching the performances of its favourite county; and in the same way it enjoys the publication of individual averages, both bowling and batting. If it were possible to record the performances of successful fielding it would enjoy these also.

It is easy to anticipate the indignation of some cricketers at being asked to consider the opinion of the sixpenny crowd. It is also wise to do so; and to point out, in return, that in this matter of cricket sharping the crowd are really better sportsmen than the performers. An additional reason for considering the views of the "crowd" is to be found in the fact that without its support cricket cannot be played on the present magnificent scale.

During the year 1906 an immense amount of correspondence on the subject of cricket has been published; and the publicity has been most profitable to the game. So many suggestions have been made, and so many criticisms offered, that it seems almost presumptuous to sum them up, and still more presumptuous to add to the number. Nevertheless, it may be indicated that the spirit of the great agitation of 1906 was, in fact (although inarticulately expressed), a determined effort to put cricket before the championship; and while retaining this interesting feature of our public life, to insist that it should be subordinated to the game. Instances of the contrary spirit prevailing (to

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the detriment of both) will be given here, together with some suggestions for dealing with that spirit.

Inasmuch as there are now sixteen first-class counties, it is clear that one cannot pretend to survey the whole field of the subject without a Teutonic exhaustiveness which would be tedious and ineffective. It is, therefore, the object of this short paper to give examples of what is implied by "cricket sharping" from the experience of one club of which the author happens to be an insignificant member. It may as well be stated at once that nothing was done, in the cases here cited, that was not in accordance with existing rules and customs. But by slightly (and sometimes considerably) straining those rules and customs, results have been reached so very different from those which would have been attained if the championship had not existed, that "sharping"—if a sharp word—is no unfair way of describing the process. No great permanent harm has been done so far; and a few influential men could set everything right without the slightest difficulty.

We will begin with the match between Essex and Yorkshire, which was played at Leyton on August 24, 25 and 26, 1905. Essex went in first, and made 521. Yorkshire followed, and did not do well. J. W. H. T. Douglas took five wickets in eight balls (doing the "hat trick"), a feat unrivalled, I believe, in first-class cricket, and Yorkshire were all out for 98 early in the afternoon of the second day. A lucky shower of rain and a successful "appeal for light" shortened the play, and Yorkshire only lost one wicket in the second innings before stumps were drawn. The light was tricky, but not bad: we will return to this point later, noting here that a bad light is the bowler's chance.

On the third day Yorkshire went in and stayed at the wickets all day without attempting to make runs. Hirst was at the wickets five hours for 90, E. Smith was in an hour and twenty minutes without scoring. Thus Yorkshire drew; and now let us look at the effect of Yorkshire's action on the game and on the championship.

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It is true that Yorkshire by averting a defeat retained the championship, but at what cost? At the cost of impressing upon everybody who saw the play the conviction that if this is the result of the championship, the sooner the championship is abolished the better. For, would any sane man maintain that Yorkshire would have played such a game if the championship had not been at stake? Not that their play was a violation of any law or custom. In a certain ancient system of legislature there was no penalty provided for parricide, because such a crime was unimaginable. Similarly there is no provision against an eleven going to the wickets and staying there all day doing nothing; because it was never foreseen that any eleven men outside a lunatic asylum could wish to do anything so dull and unprofitable. The game of cricket is a game in which each side goes in twice and tries to make as many runs as possible. A game in which a crack team goes in and avoids making runs throughout a whole day, under a cloudless sky and on a perfect wicket, may be many things; but it is not cricket. As a spectator said, at the height of the intolerable tedium, "Ce n'est ni magnifique in la guerre."

If the effect of this match was detrimental to the cause of the championship, it was disastrous to cricket as a game. It deepened the impression that there are certain counties who will not accept defeat. It is, therefore, useless to go and watch them, because we know that if they are in a tight place there is nothing that they will not do rather than take a fair beating. None the less, excellent authorities have expressed great admiration for Yorkshire's "magnificent defence." It has been compared to Waterloo; a significant comparison! It is precisely because we look on a battlefield as a playground and a playground as a battlefield that our Army is an absurdity and our cricket degenerates into a trade. Clearly on a question of this kind nothing can be done except by all the captains deciding to put the game before the championship. There was no reason (taking even the lowest point of view—a pitiable thing when we are talking of first-class cricket) why on this

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occasion Yorkshire should not have gone for a win. Derbyshire, in a match played at Chesterfield in the year 1905, nothing daunted by the huge score of 596 made against them, got Essex out for a trifle, went for the runs, and scored a glorious win. What one county can do, another can do.

"Petty sharping,"—such as dawdling out of the pavilion instead of coming out smartly on the fall of a wicket, fiddling with one's gloves, calling for the screen to be moved at a critical moment, wasting time in every possible way, in short —is easily dealt with. It has been publicly suggested that the captain ought to order such a player back to the pavilion. One can hardly imagine anything more painful and undignified. There is no need for a single word on the subject. The captain has only to draw his pen through the name of such a player when he is proposed at the next selection committee, and to repeat the process until the cricketing world is convinced of the sincerity of his disapproval.

We now come to the question of the growing professionalism of the game; and on this point a rule could easily be passed. When we see elevens turning out with two amateurs, or one amateur, and sometimes turning out without even one amateur, it is clear that professionalism has bitten deep into the game. What objection can there be to restricting the number of professionals to the larger half of the eleven? It cannot be a hardship to either party to allow not more than six professionals in every team, leaving the county to provide at least five amateurs. A county that cannot turn out five amateurs is really not fit for first-class cricket. Yorkshire must be indulgent if Yorkshire cricket is once more cited: it is the penalty of eminence. Will any one maintain that that huge county cannot produce three more amateurs very nearly as good as those professionals now playing?

It is sincerely to be hoped that the premier county will see its way to bringing forward this rule, which would come with grace and authority from such a source. It may be urged that this would imperil the county's retention of the championship;

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but that is no argument, because the whole object of the move is to deliver cricket from the tyranny of the championship. Besides, even the trifling weight which such an argument might possess with a sportsman disappears before the consideration that every other county would lie under the same disability to play all its professional talent, so that Yorkshire would probably retain its position, while its cricket would be far more interesting to watch. It is well to inquire who takes the initiative in founding a cricket club, or in working a county club up to first-class form—the professional element or the amateurs? Who arranges for the buildings, the ground, the plant; for that most difficult matter—the catering? Who takes all the risks and responsibilities? The professionals or the amateurs of the county? To ask the question is to answer it. We may as well at once admit that if we want to see cricket played in absolute perfection, we must see it played by two elevens each of which is composed of men who are playing for their living. But, then, do we want to see cricket raised or lowered to that level? To ask that question, too, is to answer it. The sixpenny crowd would unhesitatingly answer: No.

We now come to "appeals against the light," which have always been a most annoying way of wasting the time, and have pressed most unfairly on the bowlers. In the year 1906 the "appeal" was so monstrously abused as to produce a new rule of the M.C.C. to deal with the question. Before going into the details of the match it is well to record that a cricketer's memory is long, but not vindictive. He does not forget; but he does not remember with acrimony. Both the match against Surrey, to which reference will now be made, and the match against Yorkshire already discussed, produced a vast amount of bad feeling at the time; and it would be idle to pretend that they did not. But both events are already classic, and can be discussed with entire mental detachment.

On May 14, 1906, Surrey went in first at the Oval and scored 287. Essex followed; and, after a disastrous begin-

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ning, rallied. In the end they put on 429, thus holding a handsome lead of 142. For the last hour the order had been, "Make runs or go." W. M. Turner hit out magnificently, and when the innings was over there was more than an hour left. That was exactly what Essex had been playing for—to get, perhaps, three wickets before close of play. The bell rang, the umpires went out, the Essex men took their places in the field, the Surrey batsmen came out to the wickets; but, before the first ball was bowled Surrey appealed against the light, the appeal was allowed, and the cricketers returned to the pavilion. It would be difficult to say whether the pavilion or the sixpenny crowd were the more angry and disgusted. The M.C.C. showed its appreciation of the case by producing (almost instantaneously, when we consider the habits of that deliberate body) the following rule, which is here quoted from memory: "The umpires may, if the captains disagree, decide that the light is too bad for play to continue." The exact wording of the rule is as follows:

THE BAD LIGHT QUESTION.—JUNE 6, 1906.

The following notice was issued yesterday at Lord's by the Committee of the M.C.C.: In consequence of play being so frequently suspended on appeals against the light, the following rule will now prevail: "The umpires may decide on appeal from the captains, they having disagreed, that there is not sufficient light for play."

The *Times* reviewed the match with much severity; remarking on the unfairness of robbing opponents of their victory by "legally decamping." It is impossible to say anything harsher, or more morally justifiable.

Here, then, is a case—a flagrant case—of subordinating the game to the championship; and public opinion—expert and amateur—was unanimous, and loud in its condemnation. Of course, if it were not for a county trembling for its position in the championship, or a batsman trembling for his average, these tactics would find no place in first-class cricket. But, being there, the question is how to eliminate them? It is

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submitted that the new rule is inadequate. To begin with, it is not fair to throw the burden of responsibility on the umpires. Umpires, as a rule, are poor men, whose fees for umpiring form a substantial contribution to their incomes. They cannot afford to risk a black mark against their name at Lord's; it is too much to ask of human nature that they should order a crack county to go in when Fortune has declared against them. Who, then, ought to decide? The sixpenny crowd says "The Captains." So that the rule they want would run as follows: "In the case of an appeal against the light, the game shall go on unless the captains agree that the light is too bad to play." The sixpenny crowd not being a great, or even a coherent, authority, it is important to note that this rule was advocated by Mr. Bosanquet in the *Pall Mall Gazette.*

Clearly the appeal must be made by signal from the pavilion—say by lowering the flag twice. The rule would be reduced to a nullity if the captain of the batting team were allowed to stop the play while he conferred with the Captain of the team in the field. He might make such an appeal every five minutes, which would be as effective as stopping the game altogether.

It will be said that the captains will never agree. They will do so in all genuine cases. Such are, for example, days when a "sea-roke," as they call it in Yorkshire, drifts over the ground at Brighton, making it as hard for the bowler to see the wicket as it is for the batsman to see the ball. Similar conditions may prevail once in a season on every county ground; and unless the light is as bad for the bowler as it is for the bat there is no reason for stopping play. For (it cannot be too often or too strongly urged) a poor light is the bowler's chance. There are days (as a great batsman once observed) when the ball looks as large as a plum pudding: it is impossible to get out. In these circumstances bowlers are expected to be good humoured and persevering while, for hour after hour, they are being knocked all over the field; and yet when their turn comes, when the sky is no longer clear, the

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light has grown tricky, and there are good chances from badly-timed strokes, they are to be baulked of their opportunity because the batsmen are afraid that they may get out. But that is precisely what the bowlers want them to do. As at present worked the rule about the light is too often nothing but a most unfair handicap on the bowling.

Just as a bad light is the bowler's chance, so a bad ball is the batsman's chance. Yet bowlers are allowed as many trial balls as they like, and often take six or seven. Why should not the batting side have the chance of scoring off a loose ball? Quite apart from the unfairness of allowing the bowler to practise while the batsman is not allowed to do so, there is the question of time. Let any observer of the game count the minutes lost in this way; he will find that on a three-days' match they amount to enough time to decide many a close match that is now drawn.

A plucky attempt to abolish the drawn match—that exasperating event—was made in 1906. It was proposed to abandon the present rather complicated system of decimal scoring, and to count one for a win on the first innings and three for a win on both innings. Dozens of instances of the advantageous working of this rule will occur to every observer of the game. Take the Yorkshire match above referred to. Essex deserved one point for scoring 582 against the champion team, and then getting them out for 98. Then comes the question should Yorkshire play for safety? or go for the brilliant thing? If they played for safety the game is no worse off than it was; if they went for the win on the whole match we should have seen a day of magnificent cricket instead of the dreary play that we actually saw. If Yorkshire recovered their form (as why should they not?) Essex would have lost the point gained on the first innings and Yorkshire would have counted three. If Essex retained the upper hand they deserved three instead of one for holding their own so long.

The proposal was very well received, considering that it was brought up for the first time. It is believed that the

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more it is examined the more useful it will be seen to be. To sum up, that large section of the cricketing public, known as the sixpenny crowd, want to see—

(i) The drawn game abolished.

(ii) The amateur element safeguarded by a rule restricting the number of professionals playing to a maximum of the bare majority of the team—six out of eleven.

iii) The trial balls abolished.

(iv) The question of "appeals for light" taken out of the hands of umpires and placed with the captains.

They like the championship and the publication of their favourites' bowling and batting averages; but, above all, they like the game, and they want to see its interests considered before everything else—the championship included.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA,
July 12, 1906.

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THE MUTINY AT VELLORE

(JULY 1806)

[Exactly one hundred years ago, and almost exactly fifty years before the appalling mutiny which shook the British rule in India to its very foundations, a mutiny and massacre on a smaller scale occurred at Vellore, then a fortified town situated about eighty-eight miles to the west of Madras. After the conquest of Seringapatam in 1799, the whole of Tippoo Saib's family, twelve sons and eight daughters, were removed by the British to Vellore, which was fitted up for their residence, and a liberal allowance was made for their support. On July 10, 1806, a revolt and massacre took place in the town, in which some of the family of Tippoo were active participators. The causes which led to this mutiny, and the circumstances of it, are narrated in the following letter, which was written from Madras in September 1806 by a lady whose husband occupied a high position, and from which it will be gathered that the outbreak at Vellore was not an isolated attempt, but was intended to be followed up by others, the consequences of which might have been far more serious.]

MY DEAR HETTY,—I presume that you will have had in the newspapers, before you receive this, some account of the insurrection at Vellore; but, as our Government here were in no hurry to communicate an affair likely to do them so little credit, I expect that you will have had accounts by the way of France, either from the Isle of France or from Tranquebar, long before any account reaches you regularly; and as those accounts will doubtless be exaggerated by the French, I should not be surprised if you were told that we were all murdered, as I believe, indeed, it was intended we should be.

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This unhappy affair seems to have arisen entirely from the obstinacy and arrogance of the Commander-in-chief and the people belonging to him; but as his doings were not controlled by the Government, who had the power to control him and ought to have exercised it, they seem altogether equally blameable. The old officers of the Company, by long residence in this country, became well acquainted with the habits and customs of the natives; they kept them in a state of strict discipline, but they never ventured to thwart their prejudices of any kind, above all they regarded those of a religious nature, amongst which must be classed their dress, in some parts, their marks and the cutting of their hair and whiskers, with many other particulars which may appear matters of mere indifference to an enlightened European. Their customs differ in every caste, and distinguish them from each other. These trifling forms, which they daily observe, constitute the religion of the Hindoos. A few of the Brahmins excepted, they know no other. When they go to the temples, it is only to look at the image or to celebrate some festival, and all they have to do is to follow the procession when the image is carried out. But the marks on their foreheads are considered by them as most sacred, and their whiskers are only cut as a mark of mourning for the death of a parent. The Muslemans have not these marks on the foreheads; but their whiskers are equally sacred, and to say to any one, "I will cut your whiskers," or to offer to touch them, is an affront of the most unpardonable kind. Now the regiments of Sepoys are composed of a mixture of Hindoos and Muslemans; and hitherto they had been most faithful to their leaders, they never have shown any inclination to rebel upon account of severities exercised on their persons, nor have they turned their backs on the battle. A few Europeans led them on, and they have ever shown great bravery in following them. But some of the gentlemen who have lately come out have been quite above regarding their religious prejudices, and the present Commander-in-chief issued orders that the Sepoys should wear no marks

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on their foreheads, and should appear closely shaven. The Sepoys were terrified at these orders, and the Muslemans in the palace with Tippoo's sons, and doubtless many others who must bear our yoke with great impatience, took advantage of this alarm and persuaded the Sepoys that we were going to make them lose their castes, and, having thus made them pariahs, to force them all to become Christians. But this was not all; they have a violent dislike to anything made of leather (I mean the Hindoos have), and neat's leather is absolute pollution. The Brahmins when they wear anything on the feet have a wooden sole or patten fastened on by means of a stud, which passes between the great toe and the next to it: how they contrive to walk with them I know not; but they would not endure a strap of leather, and the people of the other castes or some Brahmins engaged in business with Europeans who have got rid of their prejudices so far as to wear the ornamented shoes made in the fashion of the shoes of the Muslemans, leave them on the outside of their houses and wash their feet before they enter. Any person who uses leather in his trade is infamons —the shoemakers are the lowest outcasts, below the pariahs far: they make harness for horses, &c., and they burn the dead and are the executioners. They live nowhere near the other people, they eat cattle and horses which have died, and frequently die themselves in great numbers by so doing. The Sepoys have from time to time been brought, without orders strictly for the purpose, to wear leather belts, and various straps, &c., necessary to their uniform. This has been brought about by the native officers, who have great power with the Sepoys, and act under the English officers. They love finery, and are certainly more fond of imitating us than is generally believed; they now copy us in all they consistently can, as they heretofore copied the Muslemans their former masters, but all this has been done without threat or force. They have even gone so far in their civilities and their desire to look regular, and like the British troops, as to come to the parades without the marks on their foreheads; but then as soon as they go home

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they make their supplications, that is, repeat certain collects which they are taught; and in order to which they must first wash and put on their marks—thus at home for the sake of religion they appeared in their proper dress, and were well satisfied to forbear their customs when on duty. But these late unnecessary orders led them to fear that they were to be wholly prevented from putting on their marks, and thus be mingled together with sects bearing, like other religious sects, mutual hatred to each other; nay that, worse than that, they should appear like pariahs, the utmost evil they know and dread. I am told by those whom I can trust that no order was ever before issued for this compliance, nor was it thought heretofore prudent to venture upon giving one. Some time ago a native Sepoy would sooner have been cut down than wear his drawers more than, or so far as, halfway down the thigh, for drawers and breeches or any clothes made up by tailors are what they dislike—their clothes are worn as they come from the loom—and what we use as a pocket-handkerchief either checked or blue, the Pullicat handkerchief generally, fastened by a string round the waist, is all the dress of the ordinary natives (even though of good caste) when they are at work. By degrees they have made their drawers to approach nearer to the knee, and some of the regiments have got them below like pantaloons; but this has all been done by hair-breadth advances. You perhaps do not know that they wear no shoes or stockings. I have now been so long in the country that I have forgotten what struck me at first, but you would, I daresay, think it odd enough to see a field full of fine troops, elegantly dressed in all other respects, but bare-footed. I used to think as I saw them in the ranks that they had black shoes and gaiters. Formerly the colonel of every regiment dressed his own corps, and as he knew from what districts they were raised he understood the humour that prevailed among them, and acted accordingly. But Sir John Craddock, who last came out as Commander-in-chief, and who is the weakest man, I think, that ever I spoke to, and as arrogant as weak, took it into his head to dress all

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the regiments himself and to dress them all alike. Colonel Agnew, the adjutant-general, is next to the general, and next below him (deputy-adjutant) a Captain Pearce; who he is I do not know, for I never saw him; but for these last two years have heard much of him, and from all I can find he is a young man whose friends have mistaken his talents and made him an officer instead of a tailor, in which latter department he might have made a great fortune, for he invents all sorts of new lappels and ornaments, caps, &c. As those above him adopted his fancies, the Sepoys have had innumerable changes in their dresses and caps; unfortunately, the Sepoys pay for these new whims out of their own pay, and they have been so expensive that some of the regiments have been reduced to half their allowance by means of these abatements, and have been a good deal chagrined by it. The last unfortunate invention was a new cap of leather raised very high. The troops upon first sight of these caps objected to wearing them, first as being of leather, which they liked not to wear on their heads, but chiefly on account of the shape, which they said was exactly like that of a drummer's; and, as the drummers are pariahs, they were induced to believe that the putting on these caps was the first step towards overturning all their ancient religious practices. The imprisoned sons of Tippoo and their adherents, who are allowed a great sum annually, availed themselves of this ferment to bribe and to persuade the Sepoys to rebellion; but it was naturally to be expected that such persons would exert all their force to regain their former power, and such an opportunity ought not to have been given them. The officers of the regiments who delivered out these caps were in some cases hissed at and hooted by the troops, an expression of resentment which was quite new and unexpected; but, if the caps had been wisely suppressed and a few of the worst of the men punished, the affair might have ended. The commanders, however, did no such thing, they insisted upon it that the caps should be sent to all the regiments. They were accordingly taken to another set, who one

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and all took them off their heads and trampled on them. Nine of the ringleaders, as they were called, were brought down to Madras and here passed publicly through the streets in irons, destined to receive the most dreadful military punishment; but as the commanders began to perceive that they were somewhat unlucky in their designs, and being unwilling at the same time to avow their mistake, they did, I think, the worst thing they could do—they ordered the offending regiment to march down and put them on duty in the Fort (to keep guard as they do about the Tower or St. James' Park). There they appeared all day in every part without their caps and with red handkerchiefs round their heads—this was designed as a means of mortifying them; but I fear that on the contrary it was the means of creating in their minds a horrible disgust to us, and of laying them open to the suggestions of those who are our enemies. A thousand Hindoos pass every gateway of the Fort for one European. All these men are bound by the same prejudices as the Sepoys are, indeed they are one and the same people, brothers, fathers, it may be—and their firmness in rejecting these badges would be to them matter of triumph rather than of regret. Here, however, they remained for a long time—but meanwhile their accumulated grievances, some real some fancied, by stirring them up to fury produced the horrible affair at Vellore, of which you will have doubtless heard too much before you read this account of its rise. The fate of the regiment doing duty in this disgraceful manner at Madras, and the nine men in irons awaiting a most severe punishment, was made use of by the sons of Tippoo, who have been kept prisoners in the Palace at Vellore since the taking of Seringapatam, and served to ripen a design that had been long formed. A conspiracy was formed by the Sepoys to murder all the Europeans and take possession of that Fort. One of the Sepoys gave information of this conspiracy to some of the officers, but they were so over-confident as to distrust the information. They called a few of the native officers up and inquired of them into the truth of the affair; but they, as was natural,

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denied it; the informer told the officers that it was denied by the native officers because they were themselves concerned in it—and they in return said that the poor man was mad. Their words by some infatuation were trusted, and no precautions were taken. On the night of July 9, after the officers and everybody had retired to rest, a dreadful howling was heard, and this was followed by firing in all directions. Some of the officers rose and went out, others in despair hid themselves, and the women and children ran across the places, whilst the shots were flying in all directions. Colonel Fancourt, a mild, religious and worthy man who commanded, was covered with wounds and died; two other officers, merely by accident passing through the town, were shot through twenty times over in their palanquins; the paymaster, and in short all the Englishmen that could be found, were killed; two young officers were shot in a bath where they had concealed themselves. They fired into the barracks where the English soldiers (the 69th) were asleep, and in short spent the whole night in murder and plunder. They took down the British flag and hoisted the Musleman's flag, which was flying till nine in the morning; but meanwhile the English officers had contrived to send a messenger to Colonel Gillespie, who fortunately came with extraordinary speed to the assistance of those who remained alive, the chief of whom were a company of the 69th, who had taken possession of a place over one of the gateways, and kept possession of it by extraordinary exertions. They were firing their last charges when Colonel Gillespie appeared—they drew him up, the gates were opened, and all the insurgents put to the sword; at least 600 Sepoys were instantly killed, some officers are said to have cut down twenty or thirty with their own hands. It was a dreadful slaughter, and none were spared. In such a desperate case, perhaps, nothing else could be done, the British flag was replaced, and a stop put to the proceedings; but the plan was formed with a design to murder the Europeans here and in every station hereabouts.

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Two days after an attempt of the same kind was made at Hydrabad, a place many days' journey distant, and in several places the symptoms of rebellion appeared at the same time; and, indeed, it is said that the plan was long ago formed. The affair at Hydrabad was put a stop to by the howling of the women, who, when their husbands rose in the night to perpetrate their designs under an idea that the Europeans would finally prevail, raised such hideous yells as alarmed the garrison and prevented them. Some time afterwards they made a second attempt, and upon a signal a whole company took off their leather stocks and trod them under their feet; the next company were proceeding to do the same when the spirited conduct of Captain Smithies, a young officer, so intimidated them that they took up their stocks again; but upon retiring from the parade so far recovered their ill-humour as to hoot and hiss.[1] A committee was sent from hence to Vellore to inquire into the particulars of the affair there. You will probably see their report sooner than we shall; for, though we are so near, and though many people are terrified to a great degree by their apprehensions of danger, no particulars are made public; all we hear is the private accounts of people who were present and have escaped, but all that can be suppressed is. For, indeed,

[1] Captain Smithies' own account of the incident was as follows: "Things wore a suspicious appearance on the 26th, when the 15th Regiment were at parade; the 1st Battalion of them took their stocks off and threw them on the ground, in defiance of discipline and every other consideration. I observed a man of the Grenadier Company of the 2nd Battalion seize his stock, evidently to induce the remainder to follow his example. I instantly stepped out of the ranks and seized him, which had such an instantaneous effect that no other man in the corps pulled off his stock. The 1st Battalion, seeing they were not followed by the 2nd Battalion (such cowards are mutineers), immediately buckled on their stocks again, and the regiment was peaceably dismissed for the evening. As I was retiring to my house I was hooted and insulted by the Grenadier Company of the 2nd Battalion, who would not quit their arms, and something serious was expected to happen. If anything does happen they vow to be revenged upon me; however, I have the consolation to know I am well armed, and should be able to shoot two or three probably before they could force me to retire."

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well may the rulers be ashamed of inciting by ignorance and idle arrogance so horrid a massacre—and one, too, of so mischievous a nature that years may not do away the consequences of it. Hitherto, every officer, with a handful of Europeans, led an army of Sepoys with confidence. These Sepoys have now learned to turn their arms upon their commanders, and by so doing, though a few have been sacrificed, the rest have obtained redress of their grievances; the melancholy state of things was such that all sorts of concessions have been made to the Sepoys. One of the sons of Tippoo alone appears to have been implicated in this attempt; however, they now no longer inhabit the magnificent palace at Vellore, they were all brought down, to the number of thirteen, and a few of their chief women, and put on board a ship prepared for the purpose about a week ago, and I suppose are now in Bengal, there to be kept at a less expense and in a stricter state of confinement. Their wives, the Begums, the children, a numerous train, are to proceed to Bengal by land, and the palace at Vellore is to be applied to some other purpose, as a college, &c. Nothing could exceed the timidity of the Governor during this affair—he is said to have ridden round his garden for exercise, being afraid to venture into the roads, and all concerned are trying to shift the blame from one to another. I cannot guess who will appear to be the culprit when the accounts reach you! The lowest will be likely to bear the burden of blame. The Commander-in-chief blames Colonel Agnew, he blames Captain Pearce; the Commander-in-chief says he did read the orders, he is contradicted; a censure has been published in the orders of the native officers. It is said that they ought to have come forward and have communicated to Government the dissatisfaction of the troops about the shaving and the caps. Now nothing can be more unjust than this, for how could they think of coming formally forward to communicate a thing so well known? They would have been punished if they had, and the answer would have been, "We know it, we are putting a whole regiment to public scorn by making them

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do duty without caps and we have nine men in irons." M—— has got a copy of poor Mrs. Fancourt's narrative which she wrote after she had recovered herself, but she was for a fortnight in a state of stupor. She is a very quiet, innocent woman. She was some time concealed with her children under a bed and afterwards in a stable. As she and some other ladies and children were missing for some time, the first accounts we received stated that they had been killed. The unhappy Sepoys, however, furious as they were, killed no woman. They met the wife of an officer in the dark flying with her child in her arms; they were firing; but the first who saw her distinctly cried out, "It is a woman, don't touch her," and on going near her and perceiving her terror and weakness, he took her to an out-house in a retired part, and sent his wife to nurse her child for her. Is it not extraordinary to think of such tenderness in the midst of fury? and is it not a pity that a being with such a heart could not (however he had been misled) have been spared from the general slaughter that followed? One child alone they killed. It was a dreadful murder, a murder intended as a piece of revenge; and unhappily the revenge fell by mistake on the wrong person, if indeed any parents could have deserved such a dreadful calamity. To this affair hangs a story. A young officer, with the carelessness too common with young men in India, was amusing himself with shooting, and not perceiving anything around him but black men and trees he did not take great pains to call out, and shot an infant belonging to a wedded pair. He was seized, however, or at least so noticed as to be complained of to the regiment; but, as the military men here are extremely averse to all judicial proceedings, instead of sending the officer down to take a public trial they first held, what I am told they had no right to do, a court-martial, to ascertain whether or not he ought to be sent before a grand jury, and decided that he ought not, as he did not shoot with a design to kill the child. The parents of the child, however, were much dissatisfied with this easy way of dis-

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missing a man whom they considered as the murderer of their child. I do not know the name of this officer; but in the darkness of the night at this fatal time the parent of this infant met a young man, a Lieutenant Ely and his wife, with her child in her arms, and mistaking him for the young officer who had shot his child he killed him before his wife's face, and then taking the child from her arms shot it crying, "blood for blood." Mrs. Fancourt is a daughter of a Mr. Farrer, an attorney, perhaps you may remember the name of Farrer in large letters at the high house in Lincoln's Inn Fields at the corner of Queen Street—poor woman she picked up a ball that was shot into the room whilst she with her children and the maids were concealed under a bed—it came close to her.

MRS. FANCOURT'S NARRATIVE

Wednesday Evening, *July* 9, 1806.

Colonel Fancourt and myself retired to rest at ten o'clock. About the hour of two on Thursday morning we were both awakened at the same instant with a loud firing. We both got out of bed, and Colonel F. went to the window of his writing-room, which he opened, and called aloud, and repeatedly, to know the cause of the disturbance, to which he received no reply, but by a rapid continuation of the firing by numberless Sepoys assembled at the Main Guard.

Colonel Fancourt then went downstairs, and about five minutes after returned to his writing-room, and requested me to bring him a light instantly. I did so, and placed it on the table: he then sat down to write, and I shut the open window from which he had spoken to the Sepoys, fearing some shot might be directed at him as he sat, for they were then firing in all directions from the Main Guard. I looked at my husband, and saw him pale as ashes. I said: "Good God! what is the matter, my dear St. John?" to which he replied: "Go into your room, Amelia." I did so, for I saw his mind so agitated,

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I did not think it proper to repeat my question at that moment. I heard him two minutes after leave the writing-room and go out of the house. Between three and four o'clock I believe the firing at the Main Guard ceased and the drum beat, which I afterwards found was owing to my husband's exertions to quiet the Sepoys. I heard no more firing for some time. It then began again at the European barracks. After my husband left the house I hear he returned again, though I imagine but for a moment; I certainly heard the door of his writing-room tried very soon after the firing had ceased at the Main Guard, but having, after he quitted me, bolted the door, if it was him, he could not enter. When I heard the door attempted, I called out, "Is it you, St. John?" to which I received no answer, but if it was him he quitted the house immediately. I bolted all the doors in my room and brought my children into it; I fell on my knees and fervently prayed that Colonel F.'s endeavours to restore peace to the garrison might be crowned with success and his life spared through the mercy of God. I dressed, and twice cautiously opened the hall door, and felt my way to the lower end of it to look where they were firing most; I perceived it was chiefly directed towards the European barracks. The last time I ventured from my room, between the hours of four and five, as I stood at the lower door of the hall, which was quite open to the verandah, a figure approached me; it was so dark I could only see the red coat by the light of the firing at the barracks. I was dreadfully frightened, expecting to be murdered, and, having left the children in my bedroom, dreaded their last hour was come. I had, however, courage to ask who was there; the answer I received was: "Madam, I am an officer." I then said: "Who are you?" to which the gentleman replied: "I am an officer of the Main Guard." I inquired what was the matter. He said it was a mutiny; that every European had already been murdered on guard but himself, and that we should all be murdered. I made no reply, but walked away to my room where my babes and female servants were. The officer went out of the opposite

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door of the hall, where we had spoken together, and never got downstairs alive, for he was butchered most cruelly in Colonel Fancourt's dressing-room. I have since heard his name, Lieut. O'Reilly, of the 1st Battalion 1st N. Regiment.

When I had this conversation with the above-mentioned officer, I began to think it unsafe to quit my room again. As soon as daylight appeared I went into Colonel Fancourt's writing-room, and looked through the venetian on the parade. I saw some soldiers of the 69th lying dead, four Sepoys were at that moment on the watch at Colonel Marriott's door, and several issuing from the gates of the palace. The latter were not firing; indeed, I think they were unarmed, and making a great noise. They were at this time firing on the ramparts, and apparently in all parts of the fort; at least, I heard firing in many different directions, though at the main guard and barracks all seemed quiet. They were then employed in ransacking the houses, intent upon murder and plunder. I at this moment gave up all for lost; I opened my dressing-table drawer and took out my husband's miniature, which I tied on and hid under my habit shirt, determined to lose *that* but in death. I had secured his watch some time before to ascertain the hour. I had hardly secured this much-valued resemblance of my husband before I heard a loud noise in the hall adjoining my bedroom. I moved softly to the door, and looking through the key-hole discovered two Sepoys knocking a chest of drawers to pieces. I was struck with horror, knowing their next visit would be to my apartment. My children and three female servants were at this time lying on the mat just before a door, which opened into the back verandah, and which, at the commencement of the mutiny, seemed the safest place. As shots were fired at the windows, we were obliged to remove as far as possible from them. I whispered my ayah that the Sepoys were in the hall, and told her to move from the door. She took the children under my bed, and begged me to go there also. I had no time to reply, for the door we had just left was at that instant burst open. I got under the bed, and

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was no sooner there than several shots were fired into the room; but, although the door was open, nobody entered. I took up a ball which fell close to me under the bed; the children were screaming with terror at the firing, and I expected our last hour was come; but willing to make one effort to save my babes, I got from my hiding-place and fled into a small adjoining room by the back staircase. I opened the window, from which I only saw two horsekeepers. I returned instantly to my bedroom, and desiring the ammah to take my little baby in her arms, I took Charles St. John in my own, and opening the door of the back stairs, ran down as quickly as possible. When we got to the bottom, we found several Sepoys on guard at the back of the house. I showed them my babes, and told my ayah to inform them they might take all we had if they would spare our lives. One of them desired us to sit down in the stable with the horses; another looked very surly, but did not prevent our going there. Whilst we stayed in the stable I told my ayah I had my husband's watch, and requested she would hide it for me; she dug up some earth with her fingers, and threw it over the watch, and put two or three broken chatties upon it. We had not been seated five minutes before we were ordered away by a third Sepoy; he told us to go into the fowl-house, which had a bamboo front to it, and in consequence we were quite exposed to view, till the same man brought us an old mat which we made use of, by placing it before the door to hide ourselves; and afterwards the same Sepoy brought my little boy half a loaf of bread, to satisfy his hunger. Here I suppose I sat about three hours, in the greatest agony of mind, endeavouring to quiet my dear Charles, whom I found it very difficult to pacify, he was so alarmed by the constant firing, and cried sadly to go out several times. I saw the Sepoys from my concealment taking out immense loads of our goods on their backs, tied up in table cloths and sheets. They all went by way of the Ramparts, which made me fear they had still possession of the works. I know not how I was sup-

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ported. Through the mercy of Providence I fainted not, I kept my senses through all the horrors of the night and morning. What I most dreaded to hear was of my husband's murder, and I really believe I should have braved death and searched for him on the Parade, had not the situation of my babes withheld me from the rash attempt. The dread of having them murdered in my absence, or leaving them wretched orphans, made me remain in this place of concealment. I hoped for the arrival of the 19th Dragoons from Arcot. The few lines Colonel Fancourt wrote in his room I thought most probably were intended to be sent express to Colonel Gillespie (who was that morning coming to spend a few days with us) but whether Colonel Fancourt had the means of sending off his despatch or not, I was quite ignorant. Still, however, I thought the news must reach Colonel Gillespie on the road by some means or other, and hearing a tremendous firing at the gates, strengthened my hopes that the regiment was arrived. Our house appeared at this time quite deserted by the Sepoys, but suddenly several of them rushed into the compound, and called out, as my ayah said, to find and murder me. She requested me to go in to the farthest corner of the fowl-house, which I did, taking Charles with me, and covering him with my gown. I had much difficulty to keep him quiet; he screamed so, every instant I expected we should all be murdered, but the firing at the gates became now so strong, they were obliged to fly to it, and once more vacated the house, by which means we escaped death. I was so thirsty as several times to drink dirty water out of a dirty chatty and gave the same to my dear Charles also. At last I heard distinctly the horse of the 19th on the drawbridge, and the huzzah repeated aloud. Then I hoped everything, and presently after heard them enter the Fort. An officer rode in and called for me by name, but I could not answer or move again. I heard my name repeated and saw an officer in a red jacket, who I thought looked like my husband. I sprang forward to meet him, it was Mr. McLean. I called for my husband, he told me he was alive.

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Colonel Gillespie and Mrs. McLean then joined us, and both gave me the same assurance. They took me upstairs, and placed me in a chair, giving me wine and water to drink. When the agitation of mind was a little calmed, they told me Colonel Fancourt was wounded, though not dangerously, and that he must be kept quiet. About an hour after I was told by the surgeon of the 19th my husband was in danger, but that worse wounds had been cured, they were flesh wounds, and the balls had not lodged. Hope still made me think he would recover, I would not even ask to see him, thinking the sight of me would agitate him too much.

Alas! I found, too late, there was no hope of him from the first, for he breathed his last about four o'clock the same evening. Thank God! he died easily; his death was happy, I am fully satisfied, for he lived religiously, and met his death in the faithful discharge of his duty.

July 24, 1806.

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CLERICAL FEELING IN FRENCH CANADA

THERE is sometimes in the history of a country a supreme phase, a climax, after which public interest flags, and the account of subsequent events ceases to obtain from the world at large any serious and sustained attention. From this misfortune the history of Canada has not, it must be owned, wholly escaped.

The Dominion of Canada, once the scene of picturesque old legends and of soul-stirring adventure, the country of ode and epic, offers us now another kind of poem—a poem which, by virtue of the gigantic sweeps of its horizons, is a fine one, but still it is a poem *didactique*.

Homer sang the "Iliad"; then came Hesiod, who described "Works and Days." So Canada, once the battle-ground of two great nations, has become the granary of England and the home of peaceful European emigrants, descendants of those same two nations, who, in these latter days, seem about to clasp hands in honest friendship.

Thus it is that the chronicles of Canada, in losing their poignant and terrible characteristics, have also lost their charm for the majority who believe the motto, "Happy nations have no history." As the inevitable outcome of the accepted but erroneous ideas on Canada a certain indifference towards Canadian history has finally led to a species of friendly con-

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tempt towards its inhabitants. It is always the case that, in proportion to the lack of interest shown in certain events, is the esteem in which are held the men concerned in those events. Then the argument continues its course in the contrary direction.

I do not think I am wrong in stating it as a fact that during many years England showed but scant consideration towards her British subjects in Canada; and this consideration was still more lacking towards those Frenchmen who, with the English, form within the British Empire the nation of Canada.

The fate of the French-Canadians is almost remarkable. As yet they have succeeded neither in winning the complete sympathy and interest of the country which has taken them under her protection, nor in arousing the attention of the nation to which they owe their origin. If, indeed, England looks upon them only as rough farmers, honest and homely, it is true, but incapable of much progress, France concerns herself even less about them. Only a few years ago their existence was either entirely forgotten in France, or else they were believed to be living almost as savages.

They have never been savages, but it cannot be denied that their manners and appearance remain those of uncultured peasants. It would hardly become France to complain of that; for it was France who, after the English conquest, abandoned her children with a light heart, and it was her officers and gentlemen who deserted the devoted Colonies in favour of the attractions of the less austere French Court. Perhaps even the English may have cause to say, "Mea culpa," too, for, as far as we know, they have neither made any attempt thoroughly to investigate the cause of this intellectual inferiority, nor have they sought to remedy it. It is difficult to justify such indifference on the part of either England or France. The study of the history of the French-Canadian people offers much of interest from more than one point of view, for the French-Canadians have a grasp of

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constitutional matters, they have a faculty for the discussion of public affairs, and they are capable of material and far-reaching reform.

However, Canada suffers less from being unknown than from being misunderstood.

None seemed better qualified than the French to produce an honest and trustworthy account of French Canada, but the subject has not been approached from an honest and trustworthy point of view, and we make no secret as to the reason. Such impressions of Canada as have been gained by French travellers have all been inspired by preconceived ideas or biased motives. To those for whom everything is tinged with Chauvinism the proverbial attitude of the ostrich is attractive, and they cry "I have seen," though all the while they have resolutely buried their heads in the sand. Bombastic books and pamphlets, which describe with the utmost enthusiasm the "love cherished for France by the Canadians," the "fervent wish felt by the Canadians again to become French," are brought back to us from Canada. Such talk is sickly sentimentality. Too strongly to condemn such imaginary patriotism is impossible; to misrepresent patent facts for the mere pleasure of doing so is wholly indefensible. Whatever her future may be, French Canada will never again be for France, and her definite intention to that effect is clear. To study the country with an open and unbiased mind will convince us of the truth of this statement.

Perhaps it would be as well to touch, in passing, on the various writers whose outlook in Canada seems bounded by external features alone. The pretentious example of M. Paul Bourget has been followed by men who evidently believe that the outward appearance of Canada represents its inner spirit, and who overwhelm us with a mass of trite and diffuse description, for the most part very indifferently written, and stories such as the "Guignolée" are inflicted upon us until we are sick of them. These stories may originally have had the merit of being picturesque, but they fail to give us the

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least real insight into Canada. Some writers, on the other hand, concern themselves only with purely economic questions, which are doubtless of importance, but, being an effect rather than a cause, they do not explain Canada as a whole.

At last to the Land of Snows came some Frenchmen who both knew what to look for and what to avoid; they were men who prized silence highly, and who were scrupulously careful to hide from their readers all that they had discovered in Canada. During the last two or three years they have granted to certain of their countrymen the privilege of letting fall on the public, ray by ray, a little of the light which shone upon those pioneers during their brief sojourn in Canada. None of the light should now be kept back, and it must be realised that, unless a study is made of the clerical question, it is useless to hope to understand French Canada. It is this question which holds the soul of Canada in an iron grip. Facts alone need be taken into consideration here, and these facts are not merely of historical and speculative interest—they belong to the order of things which are eminently practical and instructive. The clerical question comes home to every nation, to France as well as to England; but it is of vital importance to England, who owes it to herself not to remain in ignorance of the very significant facts which are occurring at this moment in one of her finest Colonies.

Ever since 1760, when the articles of capitulation were presented by M. de Vaudreuil to General Amherst, the trace of the *congréganists* is clearly indicated by the amount of attention bestowed on clerical affairs. At that date, the Jesuits already held the province of Quebec as their undisputed domain, and the secular clergy were wholly infected by their ultramontane spirit. When Père Bréboeuf and various other Jesuits landed on the Canadian coast on June 19, 1625, they brought with them the very essence of Romanism itself, and at no time did the traditions of the Gallican Church carry any weight in Canada. By summoning the Jesuits to Canada, the Order of St. Francis gave them an opportunity of estab-

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lishing themselves in the country, and this they proceeded to do in the most diplomatic manner. They began by securing for themselves the *rôle* of heroism and martyrdom; and then wasted no time in gaining property, privileges, and finally every form of influence. For a time, perhaps, they may have found the results of the English conquest rather disturbing, for the Government forced them to leave the country, but they had for consolation both the hope of a speedy return, and the knowledge that they left behind them a clergy wholly impregnated with their mode of thought; and still less did the clergy regret English dominion, for they realised to what extent the influence of the French philosophers and the encyclopedists was imperilling the Church of France, and they foresaw evil days ahead.[1]

There is no reason at all to doubt that the clerics hoped to obtain from the British Government a still greater liberty and a wider sphere of action than they had possessed under the former *régime*. The British Government showed its statesmanship by making use of every expedient that could tend to conciliation, and though it imposed certain restrictions upon Catholics, it left them as unfettered as possible. Thus did the protestant King of England uphold the authority of the Catholic Church, which swayed the hearts of sixty thousand Canadians. When the transfer of the Colonies was effected, the Canadian ecclesiastics hastened to make their allegiance to the British Crown, and at the time of the American invasions in 1775 and in 1812, they gave ample proof of their loyalty;[2] and, says a Canadian writer, "the zeal displayed by the two bishops, Briand and Plessis, in their efforts to maintain the confidence of the Government was only equalled by their endeavours to win concessions from their rulers."[3] It is

[1] "The supreme benefit conferred upon us by the Heart of Jesus was that it dragged us out of the arms of the Mother-country in time to save us from the fatal effects of the Revolution." ("The National Flag," a Canadian pamphlet, 1904.)

[2] "History of the Seigneurie of Lauzun." By J. Edmond Roy, vol. ii.

[3] "The Canadian Clergy: Their Mission and Work." By L. O. David, Montreal.

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difficult to deny that the priests have, so to speak, pressed the advantages of loyalty on the French-Canadians, whose own immediate interests have been confused with the permanent interests of the clergy. The clergy, and this is the gist of the whole matter, have, under the British dominion, not only kept all their former liberty, but they have acquired still greater advantages than they had hitherto possessed.

They are, even in these days, abundantly profiting by all that was won for them at the time of the conquest. If their numbers, during the first thirty years of the British rule, did not increase very perceptibly, it was owing to the attitude of the Government, which forbade recruiting for the Canadian Church abroad; but in 1793, when the veto was removed, the numerical forces of the priests, swelled by a large and steady influx of French ecclesiastics,[1] grew with rapidity, and this influx, far from having ceased, is even now on the increase. It is interesting to observe the powers of adaptability shown by priests and *congréganists*, who, in France, are the avowed enemies of England and of the *Entente Cordiale*, but who can yet so easily transport themselves and all that they value to the monasteries and livings of a British colony. Such contradictions are very human. The majority of the Canadian priesthood was therefore composed of Canadians and Frenchmen, and of Frenchmen who could not, as a rule, lay claim to much intellectual distinction. They were mostly the residue from the seminaries, and, with a very few exceptions, they were possessed by a hatred of all spiritual independence; French ultramontanism brought reinforcements to Canadian ultramontanism. Congregations simply swarmed, and in 1840 the Jesuits founded their College at Montreal. The list of congregations of men which have been established in Canada is in itself significant. There are, at this present moment, to be found members of the Order of St. Sulplice, Jesuits, Brothers of the Order of St. Viator, Maristes, Domini-

[1] I do not mention the Irish clergy, as this article only refers to the French-Canadians.

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cans, Fathers of Christian schools, Oblate Fathers, Fathers of the Immaculate Virgin, Fathers of the Holy Sacrament, Franciscans, Brothers of the Order of St. Gabriel, and of St. Ploermel, Trappists, Redemptionists, Brothers of *le Sacré Cœur du Paradis*, of the *Congrégation de Marie, Chanoines réguliers de l'Immaculée Conception, Basiliens, Eudistes*, &c.

Who can wonder that they all flock to Canada? The Province of Quebec is, as a Catholic writer puts it, the most highly favoured stronghold, the very Eldorado of Catholicism. This description is in every way justified, for the Canadian priests, both regular and secular,[1] are undeniably possessed by a craving for the accumulation of wealth, which craving they contrive to gratify in various ways, though the levy of the dime appears to be the most profitable source of revenue.

> Dues and dime thou shalt pay
> Faithfully to the Church,

says one of the Church commandments, printed in the Canadian Catechism, and to fail to pay one's dime constitutes a serious sin—in fact, one of the sins which comes into the list of those dealt with by the bishop. Is not the levying of the dime, so to speak, a "divine right"? "God Himself," writes a Canadian bishop,[2] "has assigned to us as our heritage both dime and temporal revenue." The Canadian people should, no doubt, render to God what is God's; but Cæsar in the shape of the law, has had to be invited to enforce legal penalties on those for whom spiritual coercion has proved inadequate. No. 27 of the Capitulation articles asked that the British Government should make the payment of the dime obligatory, and it became law.

At the end of the war, while their parishioners were realising with sad hearts all the havoc and ruin that had been brought upon them, the priests were mainly occupied in seeking to recover such debts towards the Church as had fallen into arrears.

[1] There is very little difference between the regular and the secular clergy in Canada. Very often a *congréganist* does the duty of a *curé*. The pervading spirit everywhere is purely *congréganist*.

[2] Mgr. Bourget, in his circular letter of December 31, 1849.

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A letter from the Curé Youville to the Grand-Vicar Briand is typical of this. "Are the debts contracted by the parishioners towards the Church payable in kind? Do you advise legal proceedings against the debtors? . . . My people also owe the dime of 1760 . . . I await your advice on all these points." And M. Briand answered, "Let them pay in kind. You may exact the dime of 1760."

Such was the clerical pressure brought to bear that when in 1864 the Canadian Government put an end to the feudal system, "all privileges of an ecclesiastical nature were exempted from the operation of this reform. In 1877, the Civil Code confirmed the Church's legal right to the levy of the dime, and thus fixed its assessment: for farmers' families, one twenty-sixth of the harvest; for the families of other than farmers, one piastre (4*s.*) per communicant. Large families are common in Canada, so the dime can reach £2, £2 8*s.*, and £3.[1] Nor do the clergy entirely depend on legal support, should there be any difficulty about recovering the dime. The following is an instance taken at random. The Abbé T—— was growing old, and as he was a staunch supporter of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whom his bishop could not abide, he was in constant dread of being turned out of his living. Though he had saved over a hundred thousand dollars, he had no intention of allowing certain debts owing to him by his parishioners to lapse. He decided to have his church enlarged, insisted on the contractor only employing such men as had not yet paid their dime, and the excellent curé paid the workmen himself every week, after having deducted the larger part of their wages as due to himself.

To the levy of the dime must be added various house-to-house collections, one of which is particularly profitable. In the country it is called the "Visit of the Child Jesus." You must understand that, every January, the curé, accompanied by his churchwardens, visits each family in his parish, and

[1] According to actual official statistics, there are 3400 families of twelve living children in Quebec.

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receives from them what are in truth obligatory presents. Presents, we know, cement friendship. These presents may take the form of eggs, or bacon, or wheat, and these gifts in kind are soon changed by the curé into good honest money, for the following Sunday, instead of saying vespers, he sells the things by auction in the sacristy.

The thirst for luxury both in church and parsonage infects the Canadian clergy as much as does the craving after personal wealth. On this point the study of parochial accounts will be found instructive. Just after the war, it will be seen that £3514 was spent in the decoration alone of St. Joseph's Church, and that in 1778 there was an outlay of £1804 for the gilding of the tabernacle of the altar, &c. In his circular letter of December 2, 1850, the Archbishop of Montreal attempted to explain away this undeniable taste for luxury.

> Perhaps to some people the new bishop's palace may appear rather too sumptuous, but I must confess that on this point I gave way to an impulse of charity and of patriotism . . . especially as the cathedral town has not spent a farthing on the palace, which has been built through country subscriptions alone.[1]

On January 30, 1904, the curé of St. Louis de France de Montréal asked for subscriptions towards church bells.

> I want subscriptions on a large, on an abundant scale, good measure, running over [he said]. When you answer my appeal, you should send me a bank note, or at least some gold. Better still, a considerable number of you can afford to send a good cheque, payable to my order, for $25, $50, or $100.

When one reflects that the majority of Canadians have no private means, the priest's reference to "a considerable number among you" gives pause. But again and again we see the poor fanatical flock disburse at the imperative order of the shepherds. In 1890, the twelve thousand French-Canadians who were inhabitants of Hull provided the funds for a large church, which cost $150,000; a parsonage at $26,000, and the church ornaments at $30,000. The previous church had cost $80,000. The fire at St. Cunegonde on January 19,

[1] Circular letter of December 2, 1850.

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1904, burnt the church and threatened the parsonage. The damage done to the church was estimated at $100,000. The parsonage, which possessed various works of art, was insured for $27,000, and was said by the papers to be worth $70,000.[1]

It is not surprising that, during the last two hundred years, the Canadian Church has acquired enormous property in land as well as in personalty. Already in 1768 good ground to the extent of 228,888 acres was in its possession. What does the Church not now possess? Needless to say, I refer equally to the congregations. The fabulous riches of St. Sulplice are well-known, but after all, all the congregations in Canada are rich. Paragraphs are frequently seen in the newspapers, such as, for instance, "The Sisters of Mercy in Ottawa have sold five lots of ground for $40,000." This enormous "banking up of mortgaged lands" is what was denounced by M. Waldeck Rousseau as a national danger in his own country. At this actual moment, French-Canadian capital is in the hands of Rome.[1] It is curious to study the various forms in which is displayed this rapacity, this bitter love of gain. There is an amusing *naïveté* about some of the methods employed in money-getting; for instance, the clergy of St. Viato, when making an appeal for the articles absolutely essential in an agricultural orphanage, asked "for the sacred vessels and linen, the cloths for the altar, the albs, surplices and stoles, ornaments for Mass and Benediction, missals, the canons of the altar, the Stations of the Cross, &c," and the clothing for the orphans came last on the list. But as a rule the Church of Canada has shown more astuteness in its pursuit of wealth; for instance, it has succeeded in getting itself exempted from all municipal taxes. Half the town of Montreal belongs to the Order of St. Sulplice, and the other half pays all the taxes. When in 1875, a few laymen announced their intention of having this abuse done away with by the Canadian Parliament,

[1] It is known that under the Canonical Laws of the Church the Pope claims the ownership of all ecclesiastical property, and can dispose of it as he wishes.

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seven bishops instantly threatened them with excommunication should they persevere in their campaign against the Church.

These things, however, are as nothing when compared to the commercial dealings on which Canadian priests and *congréganists* embark. These business undertakings vary, but most remarkable are the lotteries, which Government is weak enough to tolerate; and on the proceeds from these lotteries, as much as by the money brought in by the numerous collections, are built rich and imposing convents, which in their turn become ecclesiastical markets. The convents of the Good Shepherd take in laundry work. The Trappists are more enterprising, but as their manufacture of alcohol was illegal, their still was seized one fine day. As to the Jesuits, the Dominicans, the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, and the Oblate Fathers, they devote themselves entirely to the sale of Gregorian masses. They, for their part, traffic in the souls of the dead. Valleyfield, on October 15, 1901, in *Le Journal: Rome Ecclésiastique*, thus explains the origin of this commerce:

> One day, St. Peter was complaining that after his death he would be able to do nothing more for the poor souls in Purgatory, and our Saviour said to him, "I will gladly accord thee a privilege which shall be thine alone—that every soul in Purgatory for whom thirty consecutive masses shall be said shall immediately be loosed from its debt towards Me, and more than that, I will deliver that soul from the debt of the offering made for it."

This praiseworthy business of selling masses for the dead was probably found very lucrative, for the following notice appeared in June 1901, in the *Messenger of the Blessed Sacrament of Montreal:*

> Our lords the bishops have decided that in future 50 centimes instead of 25 shall be paid for Gregorian masses, and such masses shall take precedence of those for which 25 centimes have already been paid. . . . All persons anxious to avail themselves of this are recommended to insert a clause in their wills to the effect that the sum of $15 should be paid at once for masses for the repose of their souls. . . . Rather than there should be any delay in paying the $15 for the thirty Gregorian masses, immediately after death, it would be better to economise on the funeral. . . . Do not let us forget that, with a very few exceptions, it is the fate of the dead to be forgotten, and therefore let us ensure our eternal happiness while there is yet time.

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The same train of ideas is to be seen in the rules and regulations for the congregations of young people in the parish of St. Jacques de Montréal. The points on which the rules and regulations mainly dwell are those dealing with subscriptions, and though these subscriptions are small, yet many drops make an ocean. One of these regulations is particularly striking:

> Any member of the congregation who dies without having paid his annual subscription during the three months' limit of grace allowed for payment will have no claim on the spiritual privileges accorded by the congregation. But if this member had already belonged to the congregation for several years, and had observed the rules, he would at death lose none of his privileges, always provided that his subscription for the current year was paid by his family.

It is needless to dwell on the very painful aspects of such traffic, such pious blackmailing, in matters of death and the world beyond the grave.

Life in a colony allows of the clergy trading openly in the country, and this in Canada they usually do for their own personal benefit. Of their commercial methods the following instance is typical. M. the Abbé G., traded in old horses, and also owned a flour-mill and a cheese-dairy. The flour-mill was a successful business, and the curé sold it very advantageously. The cheese-dairy, on the other hand, turned out a complete failure, and had to be closed. But all comes to him who waits; and after some years to the curé arrives a Frenchman anxious to find a paying business, and to settle down in Canada. M. the curé did not lose the chance of selling him the cheese-dairy as profitably as he had previously disposed of the mill. A few months passed, and the Frenchman discovered a little late how much he had been duped, and returned half ruined to Europe. It is said that there must of necessity be a large element of trickery in all trading, but is a representative of God justified in deceiving his customers from beginning to end? The dollar is Canada's supreme God, as is the case elsewhere, alas! even in the very temples of God. Mr. Muller saw this alarming notice in a

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Quebec church: "The front places are charged five sous, the back places three sous. If any one refuses to pay, the church-warden will take his name, and he will be summoned if during the next twenty-four hours he remains obstinate."[1] It may safely be said that, when some good curé ascends the pulpit his sole topic will be that of money. "Pay for your places, pay for your entrance, pay your dime, pay your assessment, pay Peter's pence, pay for this, pay for that."

In that delightful modern edition of "Paul and Virginia," a tale by Villiers de l'Isle Adam, two young lovers mingle their vows of eternal love with financial discussions. "While I was listening with rapture," says the writer, "to the sound of a kiss, the two love-birds disappeared, and I heard the echoes whisper, 'Money, a little money.'" The breath of the Catholic Church in the province of Quebec wafts these divine words across town and country, though with a little variation, 'Money, *much* money.'"

We have seen how the Canadian clergy, already strong in power and organisation under the French rule, found their position not only upheld but strengthened by the English Government; how, under the British *ægis*, the wealth and numerical force of the Church developed, and we have had instances of the very businesslike spirit which it still possesses. It is now time to examine more closely into some of its characteristics. To begin with, a curious childishness, a feature which is by no means of recent growth, is obvious in the order issued on February 20, 1785, by Mgr. Dosquet. The bishop, he says, "has learnt with grief that certain priests have worn wigs unnecessarily. They are much to be blamed for giving way to such slackness." Stimulated, no doubt, by Mgr. Dosquet's example, Mgr. Bourget, on November 26, 1860, addressed to his flock a circular letter concerning crinolines:

a form of garment which militates against decency . . . a fashion as ridiculous

[1] "Round the World—in Canada," by C. Muller.

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as it is improper. . . . Pious people must be induced to set a good example and cease to wear this article of dress; though, should they refuse to do so, they are not to be denied the Sacrament. It is to be hoped that modesty, the greatest glory of the devout sex, will be universal.

It must be admitted that the crinoline has nothing to commend it from the point of view of beauty; but does not the interference of the bishop in a matter which concerns dressmakers and tailors alone verge in itself on the ridiculous and the improper? Nor did the Archbishop of Montreal content himself with this one form of sumptuary crusade. On August 25, 1868, another circular letter was issued, prescribing the "dress worn in convents as a model for secular persons." On December 8 of the same year a third letter appeared, expressing the archbishop's hope of seeing "all persons of the female sex with their heads modestly veiled in church," and also that he "wished a genuflection, not a curtsey, to be made at the altar." Who can wonder if, in our own days, curés are to be found fulminating in the pulpit against the shape and the colour of their parishioners' hats? To these trivialities an extraordinary prudishness is closely allied. Protestant puritanism is always ridiculed, and to defend it is far from my intention, but it must be admitted that the Catholic puritanism which reigns supreme in Canada is far worse. M. Remy de Gourmont aptly describes the colony as "always having been governed by religious laws, like a convent," and the following story illustrates his meaning. Before starting for Canada Mlle. Th. V., a clever lecturer, and the friend of a well-known monk, who had died, was received in audience by Mgr. Merry del Val, and Pius X.'s Secretary of State could not resist giving her a warning. "Oh, you're going to Canada? Take care, then. Over there everything is a deadly sin." *Si non e vero, e ben trovato.* Although public morality does not attain a particularly high level in Canada, nearly every description of sin is held to be a mortal one. The most innocent amusements are denounced by Canadian preachers, and in the country waltzing is ruthlessly proscribed. A writer, who,

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however, preserves his incognito, exposed this form of puritanism in a Canadian review, *Le Journal de Françoise.* He quoted actual sentences where the preacher positively asserted that the people who came out of houses where there was dancing came out dishonoured, that those who frequented theatres were of the scum of the earth. "Alas," says the writer, "what bad company the good father must have kept in his youth!" and he adds, "they preach to us a childish religion. . . . Hell, above all, is described to us in the most fantastic, the most unlikely colours." These horrible threats, this mania for exaggeration, give the final touch to the puerile attitude of the Canadian clergy, who are always ready to lament over the "licentiousness and the depravity of morals," and to deplore the perdition threatening a country, a diocese, "fallen from its ancient splendour" (Bishop's circular letter). In short, Catholicism as seen in Canada contrives to show as much superstition and childishness as it displays aptitude for business.

We need, therefore, hardly be surprised that the French-Canadian race has not yet reached that level of intellectual development to which it has every right to aspire, though, on the other hand, the quasi-indifference manifested by the British public over the moral subjection of the French-Canadians may well astonish us. It is to be hoped, however, that little is needed to awaken general interest, and, the attention of the general public once aroused, the solution of the clerical problem in Canada will speedily be accomplished.

R. DE M.

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BY AN IRISH STREAM

THE morning was gloomy and the sky overcast as Dan and I started for the upper reaches of the river. The clouds wreathed the mountain tops in fleecy masses, and the wind veered and shifted in all directions, uncertain as to which quarter it would set in blowing for the day. The hedges dripped with moisture, and the wide bog tracts presented a cheerless aspect as here and there in the distance the wind, sweeping down the mountain sides, drove sheets of mist across the dreary waste. The few sheep scattered over the untilled fields added little life to the scene, and the roadside donkeys wore that inert, forlorn, and dejected look which an Irish donkey on a damp, raw morning alone can wear. Equally dejected looked the inhabitant of an occasional cabin, as he stood silhouetted against the dark, grimy background in the half-closed doorway.

"This is not promising," I said to Dan after a while, as we mounted a rise in the road and saw the far end of the valley shut out by the driving mist. "If the wind gives a twist more the west," said Dan, "we'll have heavy rain, and it's then likely to clear afther twelve o'clock, when the flood will be on, and we are sure to get a fish or two." The hope that springs eternal in the angler's breast, often groundless enough when inspired by the optimisms of an Irish gillie, spurred us, and we paced along for the bridge. Here Thady, ever on the look-out, met us, wearing a countenance that in past days would

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have made the fortune of a city mute. "What is the matter with him?" I asked Dan as we walked a little in advance. "The American post was in yestherday," said he, "but Thady didn't get a letther from his childhern." How much human misery in Ireland is wrapped up in those words, "didn't get a letter from his children." The endless emigration to which nothing seems a check; the wrench to family ties in a land where the domestic instincts are so strong; the heart-burnings and yearnings for the absent; the heart-sinkings and anxieties when news does not come—God alone knows the sum total of it!

The bridge is a very pretty spot; it spans the river where it rushes through a narrow chasm in a rocky stratification, the water being broken and diverted by great boulders that form the bed under a sharp declivity. Up the river the valley contracts, a by-road running along the banks until it ends in a *cul de sac*, out of which there is no way except over a particularly steep mountain mass more than 2000 feet high. Away to the right a road leads over the mountains to the south by a wild and lonely pass, in which we had an interesting motoring experience the previous year; we successfully negotiated the pass, the odds being just with us.

This day the whole prospect was depressing, and we debated the chances of the pools above and below the bridge. Seeing a fish rise near the north buttress we cast there and fished for awhile. But the wind had freshened, and now blew in angry gusts up stream, beating on the water with a force that made casting almost impossible, and giving that cold, steely, swift ripple to the surface that rendered it a sheer waste of energy. "There's the rain," said Dan, at last, "we had betther make for the cave." There was a hollow in the low cliff overhanging a stretch of the river down stream; here a few stones had been placed for seats, and we found it afforded us ample shelter. "I must thry and make Thady talk, sir," said Dan, "'twill take the load off him from thinkin'." Some specially ordered tobacco attractively done up in the manufacture, brought a momentary

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gleam of pleasure to Thady's gloomy face. We smoked in silence, watching the rain as it struck with a slashing noise on the river, while the wind whistled fiercely through the rocky defile. "Who lived in that dismantled house on the side of the bog beyond the blacksmith's?" I asked, hoping to get Thady to tell some reminiscences which, I understood, was attached to it. "Me father," said he, "and I was born there." "How did you come to leave it!" I asked. "Oh, we had trouble with the Laigue," he replied. "Were you not a member of it?" "I was to be sure," he continued, "and me father was a mimber of the com-mit-tay." "Tell us about it," I said, "and thank God, as Dan says, for tobacco and matches, and with your story we may laugh at the rain." "Ay, do, Thady," cried Dan, "it's about the finest bit of boycottin' and divilment that was ever done in my time." "Boycotting," I said, in a surprised tone, "Thady boycotted!" "To be sure he was boycotted," said Dan, with an air of historical assurance, "and if Thady didn't make the boycotthers dance in their shoes, and make them run 'hell for leather,' with the 'divil at their heels'—well 'the divil is a witch.'" "Well, it was this way," said Thady. "Years ago me father gave poor ould Pat Duffy that worked for him a bit of land to squat on, and built a bit of a cabin for him. When he died, the widda was allowed to keep it on, and the childhern went to America, all ov thim exceptin' Jimmy, You know Jimmy, sir?" "Yes," I said. "Well, he's not a bad sort of a poor divil, but he never did a good day's work in his life. He was no use to me father; he'd be at any divilment rather than work. When he was wanted to cut turf, sow a crop, or cut hay, he'd be afther hares or rabbits. He'd be out all night poachin' salmon or card-playin', and there wasn't a wake in the whole counthry-side he wouldn't attind, and when he did work in the daytime, it's sleepin' he'd be through the half of it. Well, when the Laigue was started we all became mimbers of it; but there was nothin' to do when we met exceptin' to pass thim things —what d'ye call thim?" "Resolutions," I said. "Yes, sir,

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that's it—risolutions about rint, and to get what ye could from the agint in the way of gates, fincin', thatch for the house, and anythin' that way. We were all on the best ov terms until poor Molly Duffy died. We gave her a good wakin'; me father and mother did all they could to give her a respictable funeral, for the divil a copper Jimmy had to bless his face with. Well, me father had often tould Jimmy that if anythin' happened his mother out he'd have to go, for he wanted to have a man in the cabin that would do an odd day's work when he wanted it, at dacent wages; for me father wasn't a hard man. Afther a month or two Jimmy made no signs to go, and, begorras, me father at last served him with a notice to quit. Just at the time Father Tom was unfortunately away. His nephew came home from America with a lot of money, and he took Father Tom to Rome to see the Pope. We were all in grate glory to see him go, for he was the first priest that ever wint from this parish, and he promised to bring back a blessin' from the Holy Father, for the sorra a black sinner was among the whole ov us." "There soon was," said Dan, "and it was a curse y'rd have got instead ov a blessin' if the Pope knew but all." "Well," continued Thady, "we had a new curate, and he was a terrible Laiguer, and down on all renagers, and so much the worse for me father when he was made out one. Well, Jimmy brought his case before the Laigue, and although me father was right enough in evictin' him, he was wrong when it wasn't done be the ordher of the Laigue, and me father bein' a com-mit-tayman could have done it on the spot. They didn't care a rap for Jimmy and his cabin, and most of thim had come to me father at one time or other for help and advice; but the honour of the Laigue was at stake, they said, and they sthruck aginst me father. Father Pat was presidint, and the ordher was that me father should apologise, pay a fine to the Laigue, and put back Jimmy. If me father was wise he'd have given in, and Jimmy in time would have to go; but he was a hot-timpered man, and he fired them all to —— sooner than go before them. He

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had a grand power o' words, me father had, sir, and the boys called him the 'Counsellor.' 'A nice secrethary,' he said, when he got the letther, 'with his pothooks and hangers! I could write betther meself, and me an owld man, with a sthraw. The mane churlesum hound; whin his mother was laid out, although he had money and shtock, he waked her upon porther. The dirty spalpeen! little larnin' his father had when he worked for mine at 4*d.* and a male a day, and glad to get it. splay-foot shoneen bocha, the threasurer, too, must sign it, with his one eye lookin' up the chimney and the other skimmin' the pot. A nice threasurer to talk to an honest man, that never had a disgrace in his family. A rogue and the son of a rogue from the back of godspeed! he shtuck me with a spavined pony, and kind blood for him when his father and uncle put in their time for sheep-stealin'; hanging was too good for thim, and God be with the time when they would have got it without judge or jury.' But I couldn't tell ye all he said, sir. Me mother cried and said her bades kneelin'. She begged him to consint to the Laigue, and go to confession for his 'wicked tongue.' All day long she was at him, and me father would cry out, 'Hould yer tongue, woman, and go on with yer prayers. Me tongue isn't wicked, it's only timper, and ament I tellin' the truth.' But a d—m bad timper it was durin' that time, and never in the whole histhory of Mullinahone parish was the family ginerations so malfoosthered as me father gave it in thim days. Every mimber of the com-mit-tay came in for a wipe of his tongue, and he belted their seed, breed and gineration until he didn't lave a dacent stitch to cover the carkiss of one of thim. Sorra consint would me father give, and some of what he said came to the ears of the mimbers, and it only made matthers worse, and so the ordher went out and we were boycotted. Well, sir, ye'd betther be in hell than be boycotted. As luck would have it we were only savin' turf at the time, and we could just manage to do that same, although we were short in the winther. We could get nothin' at the village, nor in the town. I had to go twinty miles for what we wanted, and if it

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lasted longer the ordher would be given to boycott us there. Me mother got sick, and Father Pat would not come to the house, and afther the first Sunday at Mass we didn't go again. Every one in the chapel thrated us as if we had the cholera or the black faver." "Did not your relatives speak to you?" I asked. "Sure we're nearly all related here, sir: if you fling a stone and hit one of us you hit us all. No one spoke to us. You could naither buy nor sell; you wouldn't get a light for yer pipe from a sowl in the place when yer boycotted, nor the light of heaven if they could help it, nor a man to make a grave for ye when yer dead. It's a wicked invention, no grater curse can be put upon a family, and the divil must have put a blisther on the tongue of the man who first spoke it. It's a tarrible insthrumint of vingence: ye have no one to do a hand's turn for ye, not a dance nor a wake nor a weddin could ye go to, and to be denied all the rites of the church—well, sir, 'twould break the heart ov a stone. But the Laigue were gettin' tired of it, and at last they determined to attack the house and give us a thunderin' big fright. Howsumever, I got wind of it." "How was that?" I asked. "Dan can tell ye, sir," replied Thady, "his uncle married me wife's sister." "That wasn't the raison," said Dan, "he taught me how to fish," giving me an expressive look. "That excuses most things," I said, "short of manslaughter and a few other offences, even informing." "That wasn't informin', sir," replied Dan, in an offended tone—"informin' is tellin' a peeler or a magistrate." "Oh, of course," I said, "you are right," hastening to cover my blunder and apparent want of metaphysical distinction and knowledge of the analytical workings of his Irish mind. "Dan and I," continued Thady, "arranged where to meet when he saw smoke from our turf-bank, and airly next mornin' I gave the sign, and he came over to the little wood in the hollow beyant. I thought all through the night how I could circumvint the bhoys, and I tould Dan to beg the schoolmasther to come and meet me in the same place afther school for the sake of ould friendship, for we

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were bhoys together. He came sure enough, although it was as much as his life and place were worth. He was a wondherful man for knowledge, sir, and they made an inspecthor ov him aftherwards. He had as many bottles in his place as a docther's shop, and a gran' mashine that would twist yer arms up when ye held hould ov two little brass handles, and, begorra, ye couldn't put them down for the life ov ye, if ye had the strength ov a bull. The people all thought at first that it was the divil that was locked up in it. But it was a gran' thing for the rumatics, and many is the pound o' butther he got from me mother for an odd twist of it, and it used to do her a power o' good. As for beetles, spidhers, bugs and butterflies, and herrubs and things wid quare names to thim, begorra 'twould put ye into a lunatic asylum to thry and think o' thim. I tould him all me thruble, what the bhoys were goin' to do to us, and that it would be the deth ov me poor mother. He promised to help me when I tould him ov the plan I had, and he wint off and in about an hour brought me a box and tould me how to use the stuff that was in it. 'The sin will be on me more than you, Thady,' says he, 'and God forgive us both if any bad luck happins. The Laigue is good enough in its way,' he wint on, 'whin it protects men against tyranny, but that's no raison why it should be usin' tyranny on yer father and mother, and all for the sake of Jimmy Duffy, that was the laziest good-for-nothin' gossoon that iver torminted the life of a poor schoolmasther. Why doesn't he become a sojer and get out ov this,' he says, 'and go and shoot naygurs instid of rabbits.' 'He's in the mileetia,' says I, thryin' to cool him. 'Mileetia,' says he, 'the curse of Crummle on the mileetia and the waste ov good money on thim—they're good for naither' town nor counthry. The sojers are bad enough, but they take off the wild bhoys; but the mileetia are worthless divils and stay at home. They're the scruff of creation,' he said, gettin' hotter, 'and there's not as much ov the grace ov God in a rigimint o' thim as would save the sowl ov a midge, if he had one. Thim's first principles, Thady,' says he, 'and

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shtick to thim.' 'That's what I mane to do to-night,' says I, 'and good luck to ye,' and off he wint in betther twist nor whin he came. What he ment by first principles the sorra one o' me knows, but sure you know, sir, and that's enough." "Get the best of everything, Thady," said I, evading logical definitions, "is a good first principle." "Faith that's thrue, sir, and that same is not so aisy when the luck is agin ye, for the worst comes and not the best, and, begorra, ye have to shtick to it. But the schoolmasther was a gran' man for oratin. He'd knock ye down with one o' them first principles that the divil himself couldn't stand up aginst, and sure Father Tom and Father Pat couldn't hould a candle to him in argufyin'. Sure it's a judge he ought to be, he'd make grate spache in hangin' a man. Well, sir, I made me priperations, and Dan tould me the bhoys were to meet at the cross roads a couple o' hundhred yards this side o' the haunted spot. Near it in the corner ov one ov me father's fields was an ould cowshed. Here we were buildin' a clamp ov turf, and when it was dark I brought down the things I wanted to be aiqual to the bhoys. I had a fine deer's head I got a few days before in the bog, me mother's cloak, and a big pitchfork. I tied pieces of stick to the prongs and covered them with stuff steeped in paraffin. There was no moon and I waited and watched, when about 9 o'clock I heard steps on the road going towards the cross. 'They'll be soon here,' says I, and I got me things ready, and in about half an hour I heard thim comin', and when they were near I was over the wall with an halloo ye'd hear a mile off. There I was, with a head and horns on, all a blaze of light, a pitchfork with a flame of fire on the top, and a long black cloak coverin' me to the heels. I cut capers and roared like a bull. Ye niver heard anything like the scrames and yells of the bhoys; they howled and prayed to the saints, the Vargin, and all the holy angels in heaven to protict them. Half o' thim were lyin' on the road in a fit and the rest flying back, thinkin' the divil was at their heels. I was soon back in the field, threw

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the fork into the cowshed, off with the horns and covered them with the cloak, and made home as fast as I could, as the police barrack was close by and I didn't want to be caught, whoever else would. I threw the head and horns into a bog-hole near the house and covered them with whin bushes. So I felt safe that nothin' would be found if a search was made. Well, next day the police came to our place as me father and meself were suspected. Me father knew nothin' ov it, he was asleep and in bed, and then he heard all about the divil and the haunted spot, how that he was seen in a flame ov fire, with horns as high as the house and a pitchfork twenty yards long, and that he was covered with long hair like the mane of a horse, that he had shplit hoofs, and came out ov the ground and wint back again with a howlin' yell that was heard over the sivin parishes. Five or six ov the bhoys were found by the peelers in a tarrible fright, and two o' thim were in their beds over it. The sargint axed me a lot ov questions and looked at me hands, but the schoolmasther tould me how to use the shtuff, and the sorra blisther was on a finger ov mine; but it was 'cute of the ould chap to suspect, for, begorra, he had the right sow be the ear if he knew but how to hould it. It's gran' shtuff intirely, sir," said Thady after a moment's pause. "What's this ye call it?" "Phosphorus," said I. "Yes, sir, posperus, that's what the schoolmasther said it was. I wondher is there much of it in the world." "There must be a lot of it in hell," said Dan, "judgin' be all accounts; sure it must take millions o' tons to keep it goin' if all we're tould is thrue. Sure, when ye begin to think ov thim fires and the divils pokin' thim up about ye, isn't a man a fool to be committin' sin and dhrivin' himsel' into them?" Dan's moralising was frequent; though sometimes intrusive, it was never without its special point of view, but it occasionally got us out of our depth, as now, when he suddenly asked, "Tell me, sir, has hell a bottom to it?" I referred him to Father Tom, and asked Thady what was the end of the boycotting. "In about a week," he continued, "Father Tom came home, and he and

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the curate and the secrethary came over to see me father, and afther a grate dale of talk and palaverin' the boycottin' was taken off, me father had to pay the fine, and Jimmy had to go. But the next Sunday at Mass Father Tom gave us a tarrible ratin' from the alther over the work that wint on whilst he was away. Ye remimber it, Dan." "I do, to be sure," said the latter, "wasn't I in a cowld paspiration the whole time. 'Some of ye,' ses he, 'have been seein' the divil with horns and hoofs and flames, but that's an innicint divil to the one ye can't see, the wickedist and the worst and the blackest, and that's the one in yer own bad hearts. I'll take good care,' he wint on, 'that as long as I'm here he'll not shake a tail [1] in this parish, and I'll go bail that there will be no more boycottin' nor any such work of Satan aither. I brought back the Pope's blessin' to ye, but I won't give it," he ses, in a voice of thundher. 'Go down on yer knees, every mother's son and daughter of ye, and pray for forgiveness, and take the blackness out of yer hearts. I'll put penance on ye, and not a man is to smoke tabacca for a week, nor a woman to go into a naybur's house to gossip durin' the same time.' You should have heard the groans, sir. I thought they'd shplit the roof. Father Tom had us as tame as ducks, and we got the Pope's blessin' afther all, for he was the kindest-hearted man that ever sarved Mass, and sure, we'd all die down for him. Me mother never rested till she got me father to build another house away from the one where we suffered so much. He was mad wid me when I tould him what I had done, and he not in it; but I aised him by sayin' there couldn't be two big divils, and besides, ses I, ye'd be at thim with the pitchfork, for ye couldn't keep yer timper.' 'That's thrue for ye,' ses he, and maybe it was well the way it was, for I made betther terms aftherwards by knowin' nothin' about it! But it was grand to see him when he reshumed attendin' the meetin's of the Laigue. They made him chairman of the com-mit-tay, and he was a holy terror about the rules. There wasn't a man

[1] That is, brew mischief.

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among thim that he didn't get convicted for a braich of them. They couldn't say a word agin him—when he'd say wid a turn of his lip, 'I bruk them meself, bhoys, and had to pay more than ye, and if ye want the same thratement, well, ye can have it, and welcome.' We had the grandist banner in the county, and it was all paid for out ov the fines. 'I'll make those ginthry curse the day they boycotted me, Thady,' he used to say, 'and, begorra, he did; and the quare thing is, sir, they liked him all the betther for it.'"

"We're boycottin' the fish now," said Dan, knockin' the ashes out of his pipe. "The rain is clearin' off now, sir, and ye'd betther have a cast. I saw a fine peel jump below the point, and if ye put up a 'thunder and lightning' and cast down over him he is sure to rise." At the spot indicated the stream curved against a shelving bank and formed a deep pool under a sandy spit, an excellent lodge for a fish. Acting according to Dan's injunction out went the line, and with the wind in our favour, blowing at an angle across the stream, we fished down. After a few casts there was a roll, a touch, and in a moment away went the reel with a whirr twenty yards out in a run. We played our fish to the entire satisfaction of Thady—severest of critics when he gets a "black fit" on. He gaffed him, a nice seven-pounder. But the day was unpleasant and we abandoned sport satisfied with the morning's experience.

And as we walked home I thought of it all—the everlasting Irish question, with its intricacies and endless complications. The attempts of the well-meaning representatives of successive Governments to settle it on the one hand, and the League, the strike against rent, the boycotting, the evictions on the other—the futility, the recklessness and the inhumanity of it all! Is there a way out in the twentieth century? Let the peasant be rooted in the soil by all means; we are committed to the process; but let us be sure that the roots will strike. They will not unless the habits of the peasant are changed for the better, his surroundings improved, and his lot brightened.

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He must be taught how to make the most out of Nature and her conditions in order to induce him to stay at home and find true prosperity there and greater happiness than he would abroad. Then, and not until then, will the blighted lives and empty hearths such as Thady's cease to exist by thousands in the land as they exist to-day.

"LEMON GRAY."

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THE QUEST OF PROLONGED YOUTH

> We make the third part of medicine regard the prolongation of life; this is a new part, and deficient, though the most noble of all; for if it may be supplied, medicine will not then be wholly versed in sordid cures, nor physicians be honoured only for necessity, but as dispensers of the greatest early happiness that could well be conferred on mortals; for though the world be but as a wilderness to a Christian travelling through to the promised land, yet it would be an instance of the divine favour that our clothing, that is our bodies, might be a little worn while we sojourn here.—BACON, "Advancement of Learning."

FAR in the long ago the adventurous, restless mariners of Greece sailed away in search of Hyperborea—the land beyond the winds, where the sun shone always and life was unending youth. The beautiful land was never found, or if any found it they never cared to return. Centuries after, when the existence of America was revealed, men thought it might be there, beyond the seas; and we recall the endeavours of Ponce de Leon to find the legendary Isle of Bimini, a draught of whose waters would dispel the cares of age.

In the interval alchemy had been born, and we know that its mysteries were dominated in the main by two thoughts: the one was the wonderful stone which should transmute the baser metals to gold; the other was the elixir of life which should banish death.

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Mariner and alchemist failed alike. To-day most of the mystery is gone, with its Hyperborea and all its kind. The lands beyond the winds are known. Scarce a foot of the earth worth treading has escaped the explorer's heel. Alchemy, like astrology, was the larva from which a great science should spring; from this strange chrysalis chemistry was born. When it came forth it gave over the quest of the philosophers' stone, the elixir of life as well.

But man has not. In proportion as life has grown more interesting, more varied, more wonderful, in proportion as the world has widened, as knowledge has come, as we have learned to see beyond our eyes, to hear beyond our ears, to feel beyond our primitive senses, the desire to live has been intensified rather than satiated.

But still, in the face of all our wondrous advance in knowledge, we die; still we grow old. In some regards we are no wiser, have got no further, than the savage cave-dweller of twenty, it may be forty or a hundred, thousand years ago.

It is strange, for next to poverty and disease, the most dreaded thing in this world is death; and beyond doubt, after the dread of death, comes the dread of old age. If there is any disease in the world it is this. No one looks forward to it with eager anticipation. Nobody welcomes it, nobody enjoys it. There is no one who would not escape if there were any way in human power. It is a disease, that is to say it is essentially a pathological condition. There are not a few of the most eminent physiologists living who regard it as practically a specific disease. If you turn to medical text-books, you will find senile degeneration there described *in extenso*, premature or precocious senility as well. But for it there exists no therapy, no cure. Is it, for all that, a wholly hopeless problem?

It may be that we shall never learn to avert old age. It may be, but there is no *à priori* certainty. Whether we do or not, it seems possible that we may at least learn its cause.

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At the present time of the cause of old age we know practically nothing whatever.

Further than this, there exists, so far as the writer's knowledge extends, but a single work written within recent years which attempts to elaborate even a working theory as to the cause. We have, of course, Metchnikoff's well-known ideas, sketched in various articles, and in his recent book, "La Nature Humaine." We have the teleological conceptions of Weismann; we have the arterio-sclerosis picture of Demange; and there is a multitude of smaller contributions, dealing with various phases of the malady. They are all of them essentially sketches; do any of them offer a clue?

I

In a work appearing four years ago, Dr. M. Mühlmann, a physician in Odessa, put forth an explanation as simple as it was uncompromising. The solution which he gave was to all intents and purposes a geometrical proposition. His idea was simply this:

If you take the simplest form of life, a single-celled plant or animal, you will perceive that the first condition of its existence is that it *grows*. It cannot stand still. If it does not grow it dies. In order to grow it must have food materials, and, with some exceptions noted, air. These materials of growth it takes up through the entire surface of its body.

The inevitable consequence of growth is that when the cell has reached a certain size, it divides in two. If this process of cell-division results in two separated individuals, the life of each is but a repetition of that of the single cell from which they sprung. But if the dividing cells remain united, that is to say, in contact one with another, the conditions of life and nutrition are changed. Instead of presenting the entire surface of a sphere for the intake of food and air, each cell will have only a little more than half. The balance is taken up by

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the contact wall between them. When these two cells again divide, they do so transversely, with the result of forming approximately a square. The free surface of each cell is again reduced by another contact wall. With the third division, the direction of cleavage of the cells is again changed, with the result of forming a double layer with four cells in each. Again the free surface of each cell is diminished.

Mühlmann's theory is that the nutrition of each cell is directly proportional to its free surface. With the reduction of this free surface, nutrition is reduced. The result of this reduced nutrition is degeneration in a very broad sense.

Following out this process of cell development, it is apparent that in the cluster of cells formed with a fourth division, two interior layers will be formed, each containing two cells which have no free surface whatever; two others will have but a very slight free surface. As the process goes on, there is an inevitable increase in the number of cells with no free surface, that is to say, in the number of cells which must be dependent for their nutrition upon such materials as they may gain from the cells adjoining them. These interior cells tend to atrophy and disappear. The result is the formation of the familiar little cup-like figures of the so-called gastrula stage of the developing embryo. This, and the succeeding figures as well, are, in the Mühlmann view, simply the result of a geometrically conditioned insufficiency of nutrition in the inner layers.

Mites and monkeys, mice and men, are simply complications of these primitive conditions, with millions or billions of cells organised together into a community of interest, instead of one or a few. All of them have a like origin, that is to say, every individual originates by successive cell divisions from the single primal germ cell.

The whole process of development, Dr. Mühlmann holds, is but a repetition on a broad scale of these geometrical conditions of associated cell growth. The atrophy of the interior cells leads eventually to their destruction, with the result that

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in the developing mass there are formed hollow spaces which coalesce into tubes. These eventually result in the ducts, arteries, veins, alimentary canal, &c.

The whole process is dominated by the simple mathematical fact—that while the mass of living material increases as the cube of unit dimension, the free surface exposed to the exterior, or to the interior vessels and tubes, can only increase as the square. Presumably as the result of the physical and chemical organisation of the cell, this insufficiency of nutrition gives rise to the extraordinary complicity of organs, glands, ducts, and arteries of which various animal forms are composed. Growth may continue for a more or less indefinite period; but the inevitable condition is that of an increasing difficulty in obtaining building materials which must finally end in a standstill. This is old age, and finally death.

It follows from this theory that the beginning of cell degeneration, which finally leads to the destruction of multicellular organisms, lies in the first division of the germ-cell. This is to say that old age begins with growth and is the geometrical result of the dividing cells remaining in contact or union with each other.

It follows further from this that the most obvious evidences of senile decay will be found in the cells which, by reason of their location with reference to the channels of nutrition, have the greatest difficulty in securing oxygen and food. The proof of this Dr. Mühlmann endeavours to find in a detailed examination of the different organs of the animal body.

The organs which lie farthest from the sources of supply are the nerves and the brain, and this is precisely the part of the organism which first ceases to grow. In the human animal, the brain and nervous system attain their maximum growth at fourteen or fifteen years. Next in remoteness come the bones of the skeleton, which attain their maximum weight at about twenty. Then come the muscles, which continue to grow up to thirty or forty. Finally we have the most exteriorly situated parts of the body, the skin, the lungs,

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the linings of the alimentary canal, &c., which continue to grow up to a period of advanced age.

Such in very brief compass, as nearly as I may present it, is the theory. It has the merit, as I have said, of being the first systematic attempt to account for the phenomena of old age and natural death. The modest volume in which Dr. Mühlmann presents his ideas, "Die Ursache des Alters," is written with a clearness, simplicity and incise argumentation which make it a model of scientific literature.—But will the theory hold?

It is obvious that if the cause of decay which we call old age in animals, ripening and fruition in plants, is inherent in the nature of the organism itself, any attempt to prolong life is simply folly. So Dr. Mühlmann holds. He does not touch upon the botanical side of life at all. He does not attempt to explain, for example, the potential immortality of a garden hedge, regularly trimmed down. His arguments and his illustrations are based wholly upon the animal organism. What are the difficulties?

One of the very first objections that would occur is the very obvious one of the average duration of life. If the theory were true, one would expect that the simpler the organisation, the longer the life. If complexity of cell organisation means increasing difficulty in nutrition, then we should expect to find animals with millions and billions of cells shorter lived, and those with but a few, longer. In general the reverse is the case. Weismann and others have pointed out that, very broadly, age increases with size. Thus for example, while may-flies live but a few hours, moths but a few days, elephants and whales may live to be two hundred years and more; great trees still longer. The huge Andasonias of the Cape Verde Islands are said to live six thousand years.

It is evident, however, that even here there is no "law." Carp and pike may live to be as old as elephants and whales. The horse lives to be forty, but so do cats and toads; a sea anemone is known to attain over fifty years. Eagles and

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vultures are said to attain a vast age, a hundred years and more; but so do ravens with not a tenth part of their bulk. There is a wide difference in the size of a pig and a cray fish; but they attain about the same age—twenty years.

Moreover, on any purely geometrical theory of old age, it would be difficult to account for the fact that members of the same species, with practically the same size and organisation, vary very greatly in the duration of life, hence, in the onset of old age. Thus, while a female moth lives but three or four days, the male may live two or three times as long. On the other hand, while male bees live but a few months, the queens may live several years. Male ants live but a few weeks, but the queens normally live for five or six years at least. There is not a vast difference in size or organisation in, let us say, a canary or a blackbird or a cuckoo; but while the canary lives only about ten years, a nightingale may live nearly twice as long, and a cuckoo three times. Probably it would be difficult to show that there is any striking difference in the longevity of very short and very large men, or between giants and dwarfs.

In a word, it is not clear that size or complexity of structure are the determining factors in the duration of life, hence not a cause of an early or late arrival of old age.

Again, it is a matter of the most familiar observation that the momentary cutting off of the oxygen supply means unconsciousness and speedily death. The first to feel the lack of oxygen are the brain and the nerves. The condition of their life is an incessant renewal of the supply. This does not seem to accord with the Mühlmann theory, since the nerves, being situated in the most deeply protected parts of the body, should be the last to feel the effects of a reduced supply. It is difficult to account, in this view, for their extreme and almost instant insensibility.

Moreover, it is the recent observation of some Italian investigators, who examined a number of subjects between seventy-five and eighty-five years of age, that while the

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nerve-cells had plainly undergone a process of dissolution, these cells were in the most intimate relation with the course of the blood-vessels. The Italian authors therefore drew the obvious conclusion that the degeneration of the nerve-cells was due to changes in the blood-supply itself.

Again, Demange, in his very carefully detailed picture of the degeneration of the arteries, shows that decay begins with the internal coat of the arteries, that is to say, in the cells with the easiest access to the materials of nutrition. It is the middle coat, the muscular coat, which is next attacked; the exterior coat last. This again is precisely the reverse of what should take place if Mühlmann's theory were correct.

For another thing, while death in man and the higher animals usually comes with any prolonged cessation of consciousness, this is not necessarily the case. The seat of consciousness is the brain, and innumerable experiments upon dogs, monkeys, pigeons, frogs, and other animals have shown that the entire great brain may be removed and the animals live on for an indefinite period. If the degeneration of the nervous system were the initial event in old age then we should reasonably expect that the removal of the most important part of the nervous system would mean rapid senile decay. This has not been observed.

Finally, it has been repeatedly shown that with care and attention some forms of life may be prolonged to several times their natural period of existence. Sir John Lubbock, now Lord Avebury, succeeded in keeping alive queen ants, whose natural period of life is about five years, for thirteen and fifteen years. There is no essential difference between the organisation of ants and that of man. We may, therefore, conclude that whatever may be the measure of truth in the Mühlmann theory, a considerable prolongation of human life is not, *a priori*, a hopeless task.

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II

The process of old age as sketched by Demange is essentially that of insufficient nutrition, brought about by the disorganisation and decay of the finer blood-vessels and capillaries. The idea that "a man is as old as his arteries" dates far back. It must have been a very early observation that the arteries often harden and take on almost a bony nature with advancing age. It may come early in life. Then it is accounted a disease, and bears the name of arterio-sclerosis, that is to say, artery hardening.

Demange endeavours to reveal this process as not merely a universal accompaniment, but as the cause of old age. A very general accompaniment it undoubtedly is, but universal it probably is not. The blood-vessels of individuals who had attained one hundred years and more—the celebrated Harvey reports the case of old Parr, who died at the age of one hundred and fifty-two years—have been found with no evidence of the inroads of arterial hardening. On the other hand, it may appear very early and yet not result in senile decay. The cause of old age therefore it can hardly be.

It might be added that even if it were it is to be noted that the arteries themselves are made up of a countless multitude of cells, formed and nourished like other cells. We should still have to inquire what makes the arteries grow old. It cannot be mere wear, for degeneration does not appear earliest in the larger arteries where the blood torrent is strong and swift; but in the finer vessels where the force of the current is reduced to its lowest point.

In a word, arterial degeneration is but a part of the general decay to which all the organs of the body are subject. The connection between arterio-sclerosis and old age is not a causal connection; the two run parallel rather; the first is but a form and evidence of the latter.

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III

The representation of old age offered by Metchnikoff, like that of Demange, is founded upon a microscopic examination of the tissues, but the picture is altogether more enlivening. The famous Russian pathologist extends to the field of senile decay essentially the same conceptions which he introduced with such brilliant success into the explanation of the manner in which the body fights disease.

Every one recalls how he describes the battles of the phagocytes or devouring cells with the hosts of invading bacteria—of how, when there is any break in the bodily defences, as in a wound, an inflammation and the like, the large uncoloured cells of the blood- and lymph-vessels march out almost in battle array and eat up all the bacteria they can find—of how sometimes these devouring cells take in such quantities of bacteria that they have indigestion and die, and that in this case, or through insufficiency in number of the phagocytes, the disease makes inroads, gains head, and may accomplish the destruction of the body; but if the phagocytes are victorious we get well.

Some such struggle Metchnikoff finds between the cells of the living body, and that when some of these devouring cells attack, not disease-bearing invaders from without, but the noblest elements of the tissues instead, we have the phenomena of old age.

For example, one of the most familiar facts of advancing years is the whitening of the hair. What causes it? Metchnikoff for the first time has offered an explanation. The hair, like other portions of the body, is made up of cells; the exterior layers are filled with grains of pigment which give the hair its specific colour. Under influences at present entirely obscure the larger cells, constituting the marrow of the hair, begin to show a curious activity, and proceed to devour or absorb all the pigment within their reach. They abstract it

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from the other cells. Stuffed full of these pigment grains, these cells become mobile, and in their migration carry away with them the substance which gives the hair its colour.

Metchnikoff distinguishes among these devouring cells two varieties; the one which he calls the microphags, that is the little devourers, whose main business is with the defence of the organism; these are always mobile, and wander about in the blood, the lymph, and the tissues; and the second variety, the macrophags, sometimes mobile, sometimes fixed. Old age is the work of the macrophags. Everywhere throughout the body, in the brain, in the nerves, in the important organs, Metchnikoff pictures these devouring cells as attacking the most active elements of the tissues, that is to say, brain cells, the liver cells, the kidney cells, and converting these into a sort of connective tissue, no longer able to carry on their former functions.

This in no essential way differs from the general picture of fatty or fatty-granular degeneration which all authors unite in describing as the noteworthy fact in the tissues and organs of the old. The element of interest added by Metchnikoff is the dramatic way in which this degeneration is brought about, namely, through the agency of these specific devouring cells.

It could not fail to be of interest and doubtless of enlightenment, if we had here seized the true mechanism of old age; but, as so often happens, it may be that its author has mistaken a part for the whole. It seems clear enough that such a struggle between the tissues does take place, and without doubt it is associated with the general phenomena of decay. But more than one investigator has risen up against Metchnikoff to show that the decay may yet take place without the intervention of the macrophags at all. In a word, the nerve cell, the liver cell, the elements which carry on the actual work of these organs, may degenerate and be resolved into fatty-granular substance and connective tissue, apparently without the intervention of any visible outside agency whatever. The ageing of the body is the ageing of the cells; but

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we do not yet understand what it is which makes the cells grow old, what makes us die.

IV

The origin of death is a subject that must have fascinated many a mind. Of all the theories yet offered, probably that of Weismann will hold best, if for no other reason than that it is rather vague and goes but a very little way. He conceives death and, *à fortiori*, old age, as simply a part of the universal adaptation of organisms to their environment. It is easy to see that there is a limit to the amount of life which could be sustained on earth. If therefore any species or form of life were immortal, it would, by the mere process of reproduction, some time or other reach the limit of numbers which the earth could support.

In point of fact this limit could be reached in a very short time by the simplest and smallest forms of life we know. If bacteria could go on reproducing for a few weeks at the same rate that they divide and multiply in the test-tube, their bulk would fill the waters of the ocean.

Supposing a beginning of life at any given time, there would therefore ensue, sooner or later, a struggle for existence among the individuals, in which the weakest would go down, the strongest, best adapted, survive. If the mere conditions of existence therefore account for the appearance of death in this world, it is not difficult to see how a process of selection might fix a natural term of life to the various forms which make their appearance. Weismann does not carry his theory far; with him, old age and death become the working of a vague teleology, and teleology is about done for in the rational explanation of the appearances and happenings of this world.

In its logical working out, the Weismann idea would refer old age to conditions inherent in the organism of each individual; and this is essentially the idea of the majority of

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writers, Canstatt, Johannes Müller, Verworn and others who have touched upon this subject at all.

But what are these "inherent" conditions? It is very easy to say that natural old age is simply mal-nutrition; but this is a description and not an explanation. We wish to know the cause of mal-nutrition. In the human body, what we call growth continues up to around twenty-four to twenty-eight. Then for about an equal period, the balance of the bodily exchanges, the balance of nutrition and usury seems to be fairly maintained; then a decline sets in. Why should we cease to grow? After having been kept up so long at a general level, why should there be this rather abrupt decline?

Obviously we need a theory of growth; but if we had that, then we should know what is life. We have neither the one nor the other.

What is yet more exasperating, it does not seem as if we can get hold of a single general fact, a single principle, for the conduct of life which will in any way notably prolong life. A great deal of pious nonsense has been written, many excellent rules prescribed, for the attainment of happy old age. They do not seem worth a great deal.

It is rather discouraging to find that neither health, wealth, enjoyment of life, mental or muscular vigour, careful living, good habits or bad, nor exterior conditions, seem to have much to do with the age to which one lives. Country folk do not attain a greater average age than city folk. The neurasthenic, the hypochondriac, the valetudinarian and the invalid seem to stand as good, or better, a chance for attaining a great age than a robust, vigorous individual who never knew a day's illness. Brain workers do not live longer than farm labourers. A tailor will live to be quite as old as a king. Free users of alcohol, tobacco and other poisons often live to be ninety and a hundred, where teetotallers will die at fifty or sixty.

The daily dose of laudanum taken by de Quincey rose to a good sized wine-glass; a few drops of it would have killed an ordinary man or woman. Coleridge was almost as bad.

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Coleridge lived to be sixty-one, De Quincey to seventy-four. De Quincey especially was a thin, big-headed, rickety little man. He probably never knew what physical vigour was. He had no robust constitution to destroy.

It is a familiar tale that Herbert Spencer put his affairs in order at a little past forty, and never expected to complete his projected philosophy. He was a life-long invalid, and he lived to be eighty-four. Darwin broke down at thirty-two: for the rest of his life he could not work for more than an hour at a time, when he had to give up and rest. He lived to be seventy years and over. The list could be extended indefinitely.

It is, to be sure, impossible to say that if a man had not been an excessive smoker, an excessive drinker, or an excessive user of drugs, he would not have lived twenty, or thirty, or forty years longer than he did. But the negative evidence is surely disconcerting. We do not order our lives. They are appointed for us; and within limits of practical *auto da fé* it does not seem to make a great deal of difference what kind of a life we live. If there is any kind of determination at all, the length of our days seems fixed in the organisation we inherit.

But even here there seems no predictable certainty. It is a matter of the most familiar observation that members of the same family do not always die at the same age. One could undoubtedly find an equal variation or an equal agreement in individuals unrelated either by family, nation or race. It was a remark of Tarchanoff that the various peoples of the world, whether they live in the heat of the equator or in the cold or the polar circles, and though they have an entirely different food diet and utterly different habits of existence, still show about the same average duration of life.

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This is assuredly not a highly cheering outlook for the Ponce de Leons of to-day. Nevertheless there is in all this

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little real ground for discouragement or pessimism. Physiology was born but yesterday.

It is difficult to realise how recent is our knowledge of the body, and of life generally, even of the things now taught to children. So great a man as Bacon died doubting the circulation of the blood. Newton did not know what happens in taking air into the lungs. Franklin probably never heard of oxygen; Lavoisier's discovery was made but the year before he died. The life of Laplace had ended before men knew the mechanism of the nerves; to Sir Humphry Davy it was new. Neither ever heard of pepsin. Gladstone probably died still believing in the separate creation of the species. Much, I had almost said most, of our knowledge of the more intimate processes of life has come within a very few years. Let us take a few examples:

(1) As to the mere chemical analysis of the bodily constituents. This was long ago supposed to be complete, at least so far as the recognition of elementary substances was concerned. Very recently, however, it has been shown that such out-of-the-way substances as arsenic and iodine are normal constituents of the body—not merely normal, but absolutely essential. It is needless to remark on the importance of the recognition of at least one of these. Of the poisons wherewith murders are committed, arsenic roughly forms, perhaps, 95 per cent. When a person appears to have died of poisoning, and traces of arsenic have been found, it is not very difficult to see that a chemist, ignorant of the fact that arsenic belongs in the body normally, might be led to believe that a murder had been committed. It would be foolish to exaggerate the importance of this; nevertheless it is entirely conceivable that, sheerly from ignorance, innocent persons have been condemned to death on this account.

Iodine, again, has been shown to be the important active principle of the thyroid, the little gland of the neck, and this in turn has been revealed as one of the important regulating

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organs of the body. So, again, copper has been shown to be a normal constituent among some mollusks. We have learned, too, to know that the presence of mineral salts, salts of copper and iron and the like, are absolutely essential in the culture-solutions in which bacteria are grown. This may be but a trace so minute as practically to escape the familiar methods of chemical analysis, delicate soever as they may be. It is not improbable that minute traces of the salts are equally essential to the life functions in general.

(2) If a few years ago any one had been asked what was probably the most important single chemical constituent in the life process, one would undoubtedly have answered oxygen. On a superficial view, life seemed, chemically, more or less a form of oxidation. Deprived of oxygen for but a few moments, we die. Nevertheless, forms of life have been found, the so-called anærobic bacteria which may live in an atmosphere oxygen free. Not merely that, but some forms have been found to which free oxygen is fatal. Obviously then oxygen is not absolutely essential to the intimate process of life. It seems as if this fact may shed a deal of light upon vital chemism, and, indeed, the more advanced physiologists are coming now to believe that, so far as life is concerned, oxidation is rather a secondary or ulterior process, that the more essential vital processes do not involve the intervention of oxygen, and that, under some conditions, the *rôle* of oxygen may be taken up by other substances.

(3) From the various tissues of the body some curious extracts have been made: for example, a very valuable addition to the list of local anæsthetics which have recently been made is adrenalin. It is a powerful heart stimulant. It has also an extraordinary effect of constricting the smaller blood-vessels and capillaries, so that, applied to any part, it quite drives the blood away. This permits of many delicate surgical operations where the effusion of blood would otherwise be a hindrance, if not a bar. This substance is simply a liquid extract from the pair of curious little bulbs, about the size of

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your thumb, which lie just above the kidneys and receive for that reason the name of the suprarenal capsules.

(4) Mention of these bodies recalls the singular *rôle* which they have been shown to play in health and disease. The suprarenal capsules belong to the class of so-called ductless glands whose functions in the body were so long a mystery, and of which the spleen, the thyroid, and the thymus are familiar examples. People who are accustomed to keep their eyes open have probably noticed now and then victims of a peculiar malady known as Addison's Disease. The skin of the patient turns a curious pale greenish-bronze colour, something in the same way as the victim of jaundice turns yellow. In all the centuries upon centuries—say for ten or twenty thousand years—in which medicine has been practised, the cause of this malady was an inscrutable mystery. Many facts go to show that it is due to the disease or atrophy or injury of these little suprararenal capsules which lie just over the kidneys. The new medication of the disease naturally bears in the direction of introducing into the body the active principle of these glands.

(5) A very similar discovery, but of far greater importance, is the extraordinary *rôle* played by the thyroid mentioned just above—the little glands which lie just in front of the windpipe in the throat. It has long been known that their inflammation or enlargement was associated with the familiar disease of goître. More recently it has been found that the complete excision of this gland practically means idiocy, and that, moreover, many forms of idiocy are simply the result of the mal-functioning or absence of these little glands.

It is so extraordinary as to be almost beyond belief. Nevertheless, the fact is to-day as well established as the circulation of the blood. What is more amazing still, extracts of sheep's thyroid fed to idiotic children very often means a normal mental development. It is one of the most amazing things in all the range of medicine. It has all come within the past fifteen years—the discovery of some Swiss doctors. The

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particular form of idiocy known as cretinism is a familiar malady among the mountain populations, and it was the association of this with goître that led to the discovery of the *rôle* of the thyroid in intellectual growth.

(6) It has been very recently shown, too, that several other well-known diseases result simply from disorders of some specific glands. So, for example, at least one form of diabetes seems to be a disease, not of the kidneys as was so long supposed, but of the pancreas. So, again, certain forms of gigantism, or acromegaly, that is to say, the enormous growth of the bones, the development of a huge hump in the spine, and so on, seems to be associated with, and perhaps result from, the disease of a tiny little gland lying in the floor of the brain, known as the hypophysis or pituitary body. This last has not been clearly established as yet, it is true; but what has been established beyond all peradventure is the specific or local character of many familiar diseases whose origin was so long shrouded in obscurity.

(7) It is, of course, a commonplace to remark that our knowledge of the true cause of three-fifths of all disease is hardly forty years old. Practically speaking, before Pasteur, it was not merely that the wisest of physicians did not clearly know—they simply had not the remotest suspicion of the bacterial nature of infections. It is only within the last twenty years, through the labours of Metchnikoff and those who have followed in his footsteps, that the mechanism, the intimate nature of inflammations has been established. The system of therapeutics, based upon this new knowledge, is as yet in its veriest infancy. It has as yet been developed to a point of practical utility in but a few diseases. Yet its brilliant success in the case of diphtheria, hydrophobia, and one or two others leaves little doubt as to what it means for the future. That is eventually the establishment of a sure and certain specific for every infectious disease—its scientific, and in the light of recent developments as to the mode of action of the bacterial poisons, one might say, their mathematical cure.

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It would be quite beyond the purpose of the present paper to draw out any extended list of recent achievements. It is twenty-five or thirty years now since we have known definitely the simple mechanism of animal reproduction, that is to say, that but a single sperm unites with a single ovum in the formation of each new individual. It is only within the last few years that we have come to a working knowledge of the mechanism of muscular contraction. One may search in vain in most text-books of physiology for the true cause of the beat of the heart. A physiology five years old gives no hint that the intestines secrete a ferment precisely as do the glands of the mouth and the stomach. It is only within this same period that we have come to know the true *rôle* of the ferments in general, that they are simply activating substances, which quicken the processes of digestion which would otherwise go on normally, but at a rate too slow for the practical uses of life. It is quite within this same period that physiologists have come to recognise the universal *rôle* of the ferments, that even the process of respiration, that is to say, the taking up of oxygen by the blood, is accomplished through the agency of a ferment. A text-book of physiology or medicine ten years old is out of date.

VI

The citations of recent progress are not, I hope, irrelevant. The intent was simply to make clear how very, very new is much of our knowledge of some of the most important vital functions, their *rôle* in health and disease; further, to enforce the obvious conclusion that much which yet remains obscure may sooner or later be cleared up, among other things old age.

It is hard, as yet, to perceive just where the opening lies, yet signs are not wanting to indicate that a sound beginning at least has been made. A great light may come any day.

The first fact to be laid hold of is that so well insisted upon by Mühlmann—that old age begins with the beginning of

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individual life. We might almost picture an organism as a sort of clock, wound up to run for a certain period, then stop. In a less fanciful way we may draw out the life energy in a diagram or curve just as they do for a steam-engine or other machine. From its inception the curve falls steadily to the end of life; the only material exception to be noted is the middle interval, where the line runs almost level.

At first the rate of fall is extraordinarily rapid. Within the first three months of its life the human embryo has increased in weight something like four hundred million times that of the primitive germ cell from which it springs. In the succeeding three months this rate of increase has fallen to five thousand times; in the next three to two hundred and fifty times.

After birth the rate of growth, that is to say, the rate of expenditure of life energy, grows slower and slower. A newborn child increases in weight the first month 25 per cent. By the end of the year this has fallen to 2 per cent. After that it is still smaller. The rate of increase for the first year is 200 per cent. By the seventh or eighth year it has fallen to 10 per cent.; at twenty it has dropped to 1 per cent. or 2 per cent; at thirty it has practically ceased altogether. What is the cause of this rapid decline?

Increasing difficulty of nutrition may be the answer, but it is not a sufficient answer. It does not explain what is nutrition. What is the physical or chemical substance which makes us grow at all? We do not know, and until we do know it is evident that any explanation must be of the most empiric sort.

Just a gleam of light was afforded by the very interesting experiments of a young American zoologist, Calkins, on some of the simplest forms of life. It is very well known that the single-celled protozoa, microscopic beings of the amœba class, reproduce their kind simply by dividing themselves in two. It was this fact which led Weismann to advance the notion of the potential immortality of unicellular beings. But this did

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not seem to hold in the face of the experiments of Maupas and others, who showed that while this process of division went on at a lively rate for a time, with the resulting production of an enormous number of individuals, yet little by little it began to slow down, and finally come to an end, just exactly as happens when the cells remain united in colonies to form multicellular organisms. The two processes seemed to all intents the same. The mere question of free surface, of absorbing area, was obviously not the decisive factor. The cause of this decline in energy, of this decreased vitality, must lie in the cells themselves.

It was left for Calkins to show that this inner cause was essentially a chemical one, and that with a simple change of diet the dividing process was resumed with the same energy as before. He followed the divisions of a single species through six hundred and more repartitions or generations, proving that with careful management the process could be kept up for ever. He demonstrated that Weismann's idea of the potential immortality of the protozoa was correct.

It is a very far cry from a single-celled microscopic organism, so minute that a very considerable number would find the area of a pin-head quite sufficient for their field of activity, to the billions-upon-billions of celled metazoa, such as whales and elephants and apes and men—organisms wherein the countless cells are differentiated so far from the primitive protoplasm as to form all the various organs and glands, the bones of the skeleton, the hard coat of the eye, the solidified glue of the nails, the hairs of the head, the enamel of the teeth, the wondrous substance of the brain, which may throb with beauty in a Keats, with melody in a Beethoven, or plan a the battle of Waterloo. Nevertheless one cannot reflect upon the experiments of Calkins without a feeling, a premonition, that here at last is a clue. There are substances which inhibit growth, speed it, stop it. Therefore, the substances which grow must be physical and chemical substances, and particularly and especially the substances which cause growth itself.

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If man can find a way to renew the substances of a single cell, so that instead of wearing down little by little, until after fifty or a hundred divisions its growth stops, it will go on dividing for thousands and conceivably for millions of times, it does not seem inconceivable that he should find a way to prevent the wearing down of a cell-colony. If he may not arrest the wear wholly, perhaps he may at least slow it down. If Sir John Lubbock can keep a queen ant alive for two or three times its apparently natural term of existence, it does not seem impossible that we might very considerably prolong the period of human existence. Authentic cases are known of men and women who lived to 150 years and more, and in proportionate possession of their faculties. This is a full twice the traditional three-score-and-ten; and pious folk will hardly fail to recall the tradition of Methusaleh.

The energy of life is the energy of matter. Every day's work is a wearing down and exhaustion of physical substance. Every night's rest is a rebuilding and restoration of a fabric in part destroyed. This is no longer a theory, it is a fact which can now be attested by the microscope. The studies of Hodge and others have shown that with prolonged activity the muscle cells undergo a distinct and regular change. If, for example, two or three carrier pigeons be chosen from a flock and set in long flight, the cells of their muscles will present a very different appearance afterwards from those which have been at rest. If, moreover, one of the pigeons be allowed to rest after its long flight before being killed and dissected its muscles in turn resemble those of the resting pigeons. The tired-out cells have been restored to their normal condition, the products of fatigue have been removed, the substance destroyed has been replaced.

VII

Such is the clear evidence of microscopic examination. Life can restore, vital activity is a restoration, a daily and

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hourly restoration. But can we ever get hold of the process so as to control it artificially? Are there fatigue *substances*? Is there any way to demonstrate chemically the revelations of the microscope? Curiously enough demonstration has come within the last year.

Dr. Wolfgang Weichardt, a German physician, has recently made a long and arduous series of experiments—800 or more in number—with the most amazing results. He takes test animals, guinea-pigs for example, puts them on a miniature treadmill and runs them until they fall dead from exhaustion. Then he expresses or concocts from the fatigued muscles of these animals a juice or sap. When this sap is injected into the veins of unworked guinea-pigs they show promptly all the outward signs of fatigue—can support no effort, their eyes stick out from their heads; at the end of twenty to forty hours they die. The sap concocted from the fresh, unworked animals shows no such effect.

Prolonged muscular activity, then, produces in the muscles a poison which, circulating through the body of the animal, causes its death. This poison is a definite substance, which, injected into other animals, produces identically the same effects. It is in its action evidently much the same as the poisons elaborated by bacteria. Following the nomenclature in vogue Dr. Weichardt calls this an *ermüdungs-toxin*, that is, a fatigue-toxin or fatigue-poison.

But Dr. Weichardt's fascinating experiments did not stop here. We have learned of late years to fabricate anti-toxins—serums, which, injected into the animal body, protect the animal against the disease. Why should not the fatigue-toxins produce an anti-body, just like the rest? Dr. Weichardt has shown that they do, and moreover he has shown that, just as in the case of the bacterial poisons, a very little fatigue-toxin injected into the veins of an animal produces an excess of anti-poison, so that it is to-day literally possible to inoculate an animal against fatigue. The German experimenter has shown that animals and even human beings

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thus inoculated are capable of a much more prolonged exertion than without it.

All this is curiously and wonderfully near a pregnant suggestion thrown out by Metchnikoff. Basing his idea upon the established fact that the various toxins which, in sufficient quantity, are so destructive to the cells of the body, stimulate rather than kill the cell when administered in minute doses, Metchnikoff conjectured that some cyto-toxins might be found which would reinforce the ageing cells and stimulate them to renewed youth. At least for the temporary wear which results in muscular fatigue, Dr. Weichardt has realised Metchnikoff's idea very closely.

What is the chemical *rôle* of these fatigue-toxins and anti-toxins? We know that increased muscular activity requires an increased supply of oxygen. If we run we must breathe deep and hard. In the course of his investigations, Dr. Weichardt found that a much larger quantity of the fatigue-poison could be obtained when the tired-out muscles were treated with reducing substances, that is to say, with substances which rob oxygen from others. The fatigue-poisons disappear spontaneously when the muscles are given time to rest. It is conceivable that they are simply flushed out by the circulation of the blood, but there is much in the recent advance of bio-chemistry to indicate that they are simply oxidised.

We know that in chemical reactions very often the process is stopped by the accumulation of the products of the reaction. This is exactly what happens in electrolysis, when the products of the reaction accumulate about one of the electrodes. The reaction continues if we have some means of preventing or removing this accumulation—that is, a depolariser.

The idea is growing up nowadays that the *rôle* of oxygen in the chemical reactions of the body is essentially that of a depolariser. This may be the *rôle* of the anti-fatigue poisons. It may explain the reputed action of formic acid in preventing and relieving fatigue.

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All this might seem going a little far afield were it not for two noteworthy facts. The first is that old age is in some sense merely accumulated fatigue; the second is that one very striking condition, if it be not an essential condition, in old age, is lessened oxidation.

Whatever else may be its *rôle* in the vital chemism, we know well enough nowadays that a great and essential office of oxygen lies in neutralising, removing, preventing the accumulation of the natural poisons produced by the bodily activities. Conceivably lessened oxidation means an accumulation of these toxic products, which results in senile decay. If this were true, then if we could get hold of some way of maintaining and stimulating this oxidising process, we should get a long way in the maintenance of youthful vigour.

Here again we have just a clue. A Russian pathologist, Belonovsky, has recently shown that the hemolysins, the poison serums which in quantity destroy red corpuscles, stimulate the production of the corpuscles when administered in very minute doses. This discovery has already been utilised to good effect in the treatment of the familiar disease of anæmia. Whether it will be of avail in warding off the kindred conditions of old age remains for the future to show.

VIII

We here reach the borderland of acquired knowledge. What lies beyond we can only conjecture. The enormous body of more or less connected knowledge already built up, regarding the vital chemism, the *rôle* of the ferments, the serums, the anti-toxins, the body destroyers and the body builders, can hardly fail to prove a powerful engine for further advance. The marvellous progress realised in the past thirty or forty years will not stop short now. It is but a halting imagination which conceived that it will cease before it has reduced all vital phenomena to the action of known chemical and physical forces.

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And this complete descriptive knowledge is but the prelude to the higher achievement which is the more or less conscious aim of all rational scientific investigation; this, in the phrase of one of the most distinguished of present-day physiologists, is *the control of phenomena.*

At the present moment the especial need in the study of old age is concerted investigation. There is need first of all of a complete and accurate knowledge of the changes in which old age consists. As yet the facts are slight. Instead of the finished picture we have but a bald sketch. Investigators can be had in plenty; the need is money, and its intelligent expenditure. Amid all the millions so recklessly thrown about nowadays, the half of it perhaps with little chance for gain or good, surely it seems as if some of it might be diverted for a thorough exploration of this little known field.

It is curious to reflect what might already have been achieved if twenty years ago even a slender corps of investigators could have been set at work with adequate funds. Possibly some Mecænas may yet arise, interested enough, either on his own account or for his kind, to look forward to what might be realised ten or twenty years hence if we begin now—and set the search going.

DR. CARL SNYDER.

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THE EFFECTS OF CIVILISATION UPON CLIMATE

ALTHOUGH men in their pride may on occasion think otherwise, nothing can alter the eternal purposes of Nature. Over and above the fretful workings of humanity, the great mother, supremely calm, pursues the even tenour of her way. Countless generations may come and go, each more energetic than the last, vast and far-reaching schemes be carried into effect, yet "they shall all wax old as doth a garment." Nevertheless, it would be idle to deny that mankind is often able, for a while at any rate, to work in opposition to natural laws; any mark which he may leave, however, will be purely temporary, to be effaced completely by the passage of time. Still the fact remains that the human race may continue to hold its own against the forces of nature over a comparatively long period.

One of the most interesting points which arise out of the consideration of man and the natural world is the question as to whether the developments of civilisation may in any way affect the climatic conditions prevalent in the different countries of the earth. The subject is not by any means new, neither is it one concerning which there is universal agreement. Indeed, it is an oft debated matter upon which many authorities find themselves at variance. By some it is positively asserted that the relatively tiny efforts of man cannot have the least power to bring about meteorological

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change; and, whilst one fully appreciates the insignificance of human endeavour, yet the evidence which can be brought forward in favour of the theory of artificial interference with climate serves to show that the idea is not such a fanciful one as some would have us believe. There is no doubt that when the possibility of artificial climatic change was first mooted a great deal of exaggerated statement was brought forward, and in recent years there has been a strong tendency to discredit the theory as a whole on the ground that so many of the original assertions have been proved to be entirely fictitious. The question is very fascinating and one of peculiar interest to the citizens of the vast British Empire, which in its many parts, covering one-fifth of the globe, is subject to every conceivable form of climatic condition.

It has always appeared to the writer that people who scout the idea of anything that man may do affecting the weather (putting aside the question of climatic change for the moment) can scarcely realise the extremely local character which is often a feature of meteorological conditions. An instance like the following is no uncommon happening: In a particular district fine, bright weather may be constant throughout the day, whilst a few miles distant heavy storms of rain will be experienced. This clearly shows that the area over which a particular type of weather is prevailing may be comparatively small in extent. Viewed in this light it does not seem so difficult to believe that in a given locality the weather might be influenced by some artificial feature. We need not go very far away to find an incontrovertible proof that this is so. No one will say that the huge city of London does not affect its own weather. The volume of smoke which arises from hundreds of thousands of chimneys turns day into night on many occasions when it would otherwise be fine and sunny. Moreover, the smoke from the great city is not only obnoxious within the borders of the metropolis, but its influence is felt over a much greater tract of country than is generally supposed. In Berkshire, forty miles away

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from London, an observer has remarked that the prevalence of an easterly wind during a number of hours frequently results in the sky being overcast with dull yellow clouds, evidently charged with sooty smoke. The people of the Oxfordshire hill villages are well acquainted with the effects of London smoke, and even during bright summer weather, should the wind happen to shift to the right quarter, the clearness of the atmosphere will be obscured by a blue haze and a distinctly sulphurous smell will be noticeable in the air. Of course, it may be truthfully said that London does more than influence its weather—it affects its climate as a whole. Even in the finest weather the canopy of sky over the metropolis is more or less obscured by the smoke veil—it is never entirely clear.

The presence of a large number of buildings in any situation will raise the temperature of the locality, whilst the influence of the warmth arising from a large number of fires must not by any means be overlooked. Experiments conducted in London, Berlin, and Paris serve to show that the average annual temperature in the cities is two or three degrees higher than in the surrounding country. At certain times of the year there is often a greater difference still, and it is noticeable that in cities sudden changes are not felt to the same extent that they are in the open country. In fact, we may imagine that London is enveloped by a great covering of warm air, which serves to repel the onslaughts of cold, for a time at any rate. Most people must have noticed how the trees and shrubs in the London parks burst into leaf a good deal earlier than is the case with specimens under less sheltered surroundings, and we may take it that plants are the best guarantee as to the mildness of any situation.

After all, of course, London and its like are not very big matters as far as area is concerned; at best the influence which these cities may bring to bear will extend not more than a few square miles. It will be necessary to push the point of the possible effects of civilisation upon climate to a much greater

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issue. Is it conceivable that man by his works may affect the climatic conditions of large tracts of land, whole countries in fact? In the first instance we can hardly do better than take England as an example. It is well known that during the last two centuries there has been an immense reduction in the amount of marsh land in this country; notably in the Fen district, if a particular instance is desired. Now damp soil is always colder than dry, and as may be imagined the amount of moisture in land has a very decided effect upon the temperature of the atmosphere. Conceive a huge area of land many miles in extent, which from a very wet state has been artificially drained for purposes of cultivation into a dry condition. It must be admitted that it does not seem a very far-fetched idea to hold that such a change would bring about a very definite, and probably permanent alteration in the climate. This is what has actually taken place in England, for it is a proved fact that the temperature in this country is appreciably higher than it was several hundred years ago. Although accurate observations have not extended over a sufficiently long period to establish the fact with mathematical exactitude, we know that Glaisher in his time computed that the mean temperature at Greenwich had risen two degrees in the preceding hundred years. Very old people are frequently heard to remark that the winters are not so severe as they remember in their childhood's days, and whilst giving every allowance, the observation is made so often and by such a number of different people, that one cannot help attaching some weight to the statement. Severe winters do not appear to visit us so often as was the case formerly, and certainly British winters are later in coming than they used to be, for it is very rarely that any prolonged spell of cold is experienced until the New Year. The old fashioned winter often commenced in December, or even in November, as is very evident from the records which have been handed down to us. A typically modern winter was that of the year 1895, when the rigours of the season were scarcely felt until February, and were extended well into March. There

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seems to be a clear reason for this. The well-drained lands of Britain are so thoroughly warmed by the summer sun that it takes a longer time for the icy grip of winter to take hold of the country; even when at last winter does appear the increasing power of the sun as the season draws away towards Spring exerts a powerful influence in the modification of the cold weather. The vast "tundras" which form so large a part of the northern portion of Siberia doubtless exert a powerful influence on the climate of that desolate region. On account of the exceedingly marshy character of the land, it is so thoroughly chilled that even in the height of summer, on days when the sun is oppressively hot, the soil is frozen hard within a few inches of the surface. Doubtless if these great bog lands could be drained of their super-abundant moisture it would lead to a diminution of the severity of cold experienced during the winter months.

The point as to whether the presence of large tracts of forest land may in any way influence climate is one around which there has been an immense amount of controversy. It has been definitely established that the presence of large numbers of trees in tropical regions, notably in South America and Africa, has a tendency to reduce the temperature of a locality. This fact is readily to be understood, for it is only reasonable to suppose that country thickly covered with jungle is not so exposed to the burning rays of the torrid sun, and as a consequence the land does not get so heated. One of the principle causes of the intense heat of deserts is the fact that the ground is entirely unprotected by vegetation and absorbs the heat of the solar orb without interruption. The destruction of a large tract of forest in the tropics would be calculated to result in a marked increase in the temperature of the district. In their capacity as shelterers from strong and cold winds trees are by no means to be despised. Large belts of forest land will often afford protection in this respect to considerable areas of country, as settlers have found out to their cost after deforestation has been carried out. It is said

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that in the State of Michigan, where formerly peaches were cultivated to a large extent, since the disappearance of the forest land their production has been rendered impossible owing to the disastrous effects of the cold winds in the Spring time.

Most important of all, however, is the question concerning the probable effects of forests upon rainfall. In spite of a great deal of conflicting evidence upon the subject it may be concluded that large numbers of trees (not mere isolated groups), do have a real influence upon the amount of rain which is experienced in a district. Trees, as is well known, increase the humidity of the atmosphere by the evaporation of moisture from their foliage, and it is only natural to suppose that this is precipitated again in showers. It is generally believed that the destruction of the forest land in Central India has led to a diminution in the annual rainfall, and the same thing has been felt to an alarming degree in some of the smaller West Indian islands. In America it is positively asserted that the cutting down of the virgin forests has resulted in long spells of drought. It is observed as well that storms are of greater violence, seeming to point to the fact that the trees had an equalising influence upon the climate. So concerned are the inhabitants at what they deem to be the consequence of deforestation that they are taking steps to replant all available pieces of land with saplings. An observer in South America has noticed that the clouds generally hang over the forest land. He says:

> In the Corderilla at Bogota, clouds with rain falling from them can be seen hanging over the forests, while near by over ground which is covered with shrubs, or is used for agriculture, the sky is blue and the sun is shining. It appears further that this open country has been deforestated, and that with the change in the covering of the soil the climate has also changed to some extent.

In another and very important way in the tropics where dews are heavy, forests largely enhance the precipitation of moisture. During a thick morning mist an immense amount of water condenses on the millions of leaves, and this with a

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steady drip falls to the ground beneath forming a very good substitute for rain. One instance may be cited where the water supply of a large establishment is almost entirely derived from moisture droppings from trees—that of the garrison of a naval station in Ascension Isle. It is mentioned by Abbe in "Forest Influence" in the following terms:

> The principal water-supply for the garrison of this naval station is gathered several miles away at the summit of Green Mountain, the upper part of which has always been green with verdure since the island was discovered; almost all of this water comes from slight showers and steady dripping of trees enveloped in cloud fog on the windward side of the mountain.

As may be imagined, if the trees be not too thick in growth to obstruct the light grass and small, tender herbs will flourish under the branches in such a way as would not be possible in the open country. This knowledge might be turned to good account by agriculturists in tropical regions where it is often so difficult to grow green food for cattle.

The fact having been established that deforestation will be likely to cause a reduction in the amount of precipitated moisture in a district, the point arises as to whether by the replanting of the one-time forest land the climatic conditions might be changed so as to bring about a more abundant rainfall. The question is one which it is most difficult to answer with any certainty, as it is not easy to obtain any decided data on the matter at present. The destruction of forests is a work which can proceed with great rapidity, but their entire replacement is a very slow business which it may take many generations to complete. In Germany it is said that there is good reason to believe that in certain districts where extensive reforestation has been carried out, the result has been an increase in the amount of rain and a general reversion of the climate to its original state. In America, too, as has been already noted, the idea that spells of drought might be prevented by reforestation is generally credited, although there is little that is reliable in the way of evidence to be brought forward. After all, there is nothing very far-fetched in the

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idea that the replanting of forests might restore a climate to its condition before the denudation of the land, if we accept the theory that trees influence climate at all.

It is a remarkable thing, although at first sight the statement may seem to be a confusion of cause and effect, that all the desert regions of the earth are practically destitute of trees. Of course, in a general sense, it must be admitted that the trees are not there because of the rainless character of the climate; still one may venture to opine that, could large sections of the Sahara desert be irrigated and clothed with forests, even that thirsty land might be blessed with grateful showers. It is likely that in years to come some interesting changes in the climate of Egypt may delight the meteorologists of the day, as the result of the extensive schemes of land irrigation which are making many a barren spot "blossom as the rose." If afforestation leads to an increase in the annual rainfall of a country, we in England may be pardoned for wishing that the various societies, now actively propagating the doctrine of tree-planting, had never seen the light of day. Rain is a good and excellent thing in its way, but in these last few years, when we have been feeling the full effects of a "wet cycle," one can hardly view the prospect of additional downpours with equanimity.

To sum up the whole matter it is impossible to deny that man and his works do influence climate to a greater or less extent; the spread of civilisation in a new land has a real effect on the annual tale of weather. The study of the subject is in its infancy, and research in the matter is beset by peculiar difficulties owing to the fact that definite evidence is long in coming and not easily obtainable. That special attention to this particular branch of meteorology will be given in the future there can be no doubt, and with the more reliable data which the student will then have at his command some valuable conclusions may be expected. At the present time the fact that extermination of swamps and drainage of land tends to raise the temperature of a district, is worthy of serious

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attention. Many parts of the world would become more readily habitable both for animals and plants if the land could be released from the iron grip of frost during the summer and the winter season rendered less severe, even though it was only a mean annual increase of a few degrees. Of course, with our present resources schemes of this kind could not be carried out by one generation; rather will they be the outcome of the gradual spread of civilising influences brought into being by the energetic nations of the earth.

S. Leonard Bastin.

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THE HUMAN STATE

THE human state has often been considered from two divergent points of view, the optimistic and the pessimistic.

According to the latter, man is a being liable to a multitude of diseases, more or less painfully conscious of physical decline and of the inevitableness of death, experiencing a predominance of painful over pleasurable emotions, possessing by reason of his reflective faculty a realisation of a series of antinomies between his desires and his ends, affected by climatic conditions, in need of food and condemned to the labour of procuring it, exposed to injustice and misfortune—a speck of animated matter whose presence on the earth is vain.

This view, or variants and extensions of it, has been held and expressed at various times in the world's history, chiefly by reflective individuals whose physical and mental composition made them sensitive to the worst aspects of existence. In the East, the Ecclesiastes of the Bible and Cakya-Mouni, in the West, Schopenhauer, have been its best exponents. It has been more an attitude of mind than a school of thought, for the reason that, leading logically to a negation of existence, it is opposed to the strongest impulse of the race. As such, it has generally excited reprobation, and its expression has, on the whole, been scanty. Its contentions are for the most part true; but their truth is isolated truth, divorced from other truth which, in the consideration of the human state, may not be separated from it. It is true that death is a conscious

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fatality from which men shrink; but it is also true that in the majority of cases death is a painless process, occurring generally at an age when the senses are enfeebled. It is true that the diseases of the human body are not few; but it is also true that the majority of men pass the greater number of their days immune from painful malady. It is true that for most men the toil for sustenance is constant; but it is true, also, that rational toil or industry is essential to the maintenance of pleasure-yielding health. It is often true that the pains of life appear to outweigh the felicities; but this is not wholly true if we count among the pleasures of existence the pleasure of existing. It is true that men are exposed to misfortune and injustice; yet it is also true that the normal state is not one of extreme misfortune, and that there *is* some justice in the world, the sum of which men's efforts tend constantly to increase. Finally, although it may be true that men exist upon the earth for no specific purpose, it may be also true, as we shall see, that there is a purpose which they have not yet discerned.

The optimistic view of the human state, generally enthusiastic, holds that the pains of life are compensated by the pleasures; that humanity is of its nature good; that existence is a privilege; that the ecstatic sentiment of love, though transitory, atones for death; that there are few ills by which men are afflicted that have not some redeeming feature; that if we only interpret circumstance aright and make a true use of our reason, we need not suffer from misfortune; that there is satisfaction in the exercise of the physical and mental faculties; that in the spectacle of nature there are lasting joys. Evidently this view neglects to take into account the accusations of the pessimists, and, however much illusion it may contain, it is certain that it is rich in vital incentive, that life will be pleasurably lived under this conception, and that it will exhibit much of its freshness and its strength. Nevertheless, from the point of view of stern reality, neither of these conceptions may be accepted, because both incline to exaggeration.

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The human state is not one which, considered in its total aspect, can logically give rise either to great enthusiasm or to great despondency; for, on the average, its pleasures and its pains are balanced, and although there are lives where the balance leans excessively to one side or the other, yet in the great majority of cases, an equilibrium is steadily maintained. Although no man ever elected to be born, few men ever wish to die; and therefore it must be that human life, as it has been lived, is found to be endurable. Man, the effect of an unknown cause, is impelled to live, to give and to relinquish life, by an influence the secret of which lies wrapt up in the principle of life itself. He is, in this sense, automatic, and as such he may not deviate from the plan of life without contradicting the principle from which he springs. Whatever nature is, it is plainly evident that nature has prescribed a course from which the human being may not swerve, a course which he must pursue as long as he is destined to take part in existence. Therefore, perceiving the uselessness of wishing that the state were other than it is, that death were non-existent, or that pleasure was more abundant and less evanescent; man early invented stoicism, or resignation to the inevitable play of forces on his mind and body.

Well, stoicism of some degree is an attitude the necessity for which naturally impresses itself upon the mind in the experience of life, and the stoics of antiquity did no more than emphasise a condition of existence. For the great majority of men the vicissitudes of life make repeated calls upon the fund of physical and mental resistance which man possesses in a degree that is only truly realised when the circumstances arise to call it forth. Moreover, however austere stoicism may at times appear, as it does when practised in excess of necessity, it partakes of the nature of a pleasurable state, since it meets the ills of life by a permanent attitude of mind which averts their sting. Stoicism, indeed, has therapeutic value, and in nervous maladies it is capable of curing. It considers existence neither as a comedy nor as a tragedy, but as a drama which, for some

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unknown reason, it is given to consciousness to know. Few men can go through life without finding it necessary at times to contemplate it from the stoic point of view, because that point of view is the only one that serves for all the circumstances of life: in one sense stoicism is a narcotic, administered by the reason or the will. But if the human state be such that stoicism is required to counteract its ills, it is evident that the pessimistic contention of its inferiority is not without foundation. The human organism, moved by the life impulse, is constantly in need of developing a resisting force within itself, and therefore a state where such a necessity exists, is not that which we may conceive as the best possible.

Exponent of a vital principle having its origin in the early stages of the earth's history, composed of some of the principal elements of that earth and of the universe, man in all probability reached the human condition after long stages of transition from other forms of life, with the highest of which he still has common traits. Born, like all mammalians, from ova, he acquires a consciousness before his birth, a consciousness which continues to develop afterwards until he eventually appears in the world as a rational being of a highly elaborate nervous system, liable to diseases due to climatic or hereditary causes, to errors of his judgment, or faults in his knowledge, a being possessing a mind that is capable of unravelling natural secrets which were not revealed to him by intuition, but which has hitherto proved itself unable to discover the reason of existence or the primary source of life, a mind which is at times a torment and at times a solace to itself, but which is always conscious of the necessity of ending life in a cessation of the personality, in a separation from earthly interests. Finally, man is a being so conditioned that he is in daily need of maintaining the forces of his body by food, the consumption of which is itself one of the causes of his physical decay. And yet the life state itself, the actual sense of existence, is in the absence of ills a condition of enjoyment, a satisfaction of the nature of a privilege, a condition to which no termination is desired. So that we have a

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constant contradiction between the state considered in its essence, and the state considered in relation to the causes by which it is affected.

Now, it is these causes, disease, recurrent need of food, deficient social justice, and unequal distribution of advantage, that have led men to inquire whether the human intellect, which has shown itself capable of great development, may not discover means whereby these imperfections of the human state may be modified, if not removed, and a type of human being formed less at the mercy of the evils which have hitherto been considered to be inherent to humanity. Hence we have seen, along with the progress in curative medicine, the gradual rise of preventive medicine aiming at the eradication of disease, and powerfully aided in the last ten years by the revelations of bacteriology. To this have been added hygiene and sanitation, resulting in the practical destruction of epidemics and the removal of the fear they caused. Knowledge has been gained of the nutritional and therapeutic properties of foods, and the possibility has even been contemplated of discovering more concentrated forms of nourishment than those hitherto employed. Moral philosophers and reformers have long laboured, and not without success, to improve the relations between men. Many of the sciences have contributed towards this end. Quite recently, biology and social science have combined to construct a system of eclectic mating whereby the selective process, already to some extent at work in human marriage, is consciously and conscientiously pursued so that the race may be improved; and this system, which embraces not a few fallacies, though of its nature aristocratic and opposed therefore to a well-marked tendency of modern times, and though conducing, in spite of the denial of its founder, to the creation of a residuum of unfit individuals condemned to mate together for a long period preceding elimination, nevertheless contains injunctions which, if followed, must help the other agencies at work for the production of a sound heredity. Man has at last perceived that instead of passively submitting, with the aid of resigned stoicism, to the

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evils which it was long considered "flesh is heir to," he may by taking thought, oppose them and prepare for himself a better state.

The advance of the sciences, including political science, has had the effect of giving to man a new power, the power of amelioration, and of engendering a new hope, the hope of more perfect being, so that even the compunction which some men experience for introducing children into a world in which they have themselves been sufferers, may eventually be diminished or removed. Given that greater equalisation of the world's wealth had been reached than exists at present, and that morals had so progressed that material misfortune, due to organised deception, had become unknown; it is plain that man, born healthy, wisely reared and nourished, freed from organic disease and from mental maladies, living in an uncongested world, would lead an existence approaching the ideal. Less engrossed by the sustentative necessity, unexposed to the predatory enterprises of neighbours, preserving a better balance between his forces and the demands of his daily life upon them, he would be enabled to experience more fully than hitherto the essential pleasure of existence. Life, subject to less vicissitudes, might be planned more surely; there would be a greater confidence in human things. The complexities too thoughtlessly accumulated by civilisation would give place to a greater simplicity, which, though not synonymous with a rudeness no longer possible, would be a nearer approach to natural conditions. Such an existence is not without the bounds of possibility, and it is certain that its foundations have been laid. If it were reached, however, there would still remain obstacles to the complete enjoyment of existence. There would still remain the liability to suffering from climatic causes, from any disturbance of the earth's interior, from any cosmic change, and, above all, from the knowledge of the fate of death.

For the first of these obstacles no remedy has as yet been found. No means have been devised whereby the

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inequalities of temperature and of atmospheric pressure may be removed. Considering the relative positions of earth and sun and the inclination of the earth's axis, it is plain that man must always experience extremes of heat and cold, that he can only preserve himself in some measure from their effects by artificial means, and that his globe will be long exposed to earthquakes and eruptions. But the suffering from the first of these causes is not on the whole excessive, from the second far from general, and from the third as yet unknown. Death, the last obstacle, is far more formidable. It is the stubborn fact which has given rise to pessimism, which has been the eternal cause of sorrow and discouragement. Hitherto it has seemed an evil, in so far as it involved the cessation of existence, that admitted of no palliation, an evil which was the more grave because its anticipation clouded the latter half of the majority of lives. No doubt the exact date of the renunciation is concealed, but the realisation of its proximity increases as life proceeds. There is no period, unless at the extreme limit of longevity, when, as has been said, it is not possible to hope for two more years of life; but two more years, when the aspiration is unlimited existence, is a short respite!

Hitherto those who have reasoned about death, in so far as its natural aspect is concerned, have found no solution for the problem it presents save resignation. Recently, it is true, Finot has discovered some satisfaction in the fact that life, as life, does not end in the grave, but is prolonged in the lower forms which spring from the decaying body. But an inquirer who can derive comfort from such immortality must, indeed, have reached an identification with nature such as few are ever likely to attain. The human personality is a fact which, in relation to death, is self-contained. The knowledge of a vermiform continuation is not likely to promote the happiness which men, as they exist on earth, are forced to seek, to satisfy a craving of their nature; and the quest must certainly be made in a different direction.

Among those who have studied death, especially in its

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bearing upon human happiness, Metchnikoff has alone the merit of having made what may be called a practical attempt to divest it of its gloom. Discarding metaphysical assumptions and placing himself on the ground of science, he reached the conviction that the pain of death was largely due to the fact that old age, being pathological in the vast majority of cases, death which resulted from it was not physiological, but accidental, and that if by hygiene, sobriety, suitable pure diet, rational living, and the use of certain sera, we could attain to an old age free from organic malady, then we should arrive at the natural termination of existence, which is rarely reached at present, and that we should acquire the instinct which we do not now possess, the thanatic instinct. Gradually, without pain, attaining to a longevity of a century or considerably more, man, he considered, should reach a period when, surfeited with life, he should come to will what nature wills, and the greatest of the disharmonies which have hitherto existed in his state would cease. No longer would death surprise him before he had finished his "physiological development," but it would receive him at a time when, from natural causes, from the attainment of the natural span of life, the instinct of life would have become replaced by that of death. Morals, legislation, and science should co-operate towards this end, which would be the true object of existence. The achievement of this result, combined with the prudential regulation of childbirth, must, according to its author, improve the human lot, conquer pessimism and regret.

Now, it is evident that if it be possible by the course prescribed to reach the instinct of extinction, this solution offers solace. If with sound tissue and healthy organs, in possession of his faculties until the last, man could reach the desire of finality, his position would be better than it hitherto has been. But Metchnikoff himself admits the difficulty of realising these conditions. The instinct which he conceives as necessary to the completion of the life state has not yet been recorded: it must, therefore, be evolved, and the time required

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for its evolution is unknown. Also, if physical efficiency be preserved until the last, it is not easy to understand why the mind should be so much more weary than the body, that it should wish for death. However this may be, it seems that the ideal of long and healthy life, terminating in a truly normal end, is one which, if attained, would increase the value of existence. It may be in our power to reach this consummation by ascertaining and fulfilling the requirements of nature which men have tended to oppose. Outside the supernatural order of ideas, in which solace, conditional upon belief, is offered, but with which we are not here concerned, no consolation for human ills is to be found except in the production of a state longer and more robust than that which we experience. Human effort has been so much devoted to the exploitation of the earth as a source of pleasure and to the development of purely intellectual pursuits, that the natural interest of the species has been not a little overlooked. If we have no certain knowledge of our origin we may still do something to control our destiny on earth, and even those who anticipate an after life may at least contribute to the perfectation of the present positive existence. Whether we and our planet trouble uselessly what Schopenhauer held to be the happy rest of nothingness, the fact that we, as sentient beings, are liable to pain renders it needful, if we care for the welfare of posterity, that we should labour to remove from life that suffering which we can conceive as due to error or to ignorance.

If this perfectation were achieved, life would doubtless flow more smoothly and more surely. The regretful feelings inseparable from the contemplation of the more sombre features of existence would give place to a contented acquiescence in the course of nature, and living would be calm and lasting happiness. Unfortunately for the completion of the picture, if individual solicitude were set at rest, racial solicitude might still exist. Man is inquisitive by nature, and yet he is in total ignorance of the end for which his species lives, or whether it has any other end than to continue illustrating the principle of

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life as long as the world lasts, without ever reaching a goal that may be seen to be more definite. This ignorance of racial destiny was one of the accusations of the pessimists, an accusation for which no adequate reply was found. Is it possible that the life struggles of countless centuries, the loves of myriads of men and women, the constant growth of knowledge, can have no more specific purpose than the ceaseless prolongation even of a perfected state? It sometimes seems that so much energy should not be uselessly expended; that there must be a resultant. But where or how? Speculation may show us men attaining, by constant labour, to a knowledge of the origin of things, and arriving through that knowledge at some identification with the originating principle; but little satisfaction can be gained from speculation, and when hypothesis has done its best, we are still without firm ground on which to tread. We have still no solid answer to the question, Wherefore do we live? It is agreed to-day that it is hazardous to assign bounds to the accomplishment of science. It may be in the power of science to solve the riddles which perplex us now, and some may be content to place their trust in it and to require no other racial hope than that which it affords. But science is a body of knowledge and of theory, and lately, as an induction from the discovery of radio-active substances, we have seen it steadily maintained by a physicist, Le Bon, that matter is in constant process of disintegration, and that the universe is in course of re-absorption into the ether whence it came. If this were true, humanity would share the fate of matter. It would have lived and strived, as far as it could see, in vain.

And yet men act all through their lives in view of definite results, and incline to think that the collective action of their race cannot be quite vain. In thinking thus do they delude themselves? At the present stage we do not know. If we accept the life condition, we must be content to live in this uncertainty with the faint hope of perceiving in our lifetime a glimmer of the truth.

F. Carrel.

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JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

I

HARK! The women's voices—carding wool and singing,
Sound of spinning-wheels and laughter is the morning bringing,
Bright and golden dancing dust in the sunlight streaming,
Straight from heaven through the window on bronzed faces gleaming.
And a little child in bed
Counterpaned in brown and red
Hears the geese without the door,
Beat of flail on hovel floor,
All the sounds of home that mingle in a pleasant humming,
Sounds of things to live for ever in the artist coming.

II

Primitive his people in a land of tillage;
By a massive coast forbidding nestled Gruchy village:
Desolate and wild and tragic rose the rugged cliff volcanic,
Many a ship in many a tempest wrecked upon its rocks titanic.
In a little valley folded,
Open only to the ocean,
Was the mind of Millet moulded
In a simple pure devotion,

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And the psalms became his schooling—Virgil—and the book of Nature,
And he ploughed and sowed and garnered and became of manly stature.

III

Then his gift grew heavy and he knew his calling,
Gave his life and strength to follow—stumbled nearly falling—
Knowing only through all darkness that he knew the right for ever,
Never swerving from his purpose—never slacking in endeavour.
Then he faced a stubborn city,
Cold disdain and jealous plot,
Scorned for praise and starved for pity,
Suffering and complaining not:
Only in the Louvre the masters all their silent lore imparted
And he knew he was with brothers in one kinship mighty-hearted.

IV

Sense he had of action, in repose or motion,
Sense of plastic loveliness large as his devotion,
By no artificial grace, by no misery tainted;
Truth of thorn, truth of rose, sun and shade he painted.
"Ever try," he said, "to make
Trivial express sublime."
And his simplest subjects take
Greatness for enduring time:
More than allegoric meaning, beauty wed of fact and mind
Known and rendered, felt and given, seen in life and so designed.

V

Last the laurels, tardy honours and the tributes—recognition
Of the art of his creation—his invincible volition

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He was Knight who had been outlawed—he was Judge who had been banished,
And he still worked on in silence till the light of power vanished,
And a man of three-score years
Wakened on a bed of pain,
Heard the bay of dogs and cheers
While a hunted stag was slain,
And he said, "It is an omen;" and the door became a portal
As death entered for his guerdon, leaving us the work immortal.

A. Hugh Fisher.

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THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE

CHAPTER IX

THE MOUNTAIN FARM

COED-ITHEL stood in the middle of an orchard; a plain stone-tiled farm-house with no pretence to an approach, save a track over the grass from the yew-shadowed gate to the door.

A low uneven wall, built without mortar, of great boulders and slabs of stone, coated with moss, and sprouting with heavy ferns and pennywort, enclosed the orchard; and though the old garden of the Duke's imagination was non-existent, there was a large plot of ground, fenced in from the chickens, at the back of the homestead, which was devoted mainly to growing potatoes, cabbages and onions, but was also well stocked with the roots of old-fashioned herbs and cottagers' flowers.

It had not occurred to Jeanne to telegraph and warn her uncle of the intended visit; a telegram, as she very well knew, would have startled him much more than her sudden appearance; besides entailing a payment of porterage, which would have annoyed him considerably.

Since Dunham had refused to permit her to make a brown

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paper parcel of necessaries to carry under her arm (which would have been much more convenient), and had, instead, insisted upon encumbering her with her late aunt's heavy travelling bag—Jeanne had been obliged to leave her belongings at the station, to be called for later by John Evans, her uncle's man.

She carried in her hand only her shabby desk, containing the family treasures, from which, true to her brother's injunctions, she would not be parted.

The daylight was beginning to fail as she walked rapidly along the main road, and turned into the narrow lane, which led upwards to the open path over the hills to Coed-Ithel.

A joyous sense of freedom regained caused her heart to lighten and her face to glow; as, with the ease of youth and strength and long habit, she climbed the steep and stony track over the mountain, pausing now and then to cast a glance of recognition at the familiar landscape.

Breathless, but beaming, she presently pushed open the orchard gate, sped across the grass, lifted the latch of the farm-house door, and stepped into the kitchen.

A pleasant sense of home-coming, never before experienced, brought the tears to her glad brown eyes.

She had not known that the familiar place of her childhood was dear to her, before she went to London. Often and often had she and Louis grumbled over its smallness, its homeliness, and its distance from Tref-Goch, once the centre of life to both.

Now its very remoteness from the dwelling-houses of other men seemed to make it more truly a place of rest.

She closed the door and came softly round the old solid oaken screen, built into the wall, that sheltered her uncle's patchwork covered arm-chair from draught.

One half of the well-scrubbed white deal table was laid for tea. A big loaf, a black-handled knife, a square lump of fresh yellow butter, a red earthen pitcher of milk, and a pot of jam.

The black teapot stood warming on the hob, and the kettle was boiling.

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Well-known sounds in the back-kitchen told her that Uncle Roberts had come in and was cleaning himself at the pump.

Not wishing to startle him too much she rapped on the wooden screen with her knuckles, and stood there smiling and dimpling.

Uncle Roberts came forth immediately, clumping heavily across the tiled floor of the back-kitchen in his heavy boots, wiping his hands with a cloth, and peering under his bushy brows to see who it was.

"I've come to pay you a visit, uncle," said Jeanne.

Llewellyn Roberts was not a demonstrative man; he endured the kiss his niece bestowed upon his hairy cheek with equanimity, and said, "Well, to be sure!" in surprise.

It did not occur to him to express any pleasure at her advent, but Jeanne knew him well enough to be quite sure he was glad to see her.

"You got my letter, uncle, didn't you, about Louis going to Somaliland?"

"I got it right enough," said Uncle Roberts,

He went to the bottom of the deal staircase and called loudly:

"Sally Morgan! Here's Jenny come home," and then with a nod, retired to the back-kitchen to complete his ablutions.

Granny Morgan was less impassive than the farmer.

She was a rosy little old woman, with a white cap tied under her chin, and a short full woollen skirt cut well above her blue stockings and neat clogs.

Though, like the farmer, she loved Louis the best—she was yet very fond of Jeanne.

"Well, to be sure, my deary, this is a surprise. So here you be come home! Just in time for your tea," she kissed Jeanne heartily. "Have you brought any news, deary?"

"Louis was just starting for Somaliland when he last wrote, Granny, and he says it won't be long before he comes home."

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"Oh, my, what a day 'twill be—the lads down to Pen-y-waun be going to carry him shoulder high the day he comes —they talk of fireworks and all sorts. And he'll be grander than ever, with all this money."

"It won't change him, Granny."

"No, it won't, my deary, for the lad's not the sort to change. Well, if I didn't always say he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth! It's to be hoped they *won't* be keeping him out there much longer."

Then she raised her voice and cried to the back-kitchen:

"Robert, your tea's waiting."

She poured the boiling water into the teapot and set it on the table.

"You'll be wanting something after your journey, deary. Don'tee stop for nobody, but just set to."

But Jeanne knew better than to incur her uncle's displeasure by beginning before he had said grace.

Uncle Roberts stood in his place, and asked a blessing with his eyes shut, and Granny Morgan put the bread platter at his elbow.

Jeanne had not enjoyed a meal so much for weeks.

How delicious to her was the home-made crusty bread, the yellow butter slightly salted! She abjured the tea, and drank her accustomed measure of new milk from her own blue china mug, inscribed in gilt letters, "A present from Monmouth."

Uncle Roberts was evidently cudgelling his brains for the reason of his niece's sudden appearance; but being chary of words, preferred thinking to asking questions.

Presently he brought forth the result of his cogitations.

"Be there anything wrong with this fine fortune his aunt has left to Louis?"

"Oh no, uncle. Mr. Valentine, the lawyer, says it is as safe as the Bank of England."

"Don'tee get putting your trust in lawyers," said Uncle Roberts, gloomily.

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"They have been—I mean the firm—lawyers to the Marneys of Orsett for three generations," said Jeanne.

"That sounds respectable, farmer," said Granny Morgan, who was of an optimistic disposition.

Uncle Llewellyn allowed it to be in Mr. Valentine's favour.

"Who's taking care of this fine house, now you've come away?" he asked, rather anxiously.

"The servants," said Jeanne.

"You've been and left Louis' house to servants! Why, 'tis chock full of valuable things, bain't it?" said Uncle Roberts. "They ought to be took care of."

"But there are fifteen servants to take care of them, uncle."

"Farmer! you bain't reasonable," said Mrs. Morgan. "Them upper servants aren't like the girls we keep. Wasn't it on the letter you sent, my deary, that the housekeeper or such had been with the old lady forty or fifty year?"

"They have all been with her for years and years. Oh, uncle, if you could see how respectable and to be trusted they are," said Jeanne, almost appalled by such doubts. "Besides," with a perception that no words of hers could convey the full measure of Pyke's and Dunham's respectability to her uncle, "if it comes to that, uncle, the lawyer's clerks or the Government or somebody, have taken lists of everything in the house, down to the very spoons."

"That will be for probate," said Uncle Llewellyn. "These 'ere death doos will come pretty heavy on Louis, I'm thinking."

"But you've always held the rich should be taxed, haven't you, uncle?" said Jeanne, timidly.

"In the abstrack,—yes"—said Uncle Roberts, pulling his red beard. "Tax the rich, I says—in the abstrack."

Uncle Llewellyn did not like argument; which, being interpreted, meant that he liked to state his own opinion, but did not wish to hear the opinion of any one else; so his womenkind were respectfully silent, and he recovered his spirits.

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"But I daresay there will be plenty left."

"Mr. Valentine says Louis will be very rich."

"H'm," said Mr. Roberts, and it was plain that he was not altogether delighted at the prospect.

"What fair beats my understanding is — why the old woman didn't leave her money to you," he said, thumping the table. "The lad being started and doing well for hisself, and having me to look to besides, and you being with her. It makes me feel fair evil to think of it. Did she take anything amiss with you?"

"No, indeed, uncle; we were the best of friends. Mr. Valentine said it was because she liked me so much that she decided to alter her will, and leave her money to Louis instead of to charities."

"'Twas a rum way of showing her liking for *you*."

"Oh, Uncle Roberts, you know it comes to just the same thing. Louis and me! I would rather Louis had it."

"You was all for giving up everything to him, deary, all your life. But you see if he doesn't make it up to you when he comes home. Wednesday's children is all for loving and giving, and you was both born of a Wednesday."

Uncle Roberts grunted, and pushed back his chair.

When tea was over, and as Jeanne assisted her to wash up the tea-things, Mrs. Morgan explained the cause of the farmer's depression.

"He's been worriting hisself like ever since the news came, and no wonder. There he was, thinking that the lad would come after him here; and all his affairs settled so he wouldn't have nothing to fret over on his deathbed when his time do come, as come it must. And quite pleased to think your aunt should have you up to town to make a lady of you and provide for you; and now he's all unsettled. I know his mind misgives him, but the boy will be took up with this fine fortune and look down on the farm like; and yet he can't abear to be at the trouble and expense of going over to Tref-Goch and letting Lawyer Williams alter his will. 'Sally Morgan,' he

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says to me, 'I thought that was over and done with.' He've not been the same man since. Thinking may be 'tis *you* as ought to have the farm now, in justice."

"Oh, don't let him alter anything. But I'll tell Louis to write to him, for he will never listen to you or me," said Jeanne. "But if the Rector would advise him to put off making any changes till Louis comes home, that would be the best."

"Dear heart, the Rector and his wife been away this many weeks. Most ever since you left."

"Away!"

"'Tis that Cissy at the bottom of it all. They say her wouldn't answer her mother's letters, so poor Mrs. Davies at last her took to her bed with grief and spite, to think her own daughter should treat her so. And she couldn't keep it to herself, for Molly Jones at the Post-office her spread it abroad as Mrs. Davies wrote five letters and a post-card running, and never a one come back from Mrs. Watson for her."

"But why won't she write?"

"They say she's too stuck up; but perhaps 'tis just that she's took up with her long family, and got sick of wasting so much money on stamps, for they say she's a long ways off in South America, travelling with her old gentleman. Mrs. Davies was always terrible over-fond of Cissie, and now the girl's paying her out for it. 'Tis always the way. But she was that bad, poor thing, as the doctor advised her should go to foreign parts. Ah, well, I miss her, for she gave me many a box of patent medicine one way and another, and my inside not being what it was, needs a lot of physic."

But Jeanne grew impatient of the symptoms Mrs. Morgan now proceeded to describe in detail, and brought the conversation back to her uncle.

"Yes, he be terrible interested with all the lad sends, though he bain't fond of writing letters nor yet of reading them, as a rule. But he boasts away, when he thinks I aren't listening, to John Jones and Davy Griffiths, whenever they comes here.

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Men's all alike, my deary; they be ashamed of loving their own flesh and blood till they be away from them, and then out it comes—willy nilly."

She nodded and winked at Jeanne when Uncle Llewellyn grumbled at having to send John Evans all the way to the station for Jeanne's bag.

"Nice fine lady ways you've got into, Jenny," he said, shaking his head at her.

"There's Louis' photographs in the bag; they were too big to fit into my desk. He was photoed before leaving South Africa," she breathed.

"What was that for?"

"For me—and for you, uncle. He's changed ever so; as one would expect in so many years," she said, with her pretty timid smile.

Uncle Roberts made no answer, but she heard him presently shouting to John Evans to make haste, and not be all night fetching the things up from the station.

Jeanne, finding herself alone in her little attic beneath the roof, hung the miniatures again on the brass hooks Louis had placed for them long ago, over the tiny fireplace. She was for the first time struck by the incongruity of their surroundings.

What had her silk-clad, jewel-decked, powdered, beribboned ancestors to do with this white-washed room and flock paper?

How very very small and poor it all looked! How hard the narrow bed, and rough the cotton sheets; how small and lumpy the pillow, stuffed with poultry feathers by old Granny Morgan's wrinkled hard-working hands!

Jeanne blushed with shame at herself for noticing such things, and for the reflection that crossed her mind that dear old Granny was much less refined in speech and appearance than Dunham, and would probably curtsey to Mrs. Pyke in her black silk gown and Chantilly lace cap. Was it possible

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that the old woman's endless stories of her ailments had become fatiguing instead of interesting to hear; or that she could draw comparisons between the manner of serving meals in Grosvenor Square, and in the farm-house kitchen, to the disadvantage of the latter?

The pricking of her conscience reminded her of many a reproof she had bestowed upon Louis in the past for grumbling when he returned from school or college, at some of the primitive domestic arrangements at the hillside farm; and it reminded her also of the sweet-tempered meekness with which he had received her ignorant assurances of their perfection.

How little she had known of the world then! She thought she knew a great deal now, and kneeling very humbly by the narrow bedstead, prayed God not to allow her experience of grandeur or luxury to make her proud, or disdainful of the lowly roof which had sheltered her childhood.

To that prayer she added her passionate entreaties for her brother's safe and speedy return.

How often she had knelt beside that bed, sobbing and praying, through the dark days of the South African War! And here was Louis going blithely forth to fresh danger. She thought of his words.

"*God has been very good to me. Why should this luck come to me, when every fellow out here would give anything to go?*"

"Why indeed"? thought Jeanne, ruefully.

As she blew out the candle and laid her brown head on the small hard pillow, she shivered a little, for though the weather was surprisingly mild for the end of January, yet the fireless attic was a great deal colder in this fresh atmosphere than her luxurious bedroom in Grosvenor Square.

The forlorn sense of being again alien to her surroundings returned upon her in the darkness.

She was fond of Uncle Roberts, but she had nothing in common with him, and had talked more to Aunt Caroline in a few hours than to her uncle in her whole life-time. Why,

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indeed, had she not talked less and listened more? she thought remorsefully.

Cousin Denis was even more companionable than Aunt Caroline, partly because he inspired her, in spite of his dukedom, with less awe; partly because he was of her own generation.

Was it because the descendant of the de Coursets had more natural affinity with these fine people than with the sturdy honest farmer to whom she had been all her life indebted for her daily bread? Jeanne hoped earnestly that her feelings held nothing of ingratitude.

With all her might she respected Uncle Roberts; respected him in spite of his oddity, his silence, his fiery bristling unkempt hair and beard; his lengthy expositions of the Scriptures; his contempt for everything he did not understand; and all these things had been sore trials in their time to Louis and herself.

She respected his independence, his piety, his industry, his solid stolid kindness of heart, his stern uprightness.

Yet now she had seen him again she wondered how she had thought it possible to ask his advice.

When had she or Louis asked counsel of Uncle Roberts?

It had never occurred to either of them, in their confident youth, and with their consciousness of a superior education, but that they must know better than he.

"Still—I will ask him; for there is nobody else," Jeanne finally decided, after an hour's wakefulness, and anxious pondering over the situation; but her mind was filled with misgivings as she fell asleep.

In the early morning, waking to sunshine, she forgot all her troubles and went out rejoicing.

She climbed the rocky grass slopes above Coed-Ithel, among the dead bracken, to the source of the mountain torrent that supplied the farm with water, finding its way thence to the great river which ran through the valley below; there had

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been heavy rains, and the stream was doubled in volume, rushing loudly over the moss-grown rocks which impeded its course, and foaming and seething round every obstacle.

Though the sky was of a brilliant blue, the sun, newly risen over the opposite mountain, was hidden by a wandering army of purple clouds; which, passing over the valley, cast its deep shadow on the brown hill-sides.

The song of the birds, deceived by the unseasonable mildness into the belief that spring was closer at hand, resounded far and near.

Just below her glistened the slab-tiled roof of the farm, and its outhouses, also built and roofed with grey stone, and held together by hundred-year-old stems of giant ivy, which like a thousand hairy snakes coiled about them; holding aloft a heavy weight of luxuriant polished foliage above the reach of the farmer's shears.

She looked down upon the farm, which appeared very small and solitary, standing in the bare orchard; and yet a long way further down yet, into the valley below.

The distant saw-mill's steady hum came clearly to her ear through the still air; not a breath stirred; and from the little white homes dotted over the opposite mountain side, the thin blue wood-smoke shot steadily upwards against the leafless trees.

What sound more cheerful than the rushing of the mountain stream, through this country of ivy-grown, moss-covered stone walls, and crumbling ruins; of wild bracken, royal fern, and red soil; of emerald mistletoe crowning gnarled and lichened apple-trees; of solemn giant firs, and sombre twisted aged yews?

As Jeanne climbed the mountain path, and turned to look yet again upon the wide stretch of cultivated country below, the sun flooded the valley, and the purple shadows of the cloud fleeted across the hills and vanished; leaving brown wood, green field and wet glistening roads alike gilded with the brightness of the morning glory.

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It caught the brown river, bubbling over the weirs, and turned the sparkling ripples to flashing diamonds; it caught the red-brown plough-land, the red-brown brushwood, and the red-brown fern dying on the hills, and their ruddiness grew transparent as fire. It caught the smoke from the mop-stick factory in the village, and turned it into wreaths of floating silver.

Jeanne thought of the London fog, and stretched her arms above her head, and laughed aloud for gladness as she ran down the hill again, and entered the bare orchard where sheets and sheets of snowdrops, with their white and green bells, were drooping in the sunshine, the only flower visible save a solitary aconite or so in the garden, and the burden of yellow scentless winter jasmine nailed against the wall.

"Have ye gone clean daft, Jenny?" said Uncle Roberts, regarding her with amaze, as she dropped on to her knees in the wet grass to gather the snowdrops. "One would think ye'd never seen the place before."

"I have never missed it before," Jeanne said. "Oh, Uncle Roberts, I want to ask your advice—if you could spare a moment to talk to me." She was surprised at her own boldness.

"D'ye think I've time to stand talking this hour of the day?" said Uncle Roberts; and he refused to take his eyes off John Evans, who was unloading the split trunks of dead apple-trees from the cart, and carrying them into the wood-shed.

After supper that evening the farmer proved more amenable.

Jeanne brought him his pipe, and filled it for him, and gave Granny Morgan a look which was a preconcerted signal between them, and the old woman slipped upstairs, nothing loth, to her well-earned slumbers.

Jeanne brought her wooden stool and sat at her uncle's knee, as though she were a little girl again; but now she felt

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much older and wiser and more experienced than he, even though she was about to ask his advice.

He glanced down upon her little bent brown head, and the glance was not untender; in fact, it was as near a caress as a glance could be; but Jeanne did not see it, and it did not trouble Uncle Roberts in the least that she should not know how kindly he thought of her; probably he thought it would have been bad for her to learn the extent of his fatherly affection for her and her brother.

Then he smoked in peace, and had Jeanne not made haste to break the silence, he would have fallen sleep, as he usually did after supper, taking a nap in his armchair as a kind of preliminary canter before going to bed.

"Uncle Roberts, you used to say you meant to go to London some day to see all the sights."

"Aye," said Uncle Roberts, very placidly, "so I do."

"Couldn't you come now?"

"What?"

"Couldn't you come now, at once? It seems to me it would be a very good time to come. Since Aunt Caroline's death," hinted Jeanne delicately, "life seems to me to have grown so very uncertain."

Uncle Roberts, with some uneasiness, assured her that he felt as well as ever he did in his life, and she hastened to apologise.

"I was not exactly thinking of *that*. But there I am, Uncle Roberts, all alone in that big house."

"I thought you said there was fifteen servants."

"I mean—not counting the servants."

"Jenny," said Uncle Roberts, "never let me hear you say you don't count servants. Ain't they flesh and blood the same as you be? This is what comes of riches. Flesh and blood is nothing. Fellow creatures is nothing."

"Oh, uncle, indeed you misunderstand. They are very far from being nothing. It is I who am nobody in the house, and, if anything, frightened to death of them all."

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"Do you mean they put upon you?" said Uncle Roberts, preparing to get angry with his fellow creatures.

"No, no; they mean very kindly! But you see, even if I *wanted* to be friendly with them, they would keep themselves to themselves. They pride themselves on knowing their places, and try as you will—so far will they go, and no farther."

"Quite right too," said Uncle Roberts, approvingly. Platitudes always appealed to him, especially if they sounded at all Scriptural, whatever their sense.

"If you came up," said Jeanne, "you would sit in the—parlour with me," she was obliged to use a word within the scope of Uncle Roberts' imagination. The drawing-room might have aroused his contempt; and the morning-room would have suggested a separate apartment for each portion of the day, and excited his ridicule.

"What should I do there?" said Uncle Roberts.

"Why——" said Jeanne, and stopped short. After all, what would Uncle Roberts do in the morning-room, where she found next to nothing to do herself, in spite of her education, her love of dreaming, and her letters to and from Louis?

Uncle Roberts in his old coat, and carpet slippers, looked very comfortable and good-natured, as he leaned back in the patchwork-covered armchair, and smoked his cherry wood pipe.

"There is a large comfortable room, with big leather armchairs, behind the dining-room," she said, unconsciously thinking aloud,—"the walls are lined with bookcases. You could smoke there—for it is called the smoking-room. And we needn't be indoors all the time, for we could go and see the sights."

"I think I see myself," said Uncle Roberts, taking his pipe out of his mouth after a long pause, "going to see the sights in February, and the lambing coming on."

"I forgot the lambing," said Jeanne.

A dismayed silence ensued.

"When I talked of going to London—but I done for sixty year without going anigh the place"—said Uncle Roberts,

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unusually loquacious, "I was thinking of taking you both, boy and girl, along with me. "I guess I'll wait now till Louis comes home."

"But what am I to do?"

"Your dooty," said Uncle Roberts.

He smoked for quite five minutes without a word, to let this recommendation sink into Jeanne's understanding.

"You wrote me, awhile back, when your aunt was took, poor soul (ready or unready, I'd be sorry to say which, nor it ain't for any one to say), you wrote me you'd settled with her man of business that 'twas your dooty to stop and take care of Louis' house and furniture for him."

"Yes, I did," said Jeanne.

"And I sent you a post-card—not being so ready with my pen, nor so free with my stamps, as some," said Uncle Roberts pointedly, "and I said, 'Dear Jenny, so be it,' or words to that effect."

"Yes," said Jeanne, and she stifled an hysterical laugh.

"If 'twas your dooty to stop then, 'tis your dooty to stop now," said Uncle Roberts, decidedly.

"But if people call on me——"

"Well, what harm can they do?"

"A—a cousin of Miss Marney's has called upon me," faltered Jeanne, "and Dunham, my aunt's maid, thinks he ought not to come because I'm alone. He has only been once. But he—he might come again."

"Ain't he respectable?"

Jeanne hesitated imperceptibly.

She felt that if she mentioned that Miss Marney's cousin was a duke, her Uncle Roberts might once and for all declare that his respectability was very improbable. With burning cheeks and downcast eyes, she suppressed the dukedom.

"He is *most* respectable," she said firmly. "A very quiet young man, and—and *lame*."

"Does she think I haven't brought you up to know how to take care of yourself"—he said, with rising wrath—"the

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best educated, best behaved girl in the parish—that you can't be trusted to have a young man call on you, with fifteen respectable old family servants in the house, at your back?"

"I daresay it's just because she's an old maid, and has old-fashioned ideas," said Jeanne, soothingly.

"So have I old-fashioned ideas. But I never heard that a respectable young man couldn't call on a respectable young woman; nor I don't hold with such notions at all. This is what comes of living in rich men's houses; imputing evil where none exists."

"If *you* didn't think it wrong, Uncle Roberts—and as he's a cousin of Aunt Caroline's, I would like to see him now and then—that is, if he ever does come again—for I find London very lonely. It is a very dull place."

Uncle Roberts considered. A quiet, lame young man did not sound very dangerous, and Jeanne was a steady sensible girl. Also he was indignant that Miss Marney's servants should venture to criticise his niece.

"I can't see no harm in your seeing him now and again, Dunham or no Dunham," he said, obstinately.

CHAPTER X

CECILIA

So Jeanne found herself once more alone in the Grosvenor Square house; but this time fortified by her Uncle Roberts' opinion that here, and here only, lay her duty towards her brother.

As she entered the hall, she was surprised to find that, again, she experienced not a little of the pleasant sensation of home-coming.

She opened the door of the morning-room, and looked quite affectionately at the familiar furniture. After all, how pretty and luxurious it now appeared to her!

Even though she might consider it far more delightful and

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interesting to pluck a handful of snowdrops, fresh from the wet earth, for herself; yet she could not refuse to acknowledge the loveliness of the forced spring flowers which filled every corner of the morning-room.

Jeanne was too inexperienced to be aware of the cost of those flowers. The florist's bill was presented quarterly, and as it had been agreed that the accustomed ways of the household should be continued without change until Louis's return, no check had been placed upon Hewitt's taste for decoration.

The great pale waxen bells of hyacinths in gilt baskets filled the room with an almost overpowering sweetness. Daffodils and yellow tulips shone like sunshine in dark corners; a sheaf of lilies of the valley was set beside the Book of Beauty, and the silver bowl was filled with large double Parma violets.

"It is like spring come indoors!" cried Jeanne, with a long breath of delight.

"I am very glad you are pleased with it, ma'am," said Hewitt, with almost a gardener's pride (for had he not set the flowers in their places with his own hands?) "A card has been left for you, ma'am, during your absence," and he presented decorously a small solitary pasteboard in the midst of a large salver.

On the card was inscribed the name of the Duchess of Monaghan, and above the name was scribbled, in a very illegible hand writing:

Wednesday, 4.30. *Music. Very small.*

Jeanne was obliged to apply to Dunham for the meaning of this mysterious communication.

"It means her Grace will be At Home on Wednesday, ma'am, to be sure," said Dunham. Her sallow wrinkled face grew quite pink with excitement, "and she hopes you will come at 4.30, and there'll be music going on."

"Do you mean she will be giving a party?"

"If it was a *party*, ma'am, it's not very likely she would ask you, with your poor aunt not two months in her grave."

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"I would not like to show any disrespect to Aunt Caroline. I will write and explain," said Jeanne.

Dunham instantly relented and took the opposite view.

"It isn't likely the Duchess would wish to show disrespect either, Miss Jane, you may be very sure of that. You see how careful she has been to write 'very small.' That means there's but a few invited; not half London crowding to her house as she'd have if she was giving a real party. Being a relation and nothing formal about the invitation I don't say you mightn't go. I'm sure my poor lady would have liked to think they remembered the connection, however late in the day."

"I wish I had been at home when she called; I could have asked her all about it," said Jeanne regretfully.

"Bless me, ma'am, you don't think she asked for you!" said Dunham, reproachfully. "The footman just handed in the card. But she was in the carriage, for I saw her myself from the window. 'Tis a great compliment her coming at all. You being but young, as one might say, and her such a great lady, and the penny post so handy for invitations. Depend upon it, she repents not having shown more civility to my poor lady while she could, and is trying to make up for it. But to ask to come in on a first visit! I don't know, to be sure, what may be the fashion nowadays; but in my poor lady's time she would never have dreamt of anything but leaving her card at the door for that," said Dunham, tossing her head.

"Wednesday, and this is only Friday. What a long time to wait!" said Jeanne, excitedly. "However, it will be something to look forward to. And, Mrs. Dunham, I—I asked Uncle Roberts if it would matter very much if—if my cousin —I mean the Duke—called upon me now and then whilst I was here alone—and he said he could not see any harm at all in it."

"No more can I, ma'am, now his mamma have been," said Dunham, with great dignity. "It just makes all the difference in the world, as I told you, Miss Jane, if you remember. I'm

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sure his Grace can't call at this house too often to please me. I'm only sorry he didn't think to come a little sooner, when your poor auntie was alive to hear of it."

Jeanne could not help feeling that Dunham, as usual, had got the better of her in her small attempt at self-assertion.

On the morrow the current of her thoughts was changed by the appearance of a paragraph in the *Morning Post* to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Hogg-Watson had returned from their travels in South America to their home in Queen's Gate.

"This time there cannot be any mistake in my going to call," Jeanne said to herself, with not a little pleasurable excitement. "If I know anybody in this world it is Cecilia! And there *could* not be two couples with such a name as Hogg-Watson travelling in South America at the same time. And after all, though Cecilia and I had many quarrels, we had a good deal of fun together too. She had probably improved in all sorts of ways since she married; she can't be spoilt like she used to be. And I long to see her children. I can ask them all to come and see me. How delightful and cheerful it will be!"

She drove across the Park to Queen's Gate that very afternoon, without waiting for Sunday to intervene that Cecilia might get settled.

Mrs. Hogg-Watson was at home; and a very smart parlour-maid conducted Jeanne upstairs, and into a large empty drawing-room.

Jeanne looked round her, and decided that the apartment bore the strong impress of her friend's personality.

Cecilia was fair, and her favourite colour in her girlhood had been blue. Consequently the room was almost dazzling in its variety of azure tints.

The walls and carpet and curtains were blue; the furniture was covered with blue brocade; and the water-colour drawings which were hung upon the walls appeared to have

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been selected solely for the hue of the sea and sky, which predominated therein.

All the cushions wore white muslin covers tied up with blue sash ribbons, and the writing-table appointments were of blue morocco.

"I suppose Cecilia will wear a blue dress. I wonder why she is so long," thought Jeanne, after a few minutes' patient waiting. "I am sure she will never guess who it is; for though I said my name three times, I saw the maid had not the least idea what it was."

When Cecilia at length came into the room, however—rather breathless and apologetic,—with the air of one who has just completed a hasty toilette,—she was not wearing blue, but a fawn-coloured gown of a very elegant Parisian make, closely fitting her tall full figure, which had amplified since her girlhood.

But her charms, though somewhat full-blown, were still considerable; and, in spite of a double-chin, she possessed every claim to be considered a handsome woman that could be set forth by a white skin, healthy colouring, abundant fair hair, and fine proportions.

Perhaps it was Jeanne's fancy, that on perceiving who it was, Cecilia drew back momentarily, and dropped some of the *empressement* with which she had been prepared to greet her visitor.

"Good gracious, I had no idea it was you, Jenny," she said. "Fancy *your* being in London. What are you doing here, pray?"

She kissed her erstwhile playmate in rather a perfunctory and affected manner: and Jeanne's easily disturbed colour rose.

When, in the candid days of childhood, Jeanne and Cecilia had disagreed—which was not seldom, and would have been oftener but for the yielding disposition of the younger—they had called each other Jenny and Cissy. At other times they had been always Jeanne and Cecilia; thus by mutual consent, solacing each other's wounded dignity by ignoring the detested

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nicknames bestowed by homely and undiscerning parents and guardians.

Jeanne, though meek, was yet but mortal woman, and she returned Cecilia's greeting with spirit.

"I am in London because I live in London; and I came to visit you, *Cissie*, because I saw you had just arrived."

Cecilia executed a well-acted little start of surprise at the sound of her abbreviated Christian name; but Jeanne's determined bearing did not relax in the slightest degree, though inwardly she was conscious of a disgraceful inclination to shed tears.

"We have been absent from home a long time; travelling in South America," said Cecilia, with elaborate politeness.

"So I saw in the papers," said Jeanne, with equally defiant formality.

There came a feeble rattle at the door handle.

Jeanne looked at Cecilia with a sudden interest she could not help, and Cecilia thawed a very little.

"Open the door," said a child's voice without.

"It is Joey. How very naughty! The children are never allowed in the drawing-room without being sent for," said Mrs. Hogg-Watson, affectedly. But she rustled across the blue carpet to open the door.

Jeanne rose too, in her excitement. Fancy Cecilia with children of her own! She almost forgot the frigidity of her old friend's reception in her desire to behold Joey.

"Oh, let me see him!" she cried.

"I dress him rather quaintly. He is number four. I have had seven altogether, isn't it awful?—in nine years," said Cecilia languidly. "I lost one—pneumonia. You see he is dressed as 'Bubbles,' after Millais' picture."

The back view of "Bubbles" was distinctly captivating; there was the little green suit and frill, and Joey's large mop of flaxen curls crowned his shrimp-like body. But when he removed his head from his mother's skirt to look at the visitor, alas! the face was the face of Mr. Hogg-Watson, and any-

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thing less like the face of "Bubbles" could hardly be conceived.

"He has beautiful hair," said Jeanne.

"Hush, he will hear, and I don't want him to be made vain," said Cecilia, without looking at her.

"Where have you been walking, Joey?"

"In Tensington Gardens," said Joey.

"Did Nana leave that note for Mammy?"

"Yes, Nana did leave it."

"What are you trying to get away for?"

"I want to tee the tarriage," said Joey, struggling from his parent's embraces, and escaping to the window, whither Cecilia pursued him.

During this conversation Mrs. Hogg-Watson devoted both her eyes and her attention exclusively to her son, whilst her visitor sat apart, embarrassed and neglected, on the sofa; to which she had returned on finding her overtures to Joey repulsed. Whence this newly acquired absence of mind, and affectation of languor on the part of Cecilia, who had always been rather brisk and decided, even sharp, in speech and manner?

Was it the result of marriage, or merely assumed to overawe her humble friend? Cecilia had never been very sympathetic, Jeanne remembered, but at least she had been *real*, and even full of vitality.

Her disappointment was keen, but her heart was too tender to give up all her hopes of friendship in a moment, and she took the unwise course of reminding Cecilia of that humble past which Mrs. Hogg-Watson greatly preferred to ignore.

"I have just been down to Pen-y-waun, Cecilia," she said, wistfully. "But the Rectory was shut up, as of course you know. Mr. Jones of Tref-Goch takes the duties. It's ages since you've been there, isn't it? The old garden looks exactly the same, and the swing is still up where we used to play. And when I saw your name in the paper I was so glad, for it seemed to make London less empty all of a sudden."

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"London empty!" said Cecilia, with a shrill laugh, "I have scarcely a moment to myself, even at this time of year."

"I suppose *you* have a great many friends," said Jeanne, with a sigh.

"Heaps—of a kind—acquaintances and so forth," said Cecilia vaguely. "But they come and go"—she added in a hurry, as though she were afraid her old friend was about to ask her for introductions to this wide and evanescent circle.

She affected once more to be absorbed in her son.

"Come away, Joey, and don't flatten oo' little nose against the window-pane any more. Won't 'oo tum to oo' mammy like a dood boy?"

Jeanne's rising tears were dried by the scorn which all honest natures, however gentle, feel for affectation.

She began to button her little black cloth jacket,—which she had opened on account of the heat of the unscreened fire—preparatory to rising.

"If she can't be natural I won't stop and make ridiculous conversation with her," she thought, and her face burnt with indignation.

"Dere's de tarriage," said Joey, ignoring his parent's blandishments.

"What carriage?"

"Mine," said Jeanne, in a trembling voice, and she rose from the sofa.

"Yours! What do you mean?" said Cecilia in her natural tones of alert curiosity. "Who drove you here?"

"My coachman," said Jeanne, with a dignity belied by her beating heart.

Jenny to be going about in a large double brougham, drawn by a pair of fat grey horses, and driven by her own coachman!

Cecilia was astounded.

"Are you married?" she cried, with a gasp. It appeared to her the only possible solution.

"No, I am not married, and the carriage belongs to

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Louis," said Jeanne, repenting of her unwonted assumption of a magnificence not truly her own.

"Louis!"

If Cecilia wished to hear more, she must swallow all pretence to indifference, and ask questions. This was Jeanne's revenge for the coolness of her reception.

Mrs. Hogg-Watson's curiosity easily overcame her exclusiveness.

"Run away to the nursery directly, Joey. You are crumpling the curtains, you naughty child. Go at once," she said, in a voice which Bubbles apparently recognised as one to be feared and obeyed, for he trotted obediently out of the room, leaving the door open, which his mother shut behind him.

"You are not going yet, Jeanne? Oh, I see, the fire is scorching you; let me put this screen. Sit down again for heaven's sake, and tell me about Louis. Is he in London?"

"No, he is in Somaliland, or on the way," said Jeanne, "and I'm taking care of his house, which was left to him last December by my great-aunt, Miss Marney of Orsett."

"I'm sure I never heard of her," said Cecilia, staring.

"No, we never thought about her. Uncle Roberts knew she was alive, but he did not even know where she lived. Till she sent for me; and then she died; and so here I am, all alone, at 99 Grosvenor Square."

"Grosvenor Square!" cried Cecilia, gasping once more.

"It's not one of the largest houses," said Jeanne, apologetically. "Mrs. Dunham says they differ very much. But it seems like a palace to me, of course."

"*Grosvenor Square!* Do you mean round a corner—in a side street?" said Cecilia, suspiciously.

"No, I do not. It is *in* Grosvenor Square."

"But then—your aunt must have been very rich."

"Yes, she was very rich, and she has left everything she had in the world to Louis."

"And nothing to you."

"It is the same thing," said Jeanne.

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"My dear! It's nothing of the kind. If you were married you'd find that out quickly enough! Now how *like* mamma! (who wrote only a few weeks ago, on a postcard—and said you had gone to London)—not even to mention it was Grosvenor Square!" said Cecilia, indignantly. "Of course I thought you had just gone up for a treat. She merely put a P.S., 'Jenny going to London.' I suppose you know mamma and I have a coolness? We quarrelled outright six months ago, and I decided not to answer her letters at all till she had calmed down. So she seldom writes now."

Jeanne's discretion was outweighed by her pity for Mrs. Davies.

"Oh, Cissy," she said, "you have almost broken her heart."

Cecilia could bear home-truths without wincing—from people who lived in Grosvenor Square.

"It's all very well, Jeanne," she said, in deprecating tones, "but you've no idea what it is to be married, and your people expecting you to go on just the same as though you were a little girl at home, and write to them everything that happens, about twice a week. Actually on my honeymoon mamma wrote to me every day, and expected me to answer her letters! Not but what I had more time then than I have ever had since, for Joseph went roaming round moping old picture galleries from morning till night, and nearly drove me mad till I hit on the excellent plan of saying it gave me neuralgia, and let him go by himself. Why can't mamma console herself with Tom or Jim? They would be only too glad; but no, she must run after me because I am the only girl, though she has two sons. I suppose she has cried over my heartlessness to you many a time, and said I put nothing in my letters when I did write?"

"Oh, Cecilia, would she be likely to give you away like that to *me?*

"Well—I didn't put much," admitted Cecilia. "How could I? Living in another world as I do, and mamma not knowing any of my friends? What was there to say?"

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"There were the children."

"Oh, the children. The way people go on about them. I'm sure I'm a good mother if ever there was one. I try to make pictures of them. What clothes and hair will do *is* done. But it's a little hard on me that they are *all* Hogg-Watsons. You remember what a pretty child I used to be," said Cecilia modestly. "But really otherwise I have little to do with them. Joseph is a great authority on education and health, and mamma's old-fashioned ways would not suit him at all. I should be obliged to keep them apart if only for that. Imagine, he chooses their nurses and governesses—all German—and even their toys and pictures and diet lists. Luckily such things don't interest me, or I should have rebelled long ago. But think of mamma interfering! You remember the ridiculous way she used to dose us with her patent medicines, and I am sure we learnt nothing at all with the prim old governess she thought so much of."

"We did not learn much," Jeanne was obliged to admit.

"I feel the defects of my early education terribly, I can assure you, now that I am married to a celebrity," said Cecilia.

"Is he a celebrity?"

"My dear! Crowned heads visit him!" said Cecilia reproachfully. "He is known all over Europe and America, and his scientific books are standard works. But I suppose they think nothing of that in Pen-y-waun and Coed-Ithel. Though to be sure I am obliged to be very careful what I let out to mamma about who comes here, or she would expect to be asked to meet them on the spot, a thing I scarcely expect myself. They think nothing of asking Joseph to their houses and ignoring my existence altogether."

"And does he go?" said Jeanne.

"Well, sometimes I am bound to say that he does," said Cecilia candidly. "Though it makes very little difference to me," she added pathetically, "for when he stays at home he is so absorbed in his work that I scarcely see him."

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"What is his work?"

"Don't ask me," said Cecilia, shuddering. "He calls himself a bacteriologist, and dreadful things of that kind, which I don't even pretend to be able to pronounce. Chiefly dissecting germs and microbes, so far as I know. He never speaks of anything connected with his work to me, and he has forbidden me to speak of it to him. You know how cranky these professors are. He is a professor of chemistry and all sorts of things, you know, and a member of scientific academies in Rome and Philadelphia and Berlin and heaven knows where. I often tell him he forgets he has a wife at all. Think of dragging me all over South America collecting mosquitoes, and then coming home in February, of all times!"

"Did you take the children?"

"Good heavens, no, we were uncomfortable enough without that. As far as that goes, he wanted to leave me with them. But I insisted on going with him, and for once I got my way. Jeanne, stop and have tea with me, and you will see him. He condescends to come in for a cup of tea sometimes, though he hates this room, simply because it is done up according to *my* taste."

"But I saw him at your wedding. Still, it was only for a moment, and I don't think I should recognise him," said Jeanne.

"It is so long ago—nine years," sighed Cecilia. "*You* must be getting on, Jeanne; and yet I declare you look as childish as ever. I wonder you never married. Do you mean to say there has been *no one*—absolutely no one——?"

"No one at all," said Jeanne blushing.

"Not in all these years."

"There is Louis. He has been enough for me. We are too fond of each other, I suppose, to think about falling in love."

"Oh, my dear, ridiculous! Brothers and sisters are all very well, but they are not everything. Well, you surprise me, for I always thought you pretty—in your dark sort of

Google

way, you know. But perhaps now you are up here, we shall see! How you blush! Does that mean that you have some one in your eye?"

"I have no one in my eye," said Jeanne, almost angrily. "Oh, Cecilia, do not talk about it, please."

"You are surely not going to be coy?" said Cecilia severely; "at your age, Jeannie, it would be a pity if you could not talk things over sensibly. Why, at twenty-five I was the mother of six already, and a seventh—but no matter. So you have not even had a chance to get married! Though, to be sure, who is there to marry at Pen-y-waun? It was a miracle Joseph turning up. I shall never forget my first view of him at the archæological picnic at Tref-goch. (Archæology is his recreation—his *recreation*, if you will believe me!) He went poking about the ruins in spectacles, and gave a lecture afterwards, and I didn't understand a single word of it, and thought what a dull creature he was."

"And yet you married him in a month!"

"My dear, anybody would have married Joseph if he'd wanted to make them. He's one of those ugly powerful men who fascinate women," said Cecilia solemnly. "Nobody can say I have a jealous disposition, but if you could see how they run after him still! I only wish they could see him at home in some of his moods. I assure you, Jeanne, he is absolutely violent when he is annoyed, and I verily believe he has the worst temper in the world."

Jeanne, somewhat shocked and distressed by such revelations, sought in vain for words to convey her sympathy as delicately as possible to this much-enduring wife; but she was relieved of her difficulty by Cecilia, who calmly proceeded to add,

"Not but what I rather like a man with a bad temper, myself. Well—to return to that picnic; there were half a dozen women there, trying their best to attract him by jabbering science to him. If they had but known how he hated it! If there is any jabbering of that kind to be done, he naturally likes to do it himself. He determined to marry me the instant

Google

he set eyes on me. He has a weakness for fair complexions. You see what a wreck mine is now. But what can you expect? Seven children in nine years," she repeated mournfully.

"I think, Cecilia, if you ask me, that you are much better-looking than you used to be," said Jeanne, consolingly, "and you know you were always pretty. Of course you are a little plumper. But not more than is becoming."

"I'm sure it's very kind of you to say so," said Cecilia, in pleased and softened tones. "Of course I have every advantage of dress now to set me off. I will say Joseph doesn't grudge me that," and she glanced with some complacency at her own reflection in the pier-glass opposite the sofa. "Well, Jeanne, we were always friends, you know, off and on—and if I was a little reserved when you first came in, I hope you will put it down to"—she paused imperceptibly—"to my thinking you were on mamma's side, and all that; and come to reproach me, as the Pen-y-waun neighbours do whenever we meet. As though a celebrity's wife, in another sphere—*could* keep up with them all."

Jeanne accepted her friend's apologies very willingly; and if any doubts of Cecilia's sincerity still lurked in her heart, did her best to suppress them. She was at once too lonely and too generous to desire any quarrel with her first friend. Even if Cecilia were not so disinterested in her affection as could be wished it must still be more lively to sit and talk with her, than to mope in solitary silence at home.

"So your aunt left you no money. I must say that was a great shame," said Cecilia, warmly. "What will become of you when Louis marries? So good-looking as he used to be, he is certain to marry now. Why, even in the old days I used to think—if he hadn't been younger than I——"

"He never showed the slightest inclination to marry anybody," said Jeanne, jealously.

"Not to you, I daresay," said Cecilia, shrewdly. "One's brothers don't tell one everything."

"My brother does," said Jeanne.

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"Oh, my dear! So you think! But one never can tell with one's brothers. Look at Tom. What a creature he has married! I never see him now."

"Louis is very unlike Tom."

"Men are all alike in some ways, my dear," said Cecilia, with the pitying superiority of the married woman talking to the spinster. "Of course Louis will marry now that he is rich. Surely you couldn't be so selfish as to wish him not to?"

"Some day, of course," said Jeanne. "I want him to marry. But he promised me faithfully long ago, that he would never marry any one I didn't like—so it will be all right, and I shan't mind—when the time comes. Still I may hope, without being selfish, that it won't come just yet. He has his career to think about first."

"I don't see how one can expect to like one's brothers' wives," said Cecilia. "They always marry some horrid woman or other. Men are so easily taken in. Joseph's sisters can't bear me, and I never even trouble to be civil to them, knowing very well that it would be no use. He goes to see his people by himself, and as they are all scientific together, I'm sure it's no loss."

"But you'll come and see *me*," entreated Jeanne.

"Certainly I will," said Cecilia. "I can assure you I know very well what it is to be alone. Joseph goes to the most outlandish places, and if he can slip off without me he will. Imagine at his age, going out to South Africa!"

"To fight!"

"No—no, not to fight—he was a surgeon in his youth and thought he could be of use. Of course nobody wanted him. I felt sure of that. He was much too old. But that is Joseph all over. If he has made up his mind to do a thing, he does it. So off he went in spite of all I could say; though he was quite violent when I suggested I might go with him and nurse some of the officers. My heart goes out to wounded men. But you will be wanting to go shopping, Jeanne, and I really might help you over that——" she cast an expressive glance at

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Jeanne's plum dress. "I can show you where to buy all the nicest clothes, and you can't be wearing mourning much longer, just for a great-aunt."

"Indeed—I want to show every respect in my power to poor Aunt Caroline. It is the least I can do," said Jeanne.

"I suppose Louis inheriting her money *does* make a difference," said Cecilia, calmly.

Jeanne gave up all attempts to explain that the fortune had nothing to do with it.

There were some things Cecilia had never been able to understand.

One was Jeanne's reverence for her French descent, which Cecilia had always honestly deplored, and they had once called each other Jenny and Cissy for a week because she had casually remarked there was generally something rather fishy about foreign blood.

Louis had finally forbidden his sister to mention the sacred subject of the *ancienne noblesse* at the Rectory, and as she implicitly obeyed his orders the cause of this particular quarrel was eventually almost forgotten.

I will go shopping with you, or do anything you like—

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CONTENTS

1. A [illegible] of Experiments on [illegible] Photographing. By J. Norman Collie, M.A.
2. [illegible] By [illegible]
3. [illegible] By [illegible]
4. [illegible] By [illegible]
5. [illegible] By [illegible]
6. [illegible] By [illegible]
7. [illegible] By [illegible]
8. [illegible] By [illegible]
9. [illegible] By [illegible]
10. [illegible] By [illegible]

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